Collier's

JULY 3, 1948

TEN CENTS

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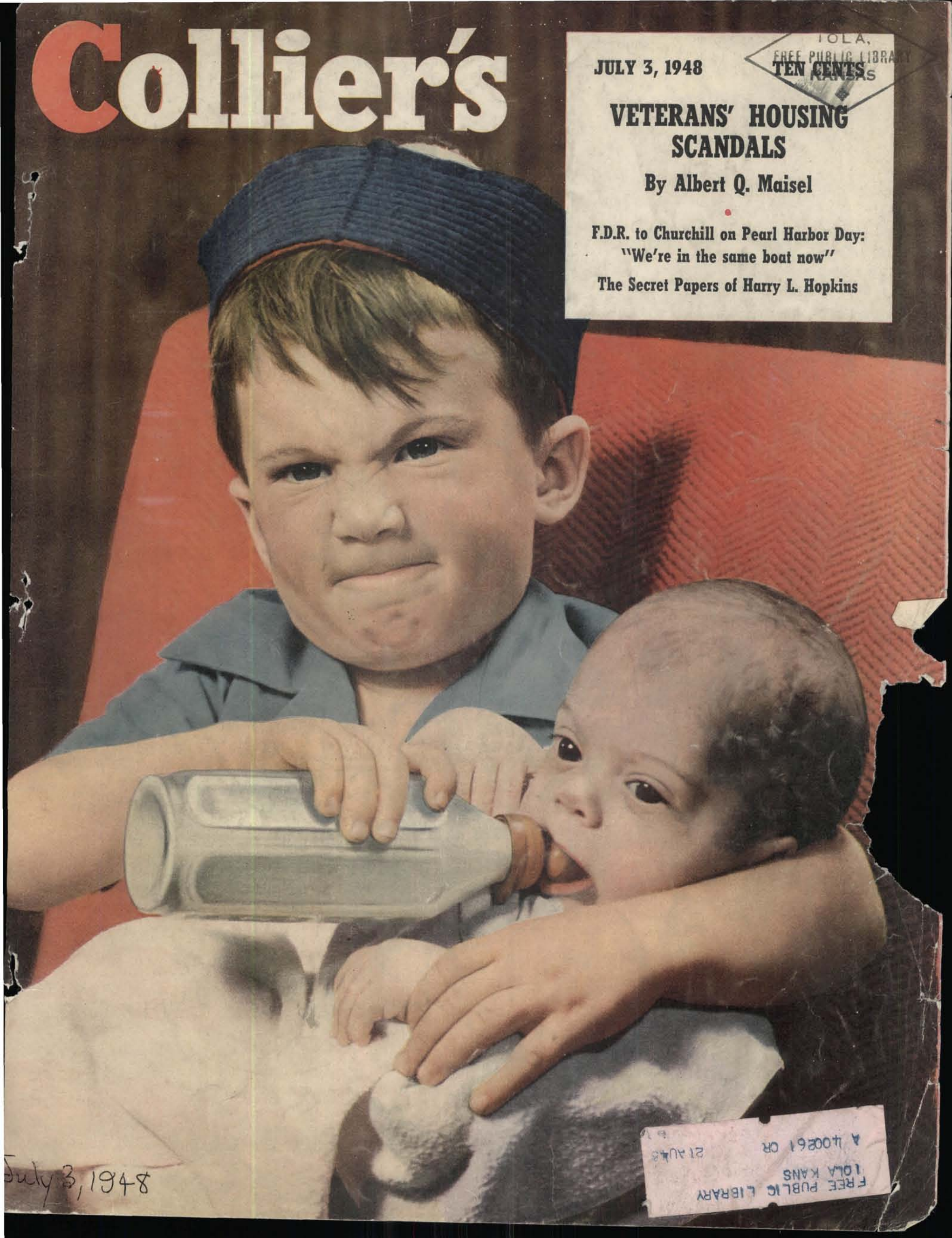
VETERANS' HOUSING SCANDALS

By Albert Q. Maisel

F.D.R. to Churchill on Pearl Harbor Day: "We're in the same boat now"

The Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins



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July 3, 1948

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YOU MIX 'EM... BUT "OLD THOMPSON" MAKES 'EM

Fussy about Old Fashioneds? Remember this: All your favorite mixing tricks mean little unless the whiskey is tasty . . . that is why experts pour "Thompson." It's better, it's WED · IN · THE · WOOD! . . . Aged Glenmore whiskies are blended with choicest grain neutral spirits but, instead of being bottled immediately, "Thompson" is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending. This old-time method takes longer and costs more but it gives you the extra quality you need to really *make* any drink you serve.

Glenmore Distilleries Company • Louisville, Kentucky

OLD THOMPSON BRAND

Tastier because it's...

Blended whiskey 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies—70% grain neutral spirits.

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Mary Louise Shine's smile wins recruits for a proud profession!

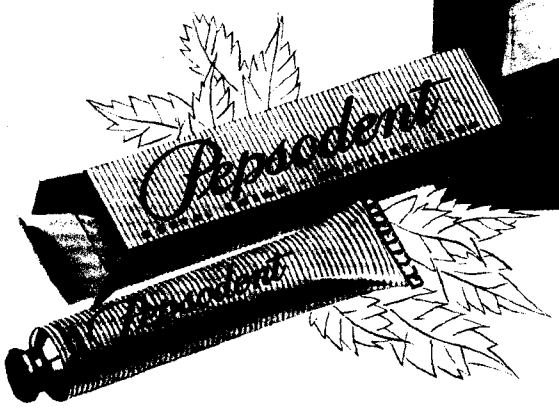
Mary Louise Shine, R. N., didn't know she was qualifying as a photographer's model when she graduated from the Georgetown University School of Nursing in 1945. But, remembering her cheering smile, former patients won't be surprised at her selection as a Model Nurse. Her picture is appearing now in newspaper and magazine ads, and on billboards all over the country... inspiring young Americans to join the proud nursing profession. A Scarsdale, N. Y., girl, Mary Louise is the recent bride of a Chicago doctor. And she says the tooth paste she buys for her honeymoon apartment is the same brand she always used at home—Pepsodent. Yes, Mary Louise Shine's winning smile is a Pepsodent Smile!

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Mary Louise Shine knows it—and people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! New Pepsodent with Irium is their 3-to-1 favorite for brighter smiles.

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste

Families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

Do you have a winning smile? If Pepsodent Tooth Paste has helped your smile and career—send your picture and story to Pepsodent, 141 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill. If used you will receive regular professional model fees.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

IRVING BERLIN'S

"EASTER PARADE"

Starring

JUDY GARLAND · FRED ASTAIRE

PETER LAWFORD · ANN MILLER

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by SIDNEY SHELDON, FRANCES GOODRICH and ALBERT HACKETT
Original Story by FRANCES GOODRICH and ALBERT HACKETT

Lyrics and Music by...IRVING BERLIN
Musical Numbers Directed by ROBERT ALTON
Directed by.....CHARLES WALTERS
Produced by.....ARTHUR FREED

We know you'll consider the following statement pretty tall but we'll stick to every inch of its height. "Easter Parade", the new M-G-M musical, is better than anything of the kind that has come along on screen—or stage—since forever.

Irving Berlin, whose name is synonymous with good shows, has used seventeen of his songs, some old, some new, to make the best score your ear has ever received. And the occasion is truly superlative.

Judy Garland and Fred Astaire are at their happiest and most rhythmic. And they are ably abetted by Peter Lawford and Ann Miller. The story by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett has been arranged into a fine screen play by Sidney Sheldon in collaboration with the authors, and Charles Walters has directed the dramatic and comedic action superbly, as has Robert Alton the dancing. To complete the credit we doff a bowler to producer Arthur Freed.

Someone said that this picture makes it Easter in July. Regardless of what it does to the calendar it is a holiday all in itself. The lush, colorful—Technicolorful—production is in the best M-G-M manner. Indeed only one previous picture—"Anchors Aweigh"—can be mentioned in the same breath as this one. There's a light and breezy story that allows the songs to come to life, among them "A Fella With An Umbrella", "It Only Happens When I Dance With You", "Better Luck Next Time"—the inimitable "A Couple Of Swells", and many more, topped off by the classic titular number.

If you had to pay Broadway show prices for this one you'd not be cheated.

P.S.—If you want to hear some of the hit tunes from the picture, they're available on M-G-M Records.

COLLIER'S

July 3, 1948

ALBERT E. WINGER, *President* THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Publisher*

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THIS WEEK

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In Hollywood, love is always a big production.

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. . . are not hard to find when you know where to look.

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And why the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor solved it for him.

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His recent record does not improve his chances of election.

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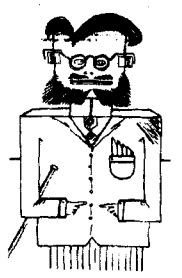
THE WEEK'S MAIL

DOODLE DOO

DEAR SIRS: In Doodles International (May 22d) Senator Vandenberg's analysis is rather askew. His doodle subconsciously exhibits a fear complex, represents the U.S.S.R.—the traditional Russian anarchist brought up to date. Note that the hair has the shape of a sickle, with the handle on the left side. The ears may well represent the radio: propaganda outlets. The glasses with their thick lenses can either magnify very small things to a degree outside their merit, or else distort them beyond their proportion. The set lips indicate a determination to achieve an end whilst the beard bristles denote expansion in all directions. The many squares are the subconscious expression on the part of Vandenberg of the subtle undercover work being carried on by the U.S.S.R. in many lands. The pointed fingers indicate the readiness just to press the button (note how close they are to a button) which will result in world revolution. Note that the whole figure is definitely a robot, which fairly and accurately pictures a dictatorship. ERIC O. ROBATHAN, Pendleton, Ore.



U.S.N. REPLY

DEAR ED: I note with interest an excerpt from a letter signed Super Grade Lieutenant (The Week's Mail, May 22d), in which he states: "The planes assigned to my Naval Reserve squadron were turned over to us after having been worn out by the regulars. They are just plain not safe."

As maintenance officer for Carrier Air Group No. 79, a reserve air group currently attached to the Naval Air Station, Willow Grove, Pa., I extend a hearty invitation to "Super Grade Lieutenant" to fly any airplane attached to our strictly reserve station, which he is qualified to fly. Further, if his pilot technique is at the same level as our aircraft's airworthiness, I will be glad to ride without a parachute.

L. A. PATTERSON, Buffalo, N. Y.

LETTER FROM THE LETTER CARRIER

DEAR SIR: Just finished reading the editorial, Air Mail Can Take Two Bows, May 22d. However, regarding salaries of postal employees, the men and women who

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"They're coming! The telephone men are coming!"

"They're coming!" shouted a West Virginia mountain boy. "They say we'll have our telephone before the end of the week, and so will Grandma!"

That's happening all over the country. During the past two and a half years, Bell Telephone companies have added about 775,000 telephones in rural areas—built enough new rural pole lines to stretch nearly two and one half times around the world—strung more than 375,000 miles of wire.

In this vast program of rural telephone expansion, Western Electric is playing a vital part: manufacturing telephones, switchboards, wire and cable — supplying poles, crossarms, insulators, power-driven pole hole augers and many other tools the construction crews need to do their jobs quickly and well.

In cities, towns and suburban areas, too, *more* and *better* telephone service is coming fast. To help the Bell Telephone companies meet *your* needs, Western Electric is today doing the biggest manufacturing and supply job in all its 66 years as a unit of the Bell System.

MANUFACTURER... of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.

PURCHASER... of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

DISTRIBUTOR... of telephone apparatus and supplies.

INSTALLER... of telephone central office equipment.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

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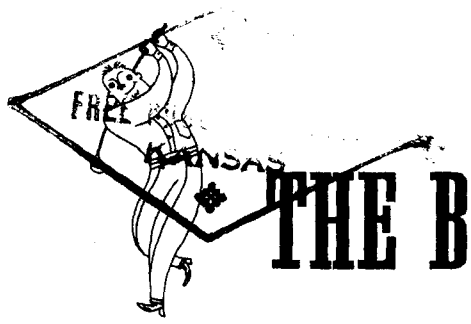

THE BIG PUSH

BY BILL FAY

IN CONVERSATIONS with prospective pledges, the sisters of Sigma Delta Tau, University of Michigan chapter, always *mention that Charley Fonville* waits on table and eats at their house. Quite properly the sisters regard Fonville as a testimonial to Sigma Delta Tau cuisine.

Fonville, a Negro medical student, specializes in shoving 16 pounds of lead through the air—a calorie-consuming exercise called shot-putting. A couple months ago, when Charley cranked up and let go at the Kansas Relays for 58 feet and ⅜ of an inch, the judges could scarcely believe their steel measures. The prodigious put exceeded the world record by almost a foot. It also started an argument between Fonville and his coach, Ken Doherty.

"All winter," Fonville explains, "Ken kept betting milk shakes that I couldn't hit 57 feet. Every time I missed we added a shake to the bet. We were up to 93 shakes when I hit 58 at Kansas, so that made us even."

"But you didn't hit 57," Doherty argues. "You hit 58. You never hit 57 in your life. You owe me 94 shakes—double chocolate malteds."

In many other sports, particularly horse racing, Fonville's unprecedented performance would have called for an investigation, perhaps a saliva test. Happily, shot-putters are notoriously inconsistent. Jack Torrance, the previous record holder, never hit 56 feet. He was a 55-plus putter before and after his historic heave of 57 feet, 1 inch.

"Fonville's 58-footer was a case of mind over muscle," Doherty contends. "Charley weighs 194 pounds and he's a bit over six feet—not the weight-lifter physique you usually associate with shot-putters. You might say that Charley is the first streamlined shot-putter."

Probably Torrance is to blame for that. Jack was a beefy 290-pounder with muscles in his eyelids. When he grunted for the record in 1934, track fans just naturally assumed the mark would stand until somebody with more grunt came along.

"They were looking for Superman," Doherty says, "and they got Charley instead. Charley doesn't even grunt. He uses speed and co-ordination instead of weight. Torrance hopped on his right foot—paused to gather his weight—and then pushed. Fonville makes it all one motion—no pause, no grunt."

How does Fonville explain the 58-footer? He can't. "Might make a good story if I said it felt just right," Charley says, "but honestly I didn't notice any difference. Could have been 55. Could have been 56. Guess everything just co-ordinated right."

Charley doesn't fuss with the body-building exercises and tennis-ball-squeezing routines so dear to the training schedule of most shot-putters. All Charley does in practice is put the shot so far that it takes three medium-sized student managers to relay it back.

Charley Fonville, the University of Michigan's streamlined shot-putter, amazed the sports world by smashing the all-time record with a heave of 58′ ⅜″

ACME

FUSSY BUZFUZ

Trainer Joe Rosen of Sunshine Stables was peeling a tangerine outside Buzfuz's stall at Hialeah when the horse nosed his hand. Rosen split the tangerine and Buzfuz swallowed half. Joe offered Buzfuz an unpeeled one. Buzfuz wouldn't take it.

"That horse likes tangerines, all right," Rosen told owner Dan Chappell, "but they've got to be peeled."

"Really," Chappell murmured, "what does he do with the seeds?"

THE VARSITY SWING

Intercollegiate golf time again . . . future Walker Cup stars scrambling over the Stanford course. Charley Coe of Oklahoma, Lou Stafford of Oregon, Joe Moore of Louisiana State, defending champion Dave Barclay of Michigan. Everybody watching Harvie Ward, the red-hot putter from North Carolina, remembering he won the North-South at Pinehurst. . . . Coaches talking things over in the shade of the big scoreboard, recalling thrilling matches of 50 past intercollegiates. Like that crazy first-rounder between Charley Yates of Georgia Tech and Walt Emery of Oklahoma in Washington, 1935.

"Yates is the defending champion and the British amateur champ as well and Emery won the college title in '33. Yates goes to bed early, but Emery goes to a dance.

"Well, Yates checks in on time next morning—they were supposed to be first off at eight o'clock—but Emery doesn't show up. Finally, Yates walks up to the tee and there's Emery sound asleep. Hasn't even had a shower. Seems he wandered away from the dance to cool off and fell asleep.

"Emery wakes up and looks at Yates. They were great friends. 'Where you been?' Emery asks. 'You're five minutes late.' Finally, he tees up and starts to swing—stiff as a board—but can't make it. 'Guess I better try a few,' he says, stepping back. He swings again and the club flies loose and darn' near hits Yates.

" 'That won't do,' Emery says, grinning a little. Ever see that first hole at Congressional? It's a par five, rising for about 260 before it drops off. Well, Emery grunts and stretches some more and then slugs his drive over that hump about 280 yards. He eats his breakfast—coffee and doughnuts—going down the third fairway and for a fellow who slept out all night he does mighty well after that. They're all even on the 18th and Emery says, "Well, Charley, looks like we gotta shoot some more golf.'

"Yates birdies the 19th and Emery needs an 18-footer for a half. He's lining it up when a spectator shrieks and falls over in an epileptic fit. There's a 20-minute wait for the ambulance. Emery dozes in the shade, then goes back and knocks in that 18-footer!

"On the 20th, Emery drives into a bunker. He has to stand in a trap and swing a choked-up brassie because the ball's sitting there knee-high. Darned if he doesn't hit a 200-yard home run onto the green for another half.

"Yates putts three feet shy on the 21st and stymies Emery who's 40 feet away on the edge. Looks like the end for Emery because they're both lying two. 'That's kinda dirty,' Emery says. 'Looks like it's dead, Charley. Come on over here and take a look.'

"Yates looks and says, 'You're pretty well wired, Walt.'

" 'Guess I'll have to play a follow,' Emery decides. That meant putting into Yates's ball absolutely dead center so his own ball would follow along behind like a billiard shot. It's a million to one, but Emery smacks Yates's ball and both of them roll toward the hole. Yates's ball hops over, but Emery's hits the far edge of the cup, bounces back against the near edge, then bounces out and dies on the lip. So Yates taps his in and wins, but you never saw another match like it."

LAZY MAN'S SPORT

Baseball managers have to walk up and down in the coaching box at first or third base when their teams are at bat. During rallies, managers also have to clap their hands and whistle. Boxing managers have to fan their boys between rounds. Horse trainers have to get up early to watch their animals run. It seems that managers and trainers must expend some physical energy in every sport—except pigeon racing.

You can race pigeons from a rocking chair. The Railway Express Company calls for your birds, delivers them to the starting point (100 to 500 miles away) and releases them at the designated minute.

Meanwhile, you rock and read while your birds fly 300 miles a day.

(Continued on page 39)

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"I was curious...

I tasted it...

Now I know why Schlitz is...

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"

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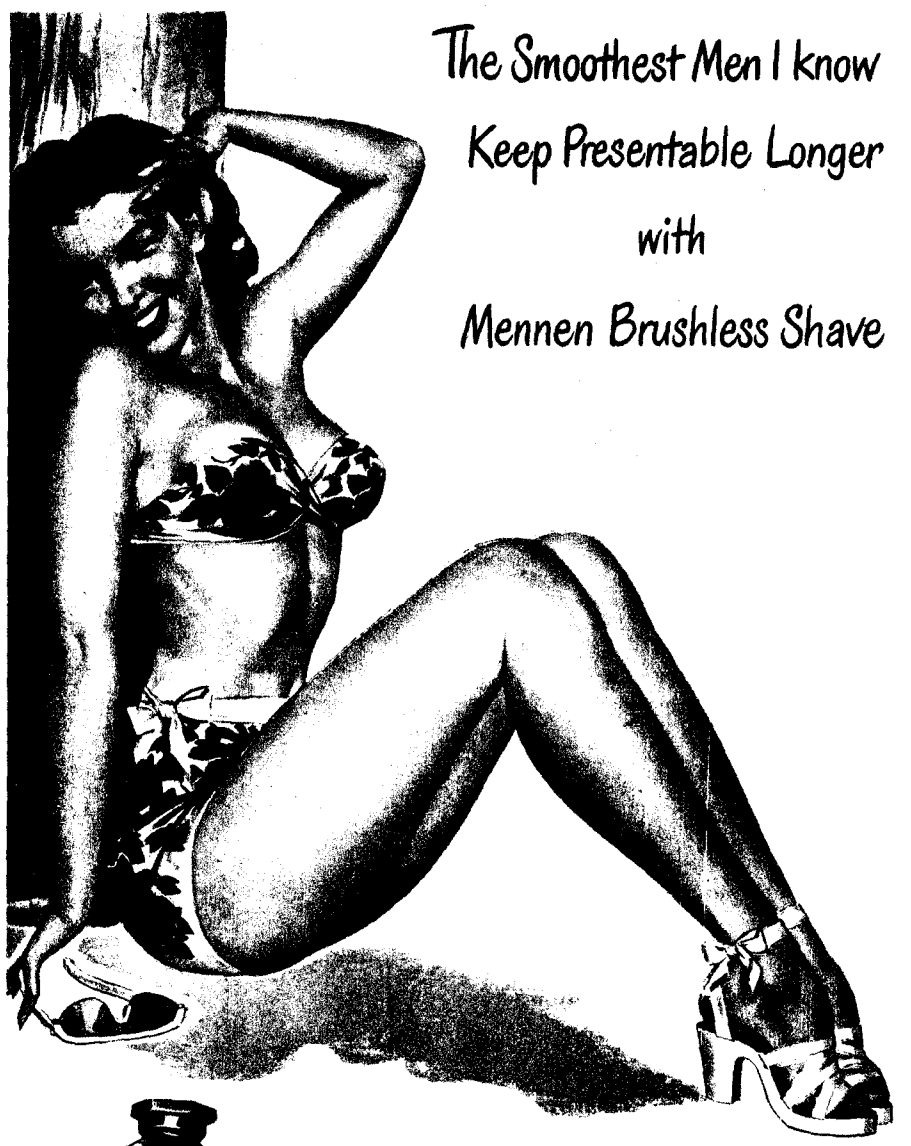

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Keep Presentable Longer
with
Mennen Brushless Shave

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who specialize in care of the skin
USE MENNEN BRUSHLESS
than all other brands
combined *

Comfort...
Helps Make Beards
Up to 47% Softer!

*Nationwide surveys prove it!

I like the Air about You...When you use
MENNEN
skin bracer

Its He-Man Aroma
"WOWS" the Ladies!

HELPS HEAL
TINY RAZOR NICKS, TOO!

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Railroad fans who collect photographs of old engines can supplement their hobby today with recordings of the real sounds—bells, whistles and roaring exhausts—produced by various steam locomotives of several roads.

Knowledge of the human skeleton has advanced so far that an anthropologist can determine many physical characteristics of a dead person by a study of the skull, pelvis and one or two arm or leg bones. For example, one expert, given several bones that had been found in a ditch, reported they had belonged to a female mulatto, thirty-three years old, 66.5 inches tall and weighing 120 pounds. An actual description of the woman, discovered later, showed that she had been a mulatto and the expert's estimate had come within six months of her age, a half inch of her height and five pounds of her weight.

Because the slow loris, a small, monkeylike animal of the East Indies, is nocturnal and cannot stand bright light, it frequently shields its enormous hypersensitive eyes with its forepaws when awake during the day. Thus, as the loris appears to gaze at something in space, the natives believe the animal sees ghosts.

Germany has just introduced a new type of shoe for women which has a metal compartment in the sole to hold thermite. When a small piece of this substance is inserted and moistened, its chemical reaction produces sufficient heat to keep the feet warm on a cold day.

In 17th century England, every town kept several branks (bridles that gagged the wearer) which were used to silence women whose constant chattering or scolding annoyed their families and neighbors. The device was placed over the head of the offender, locked and not removed until she had promised to curb her tongue.

For publicity, a number of men have crossed the English Channel in freak ways of their own devising. One man, for instance, rowed across in a casket, another walked across wearing large wooden boots shaped like a flatboat, and another traveled across on his back, encased in an inflated rubber suit equipped with a sail about the size of a bath towel.

That nearly three quarters of all fires break out in the last half of the day is shown by a study of the 85,468 fires that occurred in New York City during 1946 and 1947. Twelve per cent started between midnight and 6 A.M., 16 per cent between 6 A.M. and noon, 41 per cent between noon and 6 P.M. and 31 per cent between 6 P.M. and midnight.

When the station wagon of a wealthy resident of Long Island was wrecked in 1939, the occupants who were injured filed claims that totaled $225,000. As the insurance company found the claims were justified, they were promptly paid and constituted the largest settlement ever made on an automobile liability policy for a single accident.

Throughout most of Ireland, wakes held for deceased relatives surpass anniversaries, christenings and weddings in interest, preparation and attendance. Moreover, many of them are still accompanied by keening, the night-long wailing in unison, by those present, of a weird lamentation or dirge.

A low-calorie diet usually is more effective than exercise for reducing human weight. To work off but one pound for example, it is necessary, in most cases, to walk at least 35 miles.

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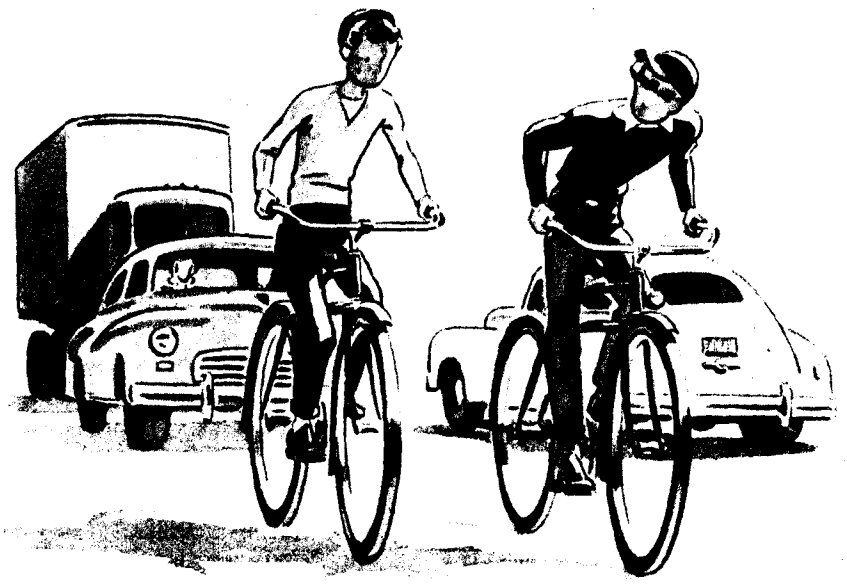
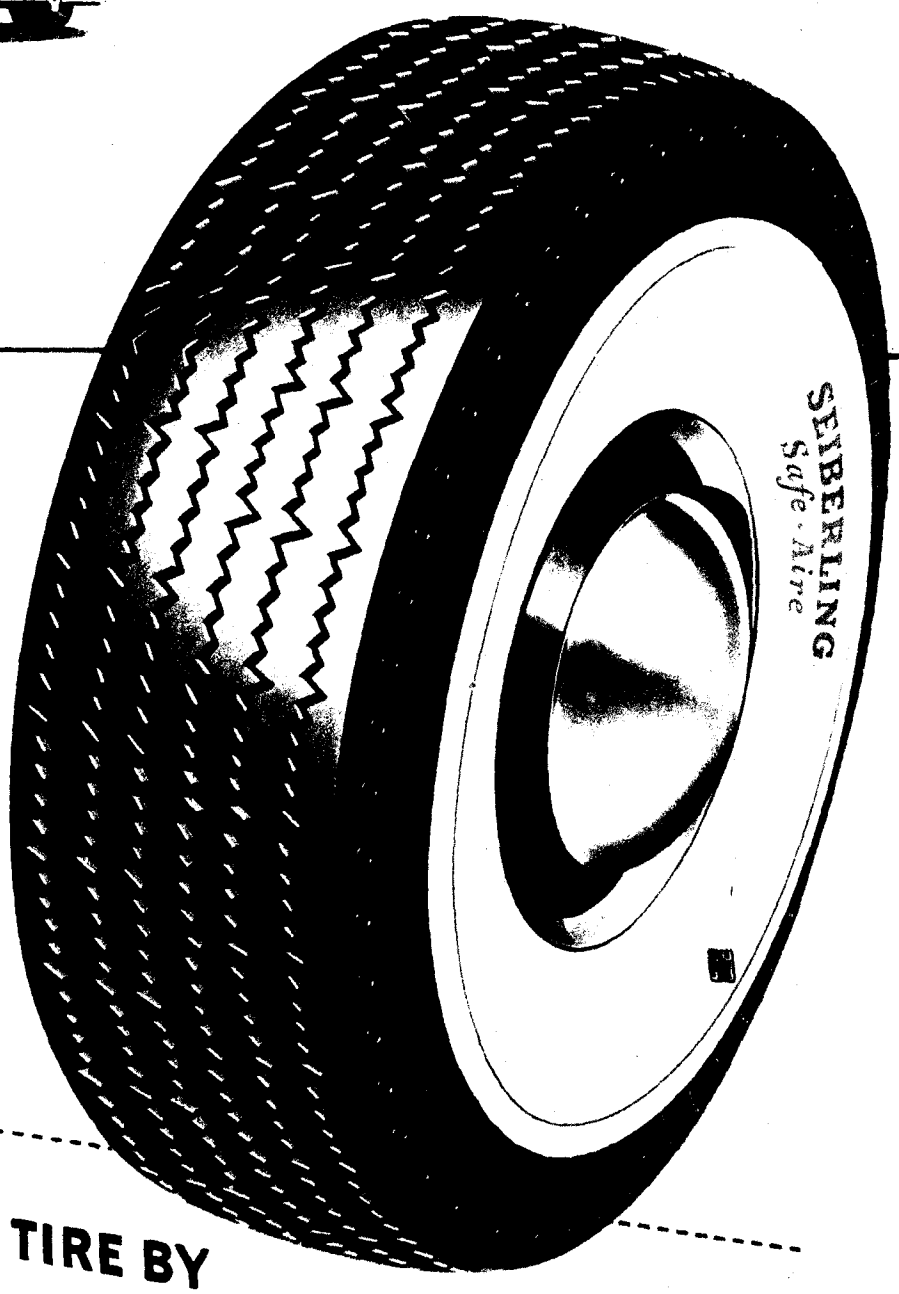
SAFETY IS YOUR BEST INVESTMENT



DANGEROUS: Riding bikes double file in the street is riding into double trouble, says the National Safety Council. It confuses motorists coming from *both* directions. *Teach children to ride single file, at the extreme right, and to save stunt riding for the playground.* Teach them to play safe!



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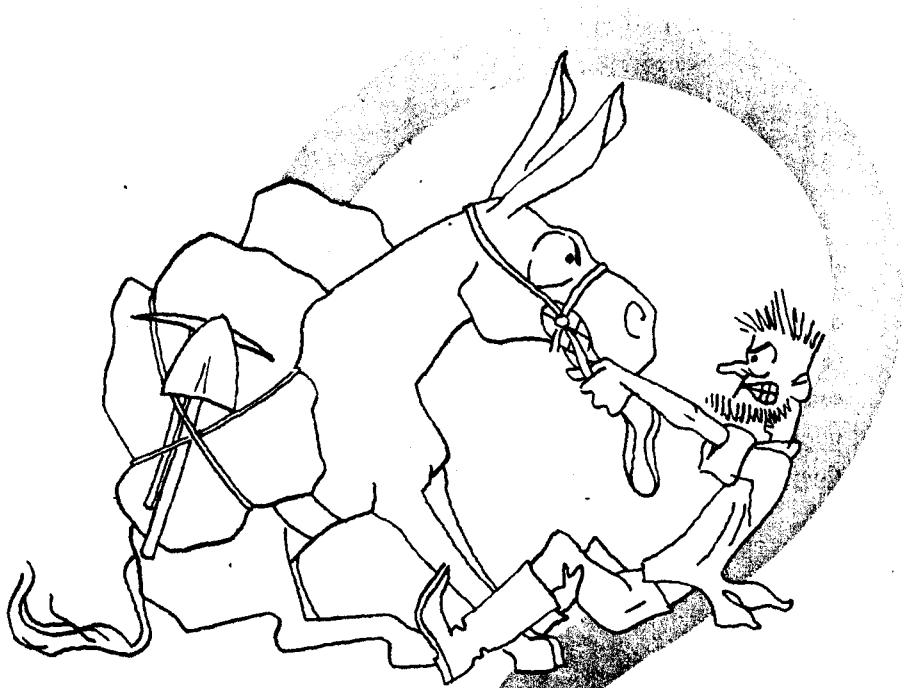

Trouble getting started

...perhaps your car battery needs a check-up at your local United Motors Service station

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THE WEEK'S WORK

The Berenstains—four hands are better than two

WE DON'T know whether the cartoons on pp. 38 and 65 were drawn by Stanley Berenstain or his wife, Janice. It seems that the Berenstains met in art school in Philadelphia and had been brought up within a few blocks of each other in West Philadelphia. "We kicked the same stones on the same sidewalks, attended the same Saturday movies, and so forth," says Mr. Berenstain, "and though we went to different grade schools, we might have met in high school if the Grants hadn't moved Janice to the suburbs."

In any event, after a sketchy romance, they merged lines and began what may be the first husband-wife cartoon team in history. It's difficult for the Berenstains themselves to say who does what in their work: "I do what I think is an excellent cartoon," says Mr. B., "and show it to Janice, who says it's a good picture but a lousy caption. She substitutes what she thinks is an excellent one and I say, 'That's a swell caption but it doesn't go with the picture.' "

So Mr. Berenstain changes the picture and it is placed with a pile of others arrived at in similar manner. Later they root through this stack of very rough sketches, select what still appeals to both, split the results in two, and begin drawing. "What results," says Mr. B., "is a week's batch of roughs for submission, a roomful of discarded sketches, orange seeds and apple cores. Then I go to the post office with them, and Janice cleans up. Recently a monkey wrench was thrown into our well-oiled machine: name, Leo, weight at birth, 7 pounds, 7 ounces."

ALFRED (ALF) LOOMIS gets that salty authenticity for his breezy Bermuda yacht-race yarn, Errors of Judgment (p. 50) from the fact he himself has been navigator on boats in eight of these blue-ribbon events.

Between chores as free-lance writer and editor, Mr. Loomis, a Brooklyn lad of fifty-eight, has also raced in four Fastnet races—*the* English long-distance yachting event; was aboard the schooner Pinta in '28 in the New York-to-Spain race; and has been navigator on three winning boats in the St. Pete-to-Havana yachting classic. Besides, Mr. Loomis has looked at a lot of fast-streaking blue water beneath his own yawls and cutters; and right now is looking forward to his first San Pedro-to-Honolulu dash.

Although Mrs. Loomis has often cruised and raced with her accomplished tar of a husband, she has never made the Bermuda run. "So my story is not entirely autobiographical," admits Mr. Loomis. "However, wives have raced with their husbands, and my maritime marital situation is highly plausible."

We asked Mr. Loomis what yacht-race widows do while their husbands are away on a thrash to windward.

"I don't know," he replied. "I've never been there to find out. I do know that many of them like to fly to Bermuda to join their husbands at the finish line."

ALBERT MAISEL, who, since V-J Day has been enlisted in the war in behalf of our G.I.s, now reports on the housing battle in a slashing two-part article: Scandals in Veterans' Housing (p. 14). Oddly, of all the jerry-building he inspected on his national cross check, walls made the deepest impression on the crusading Mr. Maisel. In one house he found the walls so thin he couldn't do his interviewing because the family in the next house were locked in domestic combat.

"When the husband began smacking his wife against the wall, and the wall shook, I carefully moved to the opposite wall to avoid the body I expected to come hurtling through momentarily," Maisel says.

So he made a note that partition walls should specify standard of strength sufficient to take the weight of a veteran and his wife; that builders should supply doors for all openings made by undue strain, and moved on.

In fact, Mr. Maisel got so used to inspecting walls that when he boarded a plane from L.A. to Oklahoma City, he found himself absent-mindedly fingering the plane cabin walls for proper code thickness. This caused a hostess to eye him suspiciously and finally ask if there were anything wrong. "I murmured something about not satisfying the Los Angeles building code," he says, "before I came to."

Mr. Maisel still wakes up dreaming of a fire breaking out in one of the long rows of houses he saw.

"Where the fire walls have not been built up to the attic," he believes, "an outbreak in a single house might endanger many families."

This week's cover: Baby Sitter, or Forced Feeding. Photographer Shiney Wright of Los Angeles was visiting the Diamonds, some friends from Detroit, when he heard Mrs. Diamond ask Bobby Diamond, age 4, to feed his brother Gary, age 3 months. Cried Bobby, "Aw gee, Mom—do I have to?" Shiney had an idea. . . .

TED SHANE

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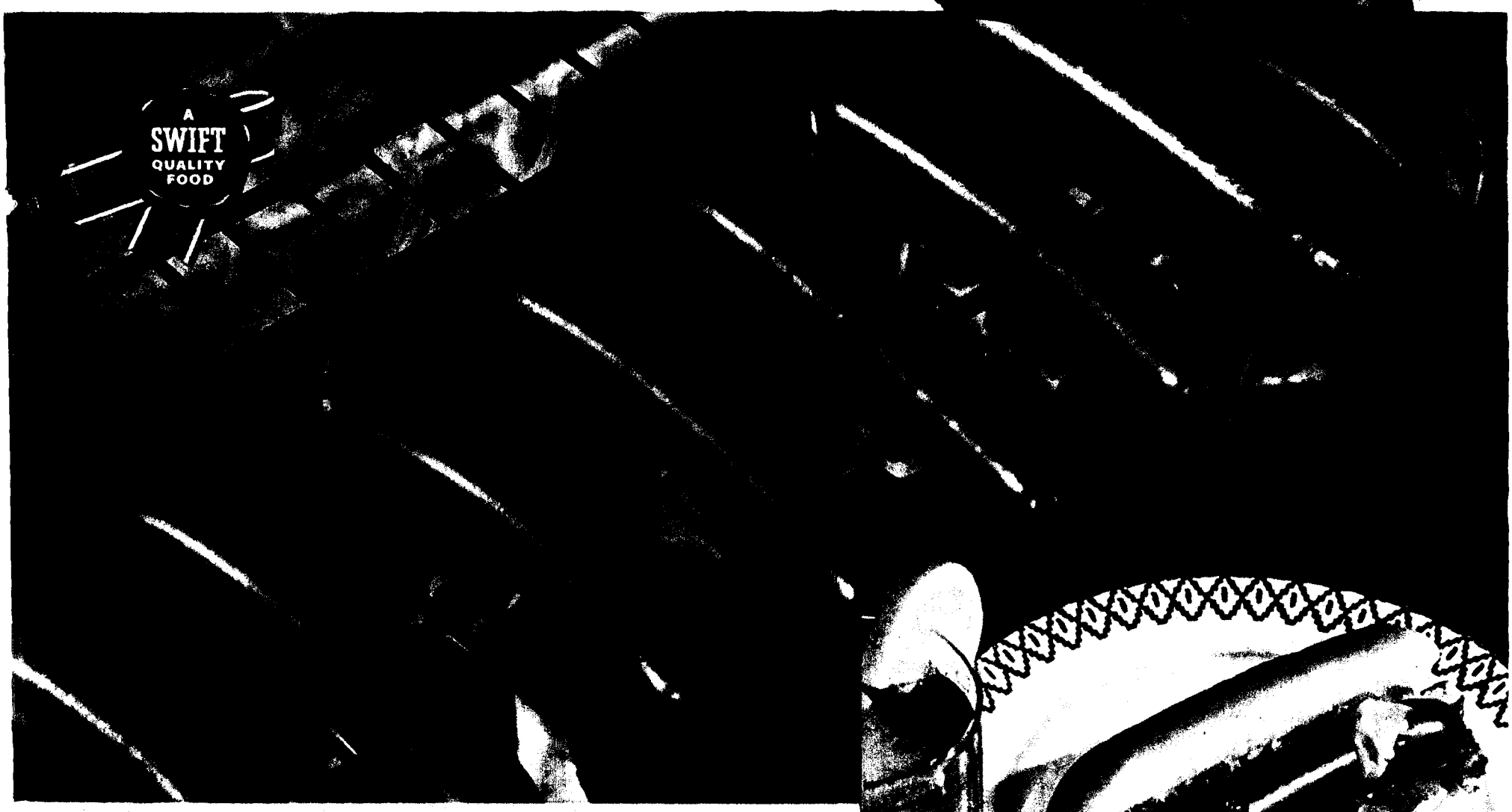

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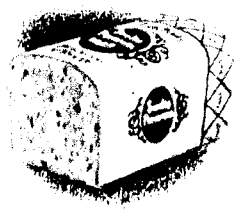

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are just the thing for hot-weather suppers, lunches, snacks and picnics. They're nourishing and economical. Keep some on hand for work-free and hurry-up meals!

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Let's spend a few minutes with Mr. Clark of San Francisco. Mr. Clark has accumulated some surplus funds he wishes to invest in securities, and he is gathering information from many sources before making a decision.

Mr. Clark visits the offices of a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. With one of the firm's representatives, he discusses a number of companies, and decides on the security that best meets his own needs.

Before placing an order, Mr. Clark asks for a "quote" on the security. Over the Member Firm's direct wire to its New York office, a clerk teletypes a request for the current best bid to buy and the lowest offer to sell.

By a second direct wire, the information is obtained from the quotation room at the Stock Exchange. Quotation clerks on the trading floor keep this room constantly abreast of the current bid and offer quotations.

Back to San Francisco goes Mr. Clark's quotation. The order is placed, and is wired to the New York office for immediate relay to the Member Firm's telephone clerk (see above) on the floor of the Stock Exchange.

The Member Firm's floor partner gets the order from the clerk and, acting for Mr. Clark, goes to the trading post where the security is bought and sold. It was at this post the bid and offer quotations originated.

To this post comes a second member, representing a Mrs. Horn of Atlanta, who wishes to *sell* the same security. As the first broker bids, the second offers to sell, both seeking the best possible price.

A few days later, Mr. Clark receives his stock certificate and Mrs. Horn gets her check. The transaction has been completed promptly, conveniently, through the nationwide facilities of Stock Exchange Member Firms.

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

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CUPID WITH CELLULOID WINGS

BY WILLIAM CHAPMAN WHITE

In Hollywood an arrow in the heart is often as fatal as a knife in the back

THE boy and the girl sat in a car by the beach below Malibu, with a special California moon overhead. The boy was Eddie Curran who had been on the National lot just six weeks. Right now he was hunting words. Around Hollywood, real-life conversations get as routine as picture dialogue. Stumbling and fumbling along, Eddie found the same words a lot of other young actors had used in a "The-Other-Girl-Didn't-Mean-a-Thing-to-Me" scene. "Don't be jealous," Eddie said. "When you're new in Hollywood it's hard to keep your balance sometimes. Anyway she was an awful creature and I'm sorry I hurt you and I don't ever want to be apart from you again, baby."

The pretty brunette beside him moved in closer and just said, "Oh, Eddie!" She was Milia Fortune, one of the most promising kids on the National lot. "Sure, I know how it is. Every woman goes crazy when she sees you, same as I do, only I love you so much. Let's get married right away so we won't ever have any more troubles."

"Any time you say." Eddie pulled her closer. "Boy, I'm happy!" . . .

A half mile down the beach was the home of Al Morse, the fifty-year-old head of National Films, with thirty years in Hollywood. He was sitting by the huge fireplace in his living room, listening to two of his producers arguing. He got tired of listening and complained, "Troubles, troubles! That's all the picture business ever brings you. I bet there isn't a happy person anywhere in Hollywood."

"But, wait a minute, Al!" one producer interrupted.

"Listen to me, Al," the other producer cut in.

Al shut them up with a frown. "Each of you wants Eddie Curran in your next picture, so what am I to do, split him in half? Sure, Eddie's the most talented juvenile we've had out here in years and he'll drive a lot of women crazy some day with that trick he's got of looking helpless and like a he-man, at the same time. Here in this business you always got people and they always got problems. I'd be happier in the pig-iron business. You know what I go through to make pictures?" Al shook his head like a weary man. "To stay in this business you gotta be a combination of Solomon and George Washington and Daniel Boone and the King of England—"

The telephone interrupted him. When he came back ten minutes later he was shaking his head. He asked, "Who was that guy Cupid?"

"An old-time Greek who flew around on wings."

Al settled back into his chair. "You can add him to that list of guys I gotta be. How did this cupid operate?"

"He went around shooting arrows."

Al grunted. "He should have used a baseball bat. That was Dorothy Bond on the phone. Kin Bond's got that new girl from New York in his picture and as usual he falls for any *(Continued on page 32)*

Ellen called across the restaurant with the quiet intimacy of a loud-speaker, "Eddie, my love, my darling pet," and she started toward him, dragging Joe along like an old handbag

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

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14

SCANDAL in VETERANS' HOUSING

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

"Our mistake was in buying a new house. We should have bought an old house that wouldn't need so many repairs"
GERALD GREEN
COLLIER'S
REPRINTED FROM COLLIER'S, MAY 8, 1948

For many a veteran this cartoon is not a very great exaggeration. In less than a year more than 30,000 complaints reached the Office of the Housing Expediter. A few months after the new homes are occupied, owners find foundations are missing, porches sagging, and floors cracking

There have been some abuses in the building of houses for veterans, and it is concerning these only that Collier's is publishing this article and the one next week. These articles must not be regarded as a criticism of the home-building industry

IT WAS early in the morning when I got to 3875 Woodward Avenue, on the outskirts of Fresno, California. A bright, warm sun gleamed over the snow-topped mountains. The flowers on the front lawn looked as beautiful as they do in the seed-house ads. Even the cracker-box houses seemed not too pinched in the clear California air.

Then I went into the back yard, and the beautiful picture vanished. John Seib, a young veteran who spent thirty-seven months in the South Pacific, handed me a copy of his house plans, with the builders' signatures neatly inscribed at the proper place in the lower left-hand corner. Seib grimly pointed out the detailed drawing of the house's foundation. It called for a concrete floor with substantial footings supporting it all around.

Then he picked up a shovel and, with the deftness of an infantryman digging a foxhole, began to work at the point where the side and rear walls meet. He had barely gone below the surface when I saw what had made him so angry.

The footings the plans called for—the foundations that were supposed to hold the house up—were almost totally lacking. The seemingly sturdy concrete ended abruptly just an inch or two below the level of the ground.

Still skeptical, I suggested moving over a few feet. Again Seib dug. Again we looked in vain for anything approaching the sort of underground construction called for in the plan.

Later that morning I saw similar conditions at a dozen other houses on the Southeran Homesites Tract along Woodward and Braly avenues. In the house of Arthur Hein at 3826 Braly Avenue, the rugs were pulled back so that I could trace a giant cobweb of wide cracks in the concrete floor—cracks that extended from wall to wall.

"They called these 'surface cracks' when I complained," Hein told me. "But look at this," he went on, taking a glass of water and pouring it on one of the cracks. As we watched, the fluid disappeared through the fissure.

Hein and Seib and more than 40 other veterans who bought houses a year and a half ago on the Southeran Tract are luckier than thousands of others throughout the nation. They have begun to get results after months of campaigning in which they carried their protests from the mayor's housing committee right on up to the White House.

Most of the more than 2,000,000 veterans who have acquired newly built homes since the end of the war have been well satisfied, or at least moderately so. Despite material and labor shortages most builders have complied with building codes and measure up to plans and specifications.

But to all too many veterans the promise of a postwar dream house has turned into a nightmare. Young, guileless and inexperienced in both building construction and the laws governing it, these veterans placed their faith not only in builders but in government agencies that were supposed to be regulating construction, checking thoroughly before making loans, supervising compliance with building codes and generally keeping an eye on the veterans' interests.

After a year and a half, the fight of the Southeran Tract homeowners in Fresno resulted in action by a federal grand jury. A 53-count indictment was brought against the builder, William C. Albany, and his exclusive agents, Richard M. Vail and Wade J. Howells, all three veterans of World War II.

The building firm of William C. Albany & Co., through Vail and Howells, obtained priorities in 1946 to construct more than 50 houses. Under the law that then existed the federal government granted priority for the obtaining of building materials and demanded, in return, that the houses be sold at fixed ceiling prices.

The veterans who bought these houses had no idea they were paying more than the ceiling price.

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Their original complaint centered, rather, about claims of defective construction and the omission of many promised pieces of equipment. But after many turns of the carrousel—they went fruitlessly round and round, from the Veterans Administration to the Federal Housing Administration to the builder and to the bank—they managed to get the Office of the Housing Expediter to detail a man to Fresno. A prolonged investigation disclosed that the veterans had been charged, on the average, about $1,600 more for their homes than the government-set ceiling.

Albany, Vail and Howells were to stand trial on charges of conspiring to obtain priorities to build houses for war veterans and then departing from the plans and specifications under which the priorities were obtained, and with conspiring to sell the houses at prices greater than the sales price fixed as the precondition for granting priorities. Arraigned in May, the three pleaded not guilty to all counts.

This case has aroused particular interest because one of the three defendants, Richard Vail, was an active member of the six-man American Legion national housing committee. This committee has opposed many features of the federal veterans' housing program and has been particularly active in seeking the abolition of the National Housing agency and the Office of the Housing Expediter.

The Fresno case in court stemmed out of the help given the veterans by the Los Angeles Daily News and its reporter, Sara Boynoff, a five-foot-two-inch dynamo.

When the Victims Phoned In

When her first few stories about jerry-built Los Angeles houses had appeared, liberally illustrated with photographs of cracked walls, missing foundations, warped doors, leaky roofs, and bathtubs that had fallen through the floor, the switchboard at the News was swamped with calls from veterans and their wives until Sara took to answering her phone with the shout, "The first thing you do is hire a lawyer!"

Other calls were made at the News, by polished gentlemen who sought out publisher Manchester Boddy and bluntly implied it wasn't smart for a newspaper that carried a lot of real-estate advertising to indulge in muckraking. Boddy threw the gentleman out and stepped up the campaign.

Reporter Boynoff made a point of visiting some of the housing projects built by the very people who had complained that the News was giving good builders a bad name by photographing the work of a few fly-by-night developers. Within a few days the News had sets of photographs showing even more glaring frauds at some of these projects.

Aided by this newspaper, the United States attorney in Los Angeles and his staff went to work with a vengeance. U.S. Attorney James M. Carter has led long lines of former G.I.s before a grand jury. His inquiry has left those responsible for scandalous building jobs quaking with fear of the consequences.

What has happened in Fresno has happened in various places over the country. In Baltimore I have seen fire walls that were not completed to the roof and thus endangered every occupant in long rows of houses.

In Sacramento a veteran failed to catch a baseball pitched by his nine-year-old son. When he turned around to look for the ball he found a gaping hole in his house where the ball had disappeared through the wall. In a neighboring house, less than a year old, an investigator for the Office of the Housing Expediter counted 87 separate holes in the exterior walls.

A complaint from Madison, Wisconsin, lists 84 defects in a single house, including failure to supply screens, insulation, downspouts, coal-bin, plumbing and electrical fixtures. In one Baltimore case an entire room was omitted. In Wisconsin the builder of a home casually forgot to put in the attic floor the plans called for. In Oklahoma I have seen buildings less than four months old already warped far out of plumb. This in tornado country where even a well-built house requires extra bracing.

Marked Money Under the Table

A builder in Wisconsin obtained priority materials on the promise he would sell his houses at $7,800. Later he appealed to the FHA and the ceiling was raised to $8,600. Still later he asked for another increase and the liberal FHA authorities told him he could go up to $9,500. Then he demanded $500 "under the table" when he sold. Fortunately for the buyer, in this instance, marked money was used and the builder was caught and fined $5,000.

In New York recently another builder drew a one-year jail term for overcharging ten veterans an average of $2,100 on their homes.

In a community in Pennsylvania there stand 42 houses that were sold to veterans in the fall of 1946 for $7,500 each. Two other slightly smaller homes brought $6,500.

Almost as soon as the veterans moved in they began to discover an endless series of flaws. Ceilings cracked. Walls twisted out of plumb. Doorframes pulled away from the walls, leaving gaping openings. Concrete blocks were found to be missing in cellars. Roofs sagged. In one instance a stoop outside a cellar door sank eight inches below its original position in a few months.

Their veteran owners turned first to the federal agencies that had guaranteed their loans and presumably inspected and appraised their houses. Soon they found themselves going from V.A. to FHA to RFC and back again.

Most of the houses had been appraised by a local real-estate broker, chosen by the bank from the V.A.'s approved list of appraisers. He evaluated the houses at $7,500. Six months after the houses were finished one of the owners tried to sell his to another ex-serviceman. The prospective buyer applied for a G.I. loan to finance the purchase. A V.A. appraiser was called in—not the one who had served before. This time the value was set at $6,600, which was $900 less than the house had been "worth" six months before.

By June of last year the veterans had had enough of the federal run-around. Through their attorney they filed suit against the builder in common pleas court, asking for damages in excess of $70,000. In their complaint they alleged that each house showed an average of 50 omissions, substitutions or deviations from the original plans and each veteran asked for from $1,500 to $2,000 in damages.

Meanwhile they continued to press for action by federal agencies. But

(Continued on page 64)

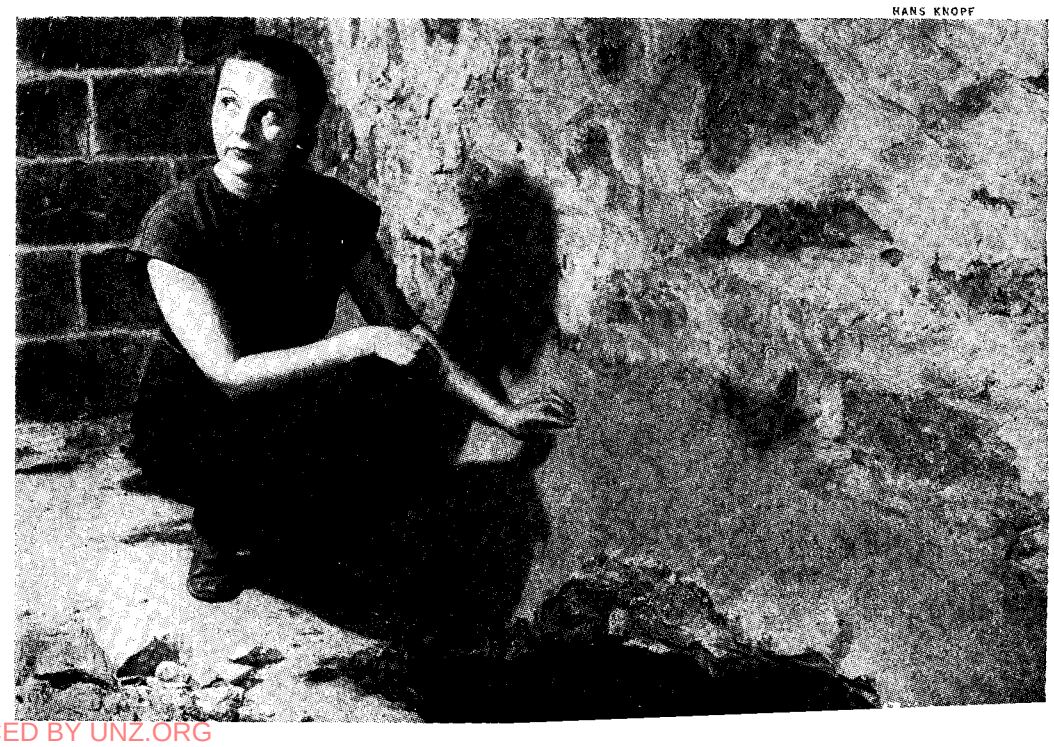
HARRIET ARNOLD

John Seib and his wife unearth the "foundation" of their home in Fresno, California, for the photographers. Seib is one of more than 40 World War II veterans living on Fresno's Southeran Homesites Tract who complain bitterly about the way their homes were put up. The builder of these residences and his agents were indicted

HANS KNOPF

Using a flashlight Henry Sherwood, of Baltimore, and a neighbor discover a space in the fire wall separating their homes. The neighbor's hand is thrust through the hole to show its size. Below, Mrs. B. Chertkof examines damage in her basement in Baltimore's Hanlon Homes section. Water washed in over walls of the foundation

HANS KNOPF



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The thing that frightens men like you is.... GIRLS LIKE ME

JOE slumped companionably in the coach seat and grinned. "You don't need to be apprehensive, Gretchen," he said, humorously. "I'm not taking you out to meet my sister's family with anything solemn in mind."

"No?" Gretchen smiled. She was, Joe thought, a perfect girl, physically and mentally well turned out. It was always a delight to be with her. Her bangs were smooth and gleamed like polished pewter.

"No," Joe said. "I flatter myself that I have a few brains. When you marry—"

"Which won't be for a long time," said Gretchen.

"When you marry," Joe went on, "it won't be to a simple, uncomplicated guy like me. I'm the pipe-and-slippers type."

"Whom will I marry?" Gretchen smiled.

Joe's greenish eyes wandered thoughtfully.

"Oh, some complicated guy with a complicated life that offers some wondrous adventure—challenge after challenge," he said. "You're that kind of a girl. Look at you. You're only twenty-three. You fly, you ski like a demon, play tennis like a pro, and poker as if you had learned it from a cattle rustler. And around the office you are a wonder girl. So you wouldn't marry a pushover."

"Oh, well," said Gretchen, "there are a lot of things I want to do before I settle down to marriage and kids."

Joe crossed one foot over the other on the opposite seat and flipped open a magazine. They perused the cartoons, their heads and shoulders together, occasionally sniggering. Gretchen would spend this afternoon and evening at his sister's home, then tomorrow, Sunday, Joe would drive her to Stamford where she would board a ketch which had been chartered by some of her old college crowd. She would spend her two-week vacation cruising up the New England coast. Joe thought of how Gretchen would look with a deeper tan, taking her trick at the wheel of the ketch in faded blue slacks. He admired himself for visualizing this so unemotionally. Practice had made him practically perfect.

Joe recalled the first time he had seen Gretchen, the day she had taken over a desk in the glass-framed cubicle next to his in the advertising firm of Wander & Harris. It had then been early spring. Gretchen had worn a gray suit with a crisply ruffled white blouse and violets near her throat. Joe's heart had banged like a steampipe in an apartment. He hadn't wasted any time asking her to lunch. They had gone to a little French restaurant and a curious, calming thing had happened to Joe as he faced her across the wine-stained tablecloth, a thing unprecedented in his hitherto reckless youth. He had resolved to forgo a hot and heavy romance, however tempting, and cultivate a lighthearted relationship which would last a lot longer. How right he had been! During the five months he had known Gretchen, Joe had seen many other boy friends come and go. Many of them, like him, had started off gay as larks, telling jokes and arguing about politics, but they had eventually let themselves go and wound up mawkish. By and by she was making excuses when they called. Joe's relationship, on the other hand, had remained artistically restrained, light and fond. He had kissed her good night, but had never reminded her of a hungry grizzly bear. He had told her that she was wonderful, but never with a completely long face.

They disembarked from the train at Brookton, a town near the Connecticut border of New York. The train went off down the glittering tracks through a culvert as Joe and Gretchen squinted in the reflected glare of the early afternoon sun.

An expressman in a faded red shirt wheeled by his picturesque and unstreamlined hand vehicle. Beyond the station the town was etched against the bright sky like a stage setting, the façades of the Main Street buildings red and yellow and gray.

PHIL, Joe's brother-in-law, came pounding down the platform, a tall young man in a rumpled summer suit, looking hot and out of breath. Joe's welcoming grin faded upon a deeper perception of Phil's expression.

"The darnedest thing has happened," Phil explained, mopping his brow and giving Gretchen a quick, apologetic smile. "Jane's had a stomach-ache all night. She thought it was something she ate, no doubt, but it hurt her to move this morning, so we called the doctor. By that time it was too late to get in touch with you. The doctor had her come down to the hospital for a blood count—that was an hour ago. And in a half hour she'll be on the operating table."

"Appendicitis?" asked Gretchen.

Phil nodded. "I guess we were lucky to catch it in time. I'm just sorry we didn't catch *you* in time."

"Is there anything we can do?" Gretchen asked. "Or would it be easier all around if we took the next train back?"

Phil looked at Joe.

"Do you think you two could watch the kids until I get time to round up a woman?"

"Of course," said Gretchen.

"I've got 'em in the car," Phil said, starting to edge toward the parking space. "It's time for the baby's bottle. The bottle's in the icebox. The nipples are in a jar on the shelf over the kitchen stove. There are some graham crackers in the cupboard. The other kids—Teresa and Elizabeth—could have graham crackers and milk for lunch. And you—"

"Don't worry about us," Joe said.

The three children were in the worn station wagon. The baby, John, was in a basket on the floor, kicking and practicing vowel sounds. The seven-year-old Elizabeth, and the three-year-old, Teresa, were leaning over the back seat, sucking lollipops and looking hot and sticky.

Joe slipped into the driver's seat. Gretchen, after smiling briefly at the children, settled gravely beside him. Phil slid in beside Gretchen.

"As soon as Jane's out, I'll call you," he said as Joe piloted the station wagon through the hot sunny street. "Turn to your left at the next light, and drop me at the hospital."

"Right," Joe said.

Phil sprang out in front of the two-story, rambling hospital, called to the children to be good, and sprinted for the front door. Joe drove the station wagon up a street arched with green leaves, and echoing with the sound of lawn mowers.

"I don't know about you," he said, glancing at Gretchen, "but I feel a little dazed."

"Is my mommy going to stay at the hospital?" asked Elizabeth in a shrill seven-year-old voice.

"That's right," said Gretchen. "But she'll be home again before long."

"What are they going to do to her?" demanded Elizabeth. She seemed, Joe thought, to be speaking through a public-address system.

"They are going to take out something that hurts," replied Gretchen as Joe listened admiringly.

"How are they going to get it out?"

"Oh," said Gretchen, "they have all kinds of tricks."

"*Will it hurt?*"

"No," said Gretchen.

They swerved into the driveway of a faded yellow Victorian house, with lilac trees growing near the windows. A Scotty dog barked from the walk, and a kitten was playing with something in the worn, uneven grass. Joe let the children out of the car. As he struggled to lift the baby's basket out of the station wagon Teresa, the three-year-old, began to scream.

"What's the matter?" he heard Gretchen call.

"Weedgie went under the house," reported Elizabeth.

"Who's Weedgie?"

"Weedgie's the kitten. Teresa can't catch him and it makes her mad."

Gretchen held open the front door as Joe carried the basket through and set it down in the cool, dark hall. The baby began to cry.

"Sounds like a buzz saw," said Joe.

"What?" Gretchen asked.

"Sounds like a buzz saw!" he shouted.

Gretchen pulled Joe toward her and spoke into his ear over the din created by the voices of Teresa and the baby. "I guess the first thing to do is to feed the baby."

Joe nodded solemnly and led her into the kitchen. The breakfast dishes were still on the round table situated in one corner of the large green and white room. He knew poor Jane couldn't help it, but the kitchen looked pleasant when it was tidy and it now had a tawdry look.

Gretchen brought John's bottle from the icebox and Elizabeth climbed up on a chair and handed her a perspiring jar full of boiled nipples.

"Why did you come out?" Elizabeth asked Gretchen.

"Because your Uncle Joe invited me."

"Are you his wife?"

"Oh, no."

"Heaven forbid!" said Joe.

MEANTIME, Gretchen was struggling to fit the nipple over the top of the bottle. Suddenly the bottle sprang out of her hand and slid across the kitchen floor, leaving a trail of milk.

"Oh!" cried Gretchen.

"It's quite all right," Joe grinned. "Weedgie can clean it up."

"But it isn't quite all right," said Gretchen "because there aren't any more bottles in the icebox."

"Oh," said Joe.

Gretchen stared at him, unnerved. Joe stared back, also unnerved.

"You'll have to make some more formula," announced Elizabeth.

"Look," said Gretchen, "you had better drive to the hospital and ask Phil how to make the formula. Write it down. And hurry."

"You don't know much, do you?" demanded Elizabeth.

"I'm afraid not," said Gretchen, coldly.

Joe rummaged through the living-room desk for paper. All the pencils seemed to have their leads chewed off. He brought a pencil into the kitchen to sharpen, and found Gretchen nervously crumbling graham crackers into cereal bowls. Teresa appeared, triumphantly squeezing the kitten, who was mewing angrily. It sounded, Joe thought, like a bagpipe and, coupled with the baby's squalling, produced an unthinkably galling racket.

"How old are you?" Elizabeth's voice pierced the din as she addressed Gretchen.

"Twenty-three," said Gretchen.

"That's old," said Elizabeth. "I don't want to get old and have wrinkles."

"She eats monkey glands," said Joe. "That's how she keeps looking so fresh."

"Hurry," said Gretchen impatiently. "*Please,* Joe. The baby's crying himself sick."

On his trip to the hospital, Joe, once alone, was conscious of a loss of bravado. The incident of the bottle had actually unstrung Gretchen. For the first time in their relationship, she had snapped at him. He resented the circumstance that had robbed them of their cozy rapport. He crushed back an unreasonable and unfamiliar apprehension. He told himself that this was a situation actually fraught

(Continued on page 39)

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BY HILDA COLE ESPY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

The baby began to fuss and kick. "What's the matter with him?" Gretchen cried, distraught. "You have to bubble him," said Elizabeth

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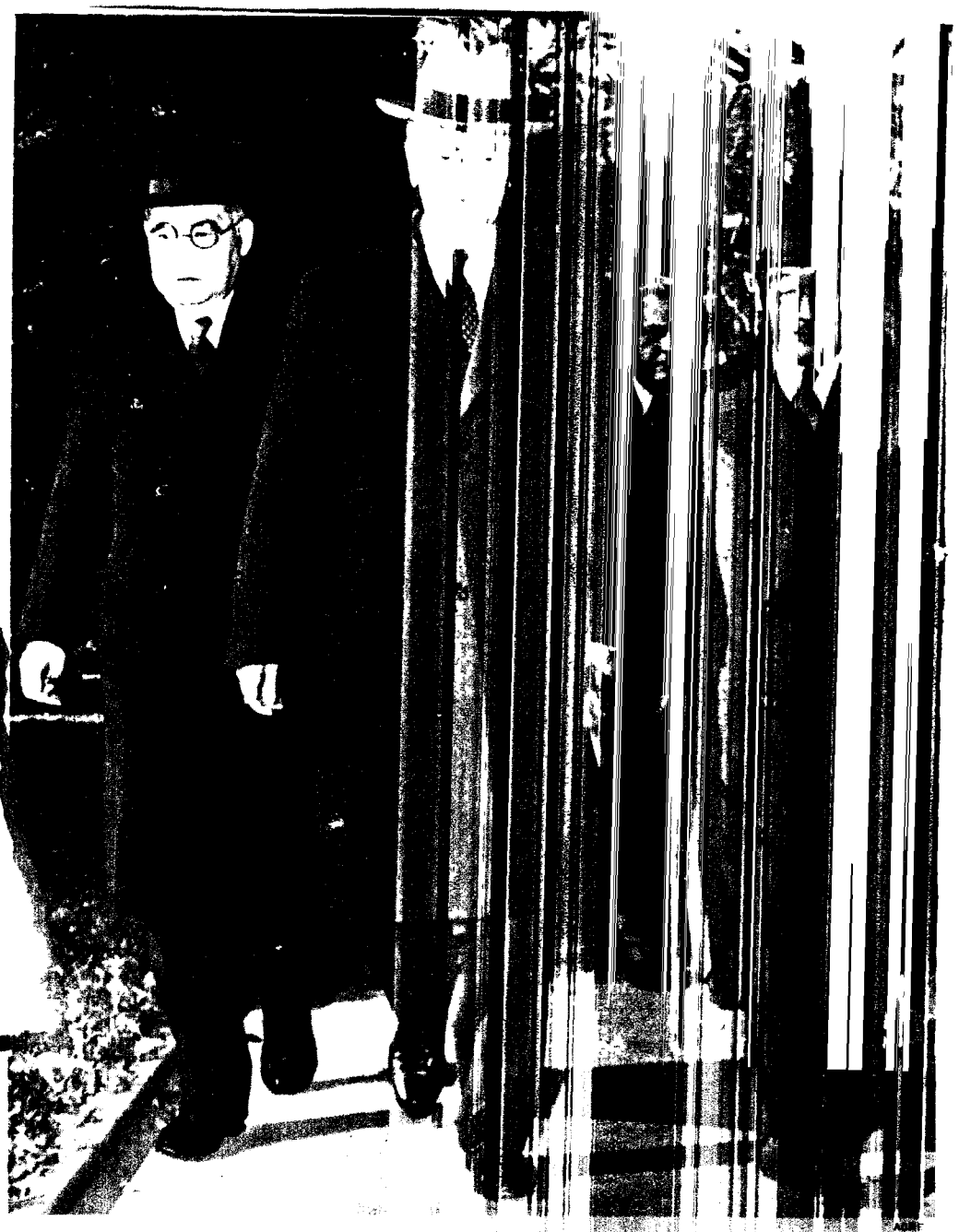
THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

The Russian leaders' moods perplex American and British negotiators. Roosevelt urges Hopkins to "Hurry, hurry" but Japan solves his greatest problem



The day after a Jap task force left port to attack Pearl Harbor, Secretary of State Hull notified Ambassador Nomura (left) and Special Envoy Kurusu of our proposed policy with Japan

PART VI. ROOSEVELT'S GREATEST DILEMMA

HARRY L. HOPKINS' health was failing again in the autumn of 1941. There was now a vast increase in the details of Lend-Lease and he determined to turn the job over to someone else. Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., was selected.

There was never a time when President Roosevelt was being more steadily assailed morning, noon and night than in those tense weeks in the autumn of 1941.

He was constantly being goaded in one direction by those who favored bold action, of whom Stimson and Morgenthau were the most vigorous proponents; and he was being hauled in another direction by others who were convinced that our only salvation lay in a policy of extreme caution; in addition to which Churchill was augmenting his voluminous cables with telephone calls from the little booth in the bombproof quarters to which he had been consigned under Great George Street. (In that telephone booth were two clocks, one set at London time and the other at Washington time.)

At the end of September, Roosevelt had to make up his mind as to whether or not he should again put an issue up to Congress and run the risk of an unfavorable verdict. Hull asked Admiral Stark to state his opinions on this matter, and the resultant memorandum from the Chief of Naval Operations was highly refreshing to the President. The most important parts of it were as follows:

It has long been my opinion that Germany cannot be defeated unless the United States is wholeheartedly in the war and makes a strong military and naval effort wherever strategy dictates. It would be very desirable to enter the war under circumstances in which Germany were the aggressor and in which case Japan might then be able to remain neutral. However, on the whole, it is my opinion that the United States should enter the war against Germany as soon as possible even if hostilities with Japan must be accepted. . . .

P.S. I did not set down in the attached notes what I have mentioned to you before, namely, that I do not believe Germany will declare war on us until she is good and ready. Hitler has every excuse in the world to declare war on us now, if he were of a mind to.

On October 9th, Roosevelt sent to the Congress his request for further amendments to the Neutrality Law which would permit the arming of American merchant ships and restoration of the right of these ships to carry trade into the war zones. Congress agreed after a bitter fight.

The appalling truth was that, as the world situation became more desperately critical, and as the limitless peril came closer and closer to the United States, isolationist sentiment became ever more aggressive, and Roosevelt was relatively powerless to combat it. He had said everything "short of war" that could be said. He had no more tricks left. The hat from which he had pulled so many rabbits was empty.

The preparations for the departure of the Harriman Mission to Moscow were immensely complicated, involving exhaustive negotiations.

An Urgent Plea to Churchill

Early in September, Hopkins sent a cable to Churchill:

As preliminary to the Moscow conference, Secretaries of War and Navy have been told by the President that substantial commitments of munitions help must be provided for Russia so long as she fights the Axis. Substantial and comprehensive commitments should be made to Russia by Great Britain and the United States at the Moscow conference, in the President's opinion.

Hopkins sent a memorandum to Stettinius shortly before the Moscow conferences started:

I would like to be in direct touch with Harriman and the mission in Moscow and any replies to Harriman's telegrams I would like to have sent through me and signed by me.

Will you please notify everybody over there about this so there will be no possible hitch about it?

Harriman and Lord Beaverbrook had three evening meetings with Stalin —Sunday, September 28th, Monday the 29th, and Tuesday the 30th, for a total of some nine hours.

At the first meeting with Stalin, cordiality prevailed.

Stalin said a preponderance in tanks was absolutely essential to the Germans for, without it, the German infantry was weak as compared with the Russian infantry. He said that, of Germany's satellites, the best fighters were the Finns, next the Italians, third the Rumanians and, last of all, the Hungarians. He estimated that there were at the time 10 Italian divisions in the Eastern Theater of Operations. (This indicates a certain change of opinion since his talks with Hopkins two months previously.)

Stalin had a great deal to say to Beaverbrook about the question of active British military co-operation with Russia. Even at that early stage of Russia's participation in the war, the desirability of opening a second front in the west had already become a lively issue and was providing the persistent theme song of Russian propaganda in Britain and the United States. However, Stalin does not appear to have pressed particularly for the second front at this conference. He did feel that the British might send forces to join the Russians in the Ukraine.

Beaverbrook pointed out that Brit-

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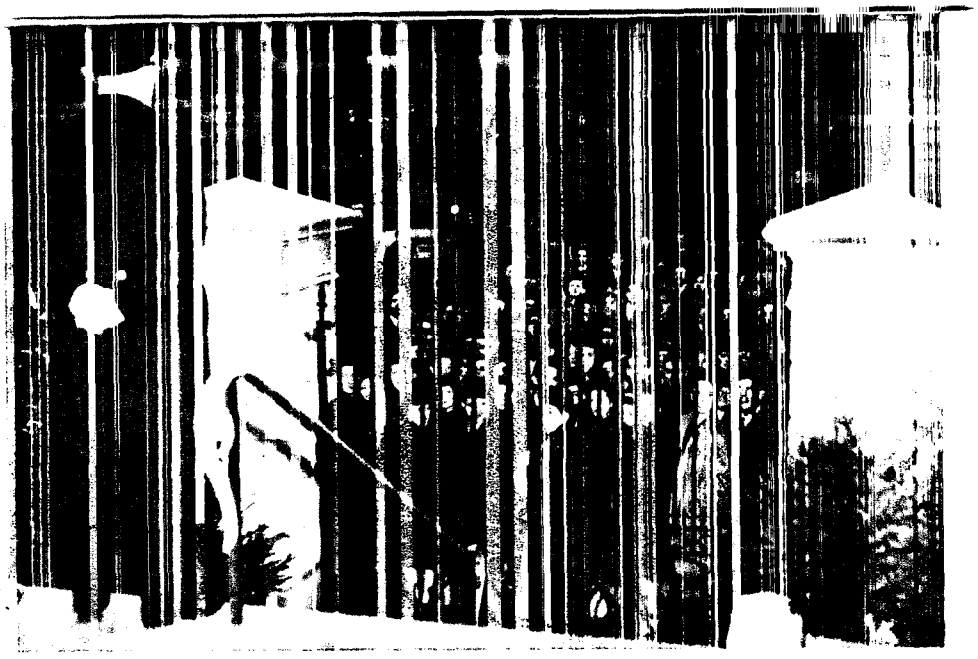

WIDE WORLD

While crowds gathered outside the White House on December 7, 1941, the President told Churchill, in an overseas phone call, that we were all in the same boat now

SOVFOTO

Stalin was enthusiastic when Lord Beaverbrook (left, with Averell Harriman, Oumansky and Vishinsky) revealed what aid Britain and the U.S. could offer Russia

Roosevelt wanted to send planes to Russia via an aircraft carrier, but the Navy felt this would be unwise, as noted in this memorandum from Hopkins and the answer from FDR

November 25, 1941

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT:

I gather that what is really behind this is that in the light of the whole strategic situation as it is in the world today the Navy feels it would be unwise to send a carrier. Hence, unless you decide otherwise, we are going to move these planes at once by merchant ship, although, as I have told you, the Maritime Commission is having a good deal of difficulty getting enough ships.

HARRY L. HOPKINS

H.H.
This is like trying to add up apples and potatoes. Delivery of a "ready" plane cannot be compared with delivery of a crated plane
FDR

H. H.
OK but don't say FU
How fare you?
Harry, Harry!
FDR

Another comment on the plane shipments reads: "This is like trying to add up apples and potatoes. Delivery of a 'ready' plane cannot be compared with delivery of a crated plane"

ish divisions were being built up in Persia and that these might be moved into the Caucasus. (The British obviously were interested in reinforcing the Caucasus to prevent a possible German break-through into the Middle East.) Stalin dismissed this with the brusque statement that "there is no war in the Caucasus but there is in the Ukraine." Beaverbrook suggested that the Soviet and British staffs might engage in strategic discussions but this suggestion met with no welcome whatsoever.

Stalin asked about peace objectives. When Beaverbrook mentioned the eight points of the Atlantic Charter, Stalin asked, "What about getting the Germans to pay for the damage?" Beaverbrook evaded that question with some generality about "we must win the war first." *Harriman mentioned President Roosevelt's concern about the state of American public opinion, particularly on the religious issue. Stalin said that he did not know much about American public opinion toward Russia and did not seem to attach much importance to it. As it was getting late, Harriman did not press the matter but promised to give Stalin a memorandum on it.*

At the end of this first session, Harriman noted, "Beaverbrook and I considered the meeting had been extremely friendly."

At the second meeting, the following evening, the atmosphere was entirely different. In his report, Harriman noted:

The evening was very hard sledding. Stalin seemed discourteous and at times not interested, and rode us pretty hard. For example, he turned to me once and said, "Why is it that the United States can only give me 1,000 tons of armor plate steel for tanks—a country with a production of over 50,000,000 tons?" When I tried to explain the length of time required in increasing capacity of this type of steel he brushed it aside by saying, "One only has to add alloys."

Stalin Under Severe Tension

At this meeting which lasted two hours, Lord Beaverbrook noted that "Stalin was very restless, walking about and smoking continuously, and appeared to both of us to be under an intense strain." *Beaverbrook handed him a letter from Churchill which Stalin opened and merely glanced at, then left it lying on the table unread throughout the conference. As Beaverbrook and Harriman were preparing to leave, Molotov reminded Stalin of the Churchill letter. Stalin thrust it back in the envelope and handed it to a clerk.*

Stalin betrayed evidence of enthusiasm only once and that was when Harriman mentioned an American offer of 5,000 jeeps to Russia. Stalin asked if he could have some more. But when Harriman asked if he would like to have some ordinary armored cars for his troops, Stalin said that armored cars were deathtraps and he did not want any.

The next day the German propagandists were blasting to the world the news that the conferences in Moscow had bogged down. But, when Beaverbrook and Harriman met Stalin that evening, they found that the atmosphere had again changed completely. Stalin mentioned the Nazi propaganda with some amusement and indicated that it was for the three of them to prove Goebbels a liar.

Beaverbrook went through a memorandum listing everything that the Russians had asked for, stating those items on which the Americans and British could not meet the demands immediately, and then a long list of items which could be met in full with even some extras thrown in. Stalin said that he received the list with enthusiasm. Then, Beaverbrook noted:

The interpreter, Litvinov, bounded out of his seat and cried with passion, "Now we shall win the war."

When we had completed the recital of the list the atmosphere developed to the highest degree of satisfaction and pleasure on both sides. The assembly took on the form of closer and even imtimate relations. . . . It was sunshine after rain.

In his records of this conference, Beaverbrook has given an interesting glimpse of Stalin's "doodling" habits: While Litvinov was translating the Russian words into English, "Stalin occupied himself by drawing numberless pictures of wolves on paper and filling in the background with red pencil."

In Harriman's notes is the following:

Stalin asked about Rudolf Hess and seemed much interested in Beaverbrook's amusing description of his talk with Hess and his size-up of the situation. Stalin indicated that he thought Hess had gone not at the request of Hitler but with the knowledge of Hitler, to which Beaverbrook agreed.

The net of Beaverbrook's statement was that Hess had come thinking that with a small group of British aristocrats a counter-Churchill government could be set up to make peace with Germany, which would be welcomed by the majority of the British. Germany with British aid would then attack Russia. Stalin relished the amusing and detailed comments by Beaverbrook, who was in his best form as raconteur.

Beaverbrook had some direct quotes from statements recently made by Hess in prison in England:

I am convinced that in any event —whether an eastern front persists or not—that Germany and her allies

(Continued on page 66)

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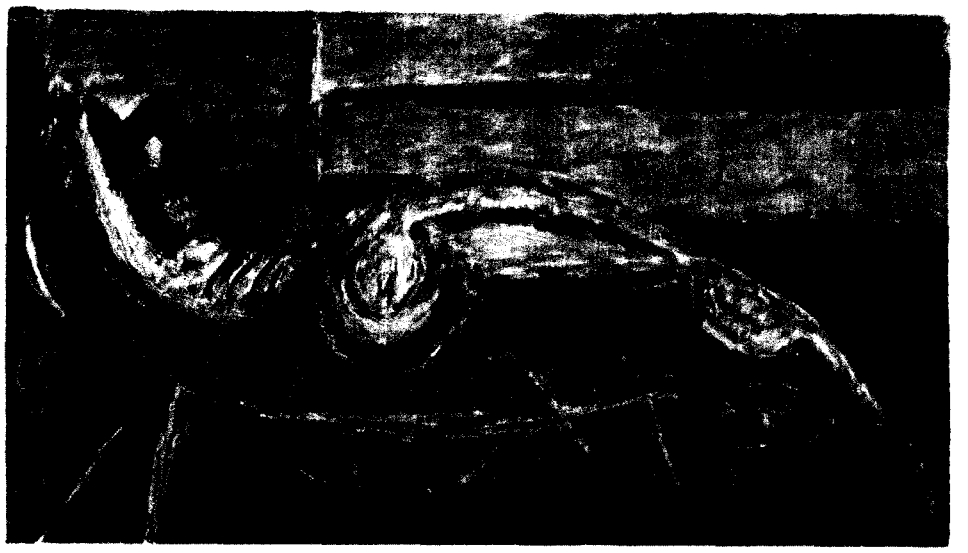
Leo Manso (above) is never without his brier pipe. Although his abstraction (right) is hardly graphic, preliminary sketches of the figure were made. Manso is also noted for his designs of book jackets and textiles



SIX ARTISTS AND A MODEL

BY LEONARD A. PARIS

FOR those few remaining simple folk who believe that art is merely a copy of nature, these pages may be something of a shock. "How is it possible," they are likely to ask, "for one young woman to look like so many different things?"

We are unable to answer this question, not knowing anything about art or even what we like. But this much we can say: It's the same model in all the pictures. Her name is Edith Franklin and she is nineteen years old and a native New Yorker.

Miss Franklin wants to be an actress, and most of the fees she picks up modeling for such well-known artists as those shown here go toward her tuition at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of the Theatre. This, she assures us, is "the best dramatic school in America," boasting such graduates as Gregory Peck and instructors like Martha Graham.

So far our model hasn't hit Broadway; she says she has much to learn at the Playhouse. Meantime she pays her way by modeling.

Not that fine-arts models are rolling in dough. Fees run around $1.50 to $3 per hour, unless you're working for a magazine illustrator, in which case you may command a queenly $10.

But Miss Franklin likes the work and she likes artists. While a painting is in progress, a model usually gets 20-minute breaks for rest periods, during which time she may relax with a good book or discuss the painting with the artist.

Miss Franklin hoards these golden moments to study her theater lines, and it is not uncommon to hear her reciting Shakespeare while taking twenty. This, we are happy to report, does not seem to distract any of the artists. After all, as Simonides said, "Painting is silent poetry." ★★★

With cold weather and unheated studios, our model caught cold. So Milton Avery (below) graciously agreed to paint her in a cloak. Avery, known as an unusual colorist, is one of America's leading expressionists

Formerly the editor of Art Front Magazine, Joe Solman (below) is famous for his expressionistic scenes of city life. Much of Solman's recent work, like the example at right, stresses flat pattern and intimate color relationship

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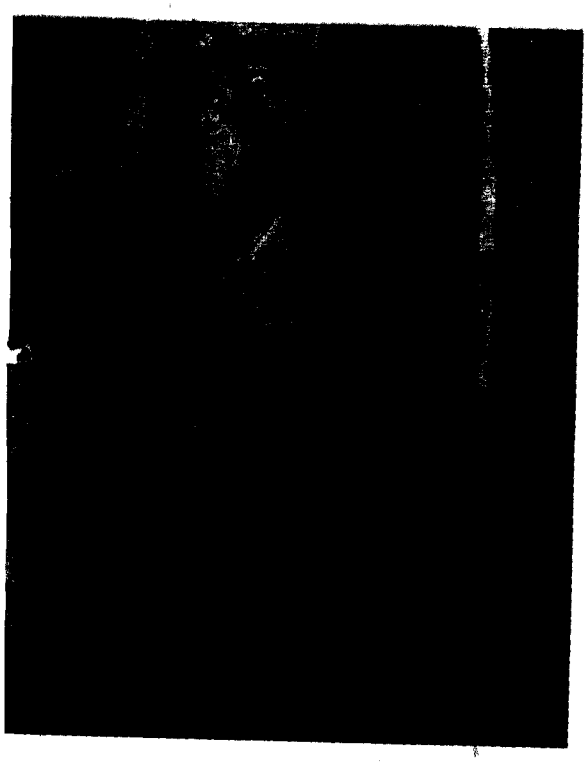
Earl Kerkam (left, above) **gave up** commercial art for the less profitable business of painting as he likes. His study of Miss Franklin (left) was made on a bitter cold day in a typical cold-water garret studio

Usually Hans Moller (right, above) works without a model. A semiabstractionist he has done covers for many magazines and has had one-man shows at some of the New York galleries. His study appears at right

Sol Wilson (below, right) discusses his painting with Miss Franklin while the latter takes a rest. Wilson is a romantic expressionist whose rugged seascapes and studies of fishermen have won many important prizes

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HELEN AND ALFRED PUHN



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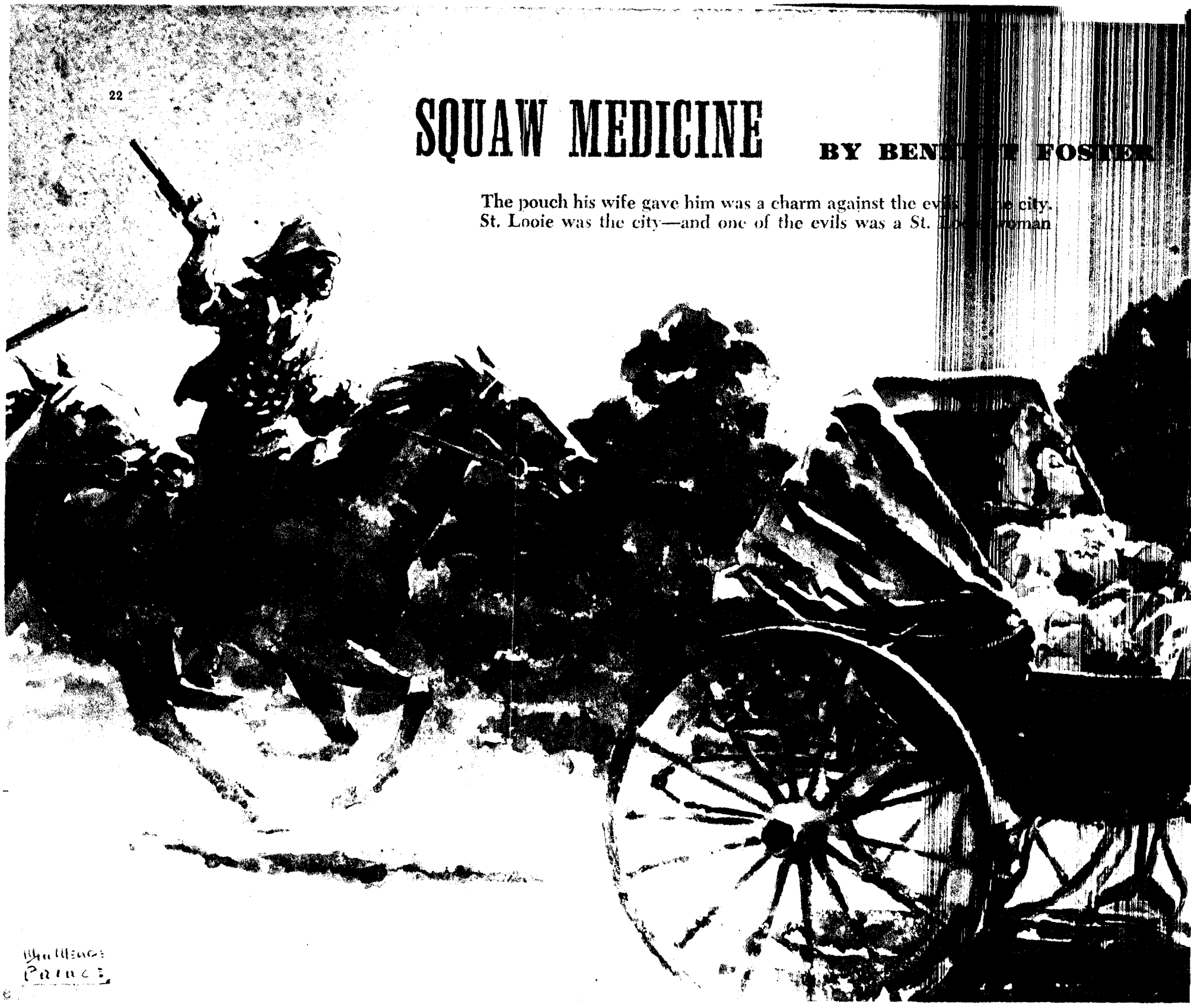
SQUAW MEDICINE

BY BEN[illegible] FOSTER

The pouch his wife gave him was a charm against the ev[illegible] city. St. Looie was the city—and one of the evils was a St. Lo[illegible]woman



DAVY CONNOR was a Cheyenne man. He trapped wherever there was fur, but he always tried to winter in the Cheyenne country; and along in 1830, he married Dull Knife's daughter.

Her Cheyenne name was "Woman who stands by the water like a willow," but Davy called her Nell. She was handsome for a squaw, made good moccasins, kept a clean lodge and looked after Davy fine. When he came in from a hunt she always had warm water for his feet; she tanned his robes and cooked his meat and Davy was real fond of her.

In '31, having finished his fall hunt on the Musselshell, Davy and Nell pulled down into the Black Hills and joined Dull Knife's band. Henry Bronte was already there and Henry and Davy were old friends.

While Nell was putting up the lodge the two men smoked a pipe together and Henry had some comment to make.

"I'd heard you got married," he said, watching Nell set up the lodge poles. "How is she, Davy? Pretty good woman?"

"She's all right," Davy admitted, scowling a little, "except that she's plumb hell for fofurraw. I taken her to rendezvous, Henry, an' I swear there ain't enough goods in Sublette's packs to satisfy her. She's always devilin' me for vermilion or scarlet cloth or beads or some such, an' if it ain't that, it's a new knife or a kettle."

Henry nodded. He had been married to a Crow and to a Flathead, and right then had a Sioux woman in his lodge. He knew what Davy meant.

"After the spring hunt," Davy said, "I'm goin' to take my beaver to St. Looie and leave her to home. I'm goin' to get Jake Hawken to rebore my rifle, an' I'm goin' to buy a suit of clothes an' a wool hat an' get some trade. Then I'm goin' to get drunk an' disorderly on St. Looie liquor. You comin' with me, Henry?"

"No," Henry said, "I ain't. I'm goin' to rendezvous an' have a time. St. Looie don't shine for me." . . .

When the spring hunt was over, Davy loaded his fur on horses and started east. There was many a mile between the Black Hills and St. Louis but he wasn't worried. A mountain man went where he wanted to. He left Nell with her people and that wasn't the first time, or the last time either, that a man has gone to market and left his wife at home.

NELL was upset when Davy left. She said his heart was bad toward her; she moped around the lodge like there had been a death in the family. She daubed dirt in her hair and tore some of her clothes and did some crying. She let Davy know she wasn't pleased, but he petted her and set her on his lap and made a fuss over her until she perked up. The day he left she gave him a beaded buckskin pouch to hang around his neck. Davy thought it was a new pipe case until Nell told him different.

"This is woman's medicine," she said, "for you to bring back. You will not forget me when you wear this. Open it when you get there."

Davy promised that he would. He put the thong over his neck and stuck his left arm through so that the sack hung next his hide under his armpit and out of the way. He gave Nell his two pistols to keep and told her goodby.

With his Hawken's gun on his saddlebow and his Green River knife in his belt, he pulled out. By the time he had made a day's march he had forgotten the sack.

Luck had her arm around Davy Connor that journey. In Cheyenne country he was safe enough and he had better than an even chance through the Sioux hunting grounds, for the Sioux and the Cheyenne were allies. He worried some about the Pawnees, but most of them had moved south to meet the buffalo. When he got to the river at Fort Atkinson he struck it right. There were two keelboats loading at the fort.

Fort Atkinson was an American Fur Company post and when Davy told the *bourgeois*, the man in charge, that he wanted to take his fur down-

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Davy clamped a hand on Thomas' quivering shoulder. "Pull up when I tell you," he rasped. "Pull up —or I'll cut your skinny throat!"

river on the keelboats, he got turned down.

"You're an independent," the *bourgeois* said, "an' you've been gettin' your trade from the opposition. You can't load 'em."

"I'm goin' to St. Looie," Davy answered, "if I have to pack there. I'm goin' anyways." He was pretty mad. He hadn't much use for that outfit. *"Mangeurs de lard,"* pork eaters, he called them. They hired out to work for wages and didn't take their chances like a real mountain man should. He went stomping off to his camp outside the palisade. But Davy didn't have to take his fur ahorseback to St. Louis. Frank Vardeman was with the keelboats.

Vardeman was a big chief of the company. He was in the St. Louis office and had been to Fort Union to see Red Coat McKenzie, the boss. Vardeman knew of Davy, and while Davy was in his camp, his heart bad toward the whole American Fur Company, Vardeman and the *bourgeois* at Fort Atkinson talked things over. The American Fur Company and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and the independent traders were all fighting for trade and they fought rough.

"He's a Cheyenne man," Vardeman said, "and we want that trade. Fitzpatrick has been getting it. Connor has a great deal of influence and if he'd go to work for us it would be a good thing. I'll butter him up some."

BEFORE Davy smoked his last pipe and turned in, Vardeman came to his camp. It was just a mistake, Vardeman said. Davy could put his fur aboard the keelboats. They smoked a pipe over it, Vardeman almost choking on the pungent kinnikinnick. He was a St. Louis man, not a real mountaineer.

Riding a keelboat beat riding a horse seven ways from the jack. It was a heap easier and, besides, Davy didn't have to worry about the Pawnees or the Missouris or any of the rest. The keelboat crews were armed and strong enough to make a fight if they were jumped. They traveled day and night, and Vardeman was pleasant to Davy, seeking his society and flattering him.

"I want you to stay with me when we get to St. Louis," Vardeman said. "I want my family to meet a real mountain man."

Davy took it big. By the time they reached St. Louis, Davy had made up his mind to trade with Vardeman's company and was halfway sold on the idea of taking charge of a post in the Cheyenne country. . . .

There was only one bit of trouble on the trip down. Keelboat men were a cocky lot and had their own ideas of doing. Many nights there was a game of old sledge and it was natural for Davy Connor to gamble. He had the beaver to back himself and he won. There were two men in the crew that lost steadily and it made them ugly. One of these was named Leblanc and the other called himself Bulldog. Both were bullies and they tried to come it over Davy until they found themselves looking into the little end of his Hawken's gun. They backed down then, but they made a few threats.

"You'll have to look out for those two," Vardeman warned.

Davy grunted scornfully. The idea of danger from men who pulled a sweep was amusing. "Take more'n them to put this child under," he bragged. Still, he slept light for the rest of the journey. The keelboaters carried knives and Davy didn't want to wake up with a blade in his ribs.

ST. LOUIS proved a surprise. Davy had not seen the town since he left with Ashley in 1822, and the place had grown, booming with the fur trade. He saw his fur unloaded and put into the company warehouse. Promising Vardeman to return, he left the wharves.

The city bewildered Davy. He tramped up Rue Royal, down Rue de l'Église and back again on Rue de Granges where he found the quarter known as the Vide Poche. The wharves with their noise frightened Davy, the streets astounded him. There were Saukies and Foxes in their blankets—not up to beaver when it came to Injuns, Davy thought—there were Negroes and French *engagés,* teamsters, boatmen, and here and there a mountain man.

"Davy! Davy Connor!"

Davy wheeled. Zenas Berdan was pushing through the throng toward him. Davy had not seen Zenas since the rendezvous in '27.

"Ol' hoss!" Zenas thumped Davy's back. "What you doin' in St. Looie?"

"Brought my fur down," Davy answered. "Come down on a keelboat. Let's have a drink."

They repaired to a saloon where good St. Louis whisky warmed the cockles of their hearts.

"Keelboat, you says?" Zenas asked. "What for was you travelin' on a keelboat, Davy?"

Davy told him and Zenas' eyes grew dark. "Company man," he growled. "What you fixin' to do, Davy? You goin' to turn *mangeur de lard?* You fixin' to hire out to 'em? Why, you always stuck to Sublette."

"Makes no difference what I done!" Davy snapped, offended. "Because I done one thing once don't mean I'm goin' to keep on doin' it."

"But"—Zenas scratched his head—"what's that feller lookin' at you for?"

Davy turned. Leblanc was by the door, scowling. Davy scowled back. "Wants his needin's," Davy growled. Leblanc slipped away. "Had trouble with him comin' down."

"Tell it," Zenas commanded.

In the tale their argument was lost. "Wagh!" Zenas spat. "You want to look out for them fellers. Them kind are worse nor a Gros Ventre. He'll stick Green River in your lights."

"Take more'n him to count coup on me," Davy answered. "I got to go."

Returning to the wharf Davy Connor passed Jake Hawken's gun shop and, remembering a portion of his errand, entered. Hawken examined the rifle, and nodded. "'Bout a week," he said. "There's others ahead of you. You'll need new molds, too."

"Fix her up," Davy ordered largely.

Vardeman was waiting in the counting room, Davy's possible sack beside him. An open barouche with a Negro driver stood before the door.

(Continued on page 44)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

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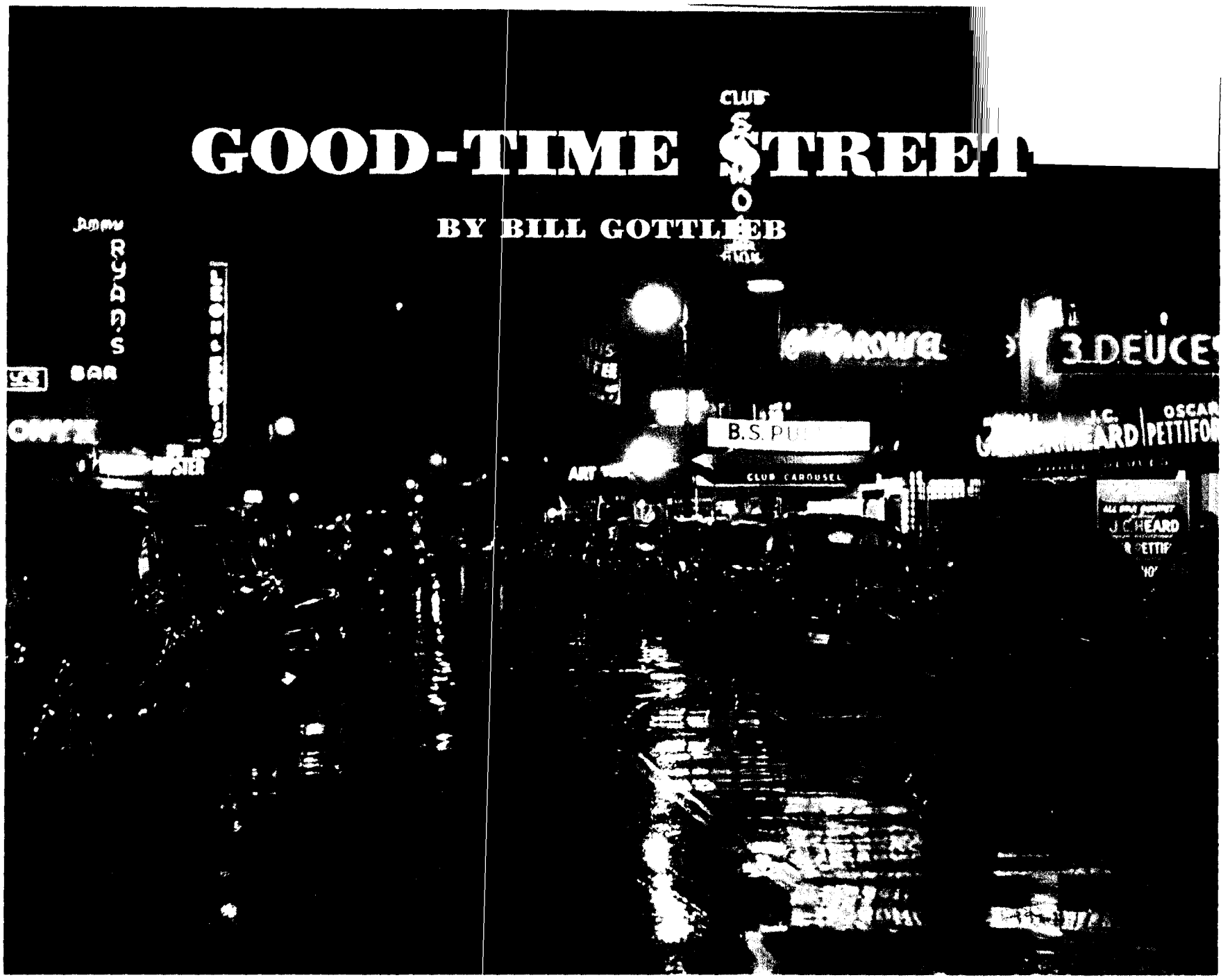
GOOD-TIME STREET

BY BILL GOTTLIEB



The Street is at its best at night, when the neons start to bloom. It loses some of its carnival atmosphere when daylight dims its gaudy luster

A fabulous block on Manhattan's Fifty-second Street has housed jazz cellars, strip-tease clubs, millionaires' mansions, speak-easies and cafés of six nations. Soon, however, its brownstone fronts will yield to towers of commerce

EVER since the Roaring Twenties, when it had 38 speak-easies at once, Fifty-second Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues has been the most lurid 300 yards in all of lusty Manhattan. Today, with its jazz cellars, strip-tease clubs, celebrity restaurants and assorted curiosities, The Street (as it is familiarly called) is still New York City's most fabulous block.

But The Street's days are numbered. By 1950, Rockefeller Center, against which it is timorously snuggled, will have encroached on the southern half of The Street. On the northern half, Lord & Taylor, M-G-M and others will replace the hot trumpets, hot onion soup and hot chorus girls with cold towers of commerce.

Except for Leon and Eddie's and the "21" Club, each of which owns its property, the establishments on The Street are resigned to the coming day of doom. Well aware of what the future holds is Gilbert J. Pincus, unofficial mayor of Fifty-second Street and erstwhile doorman at a good many of its famous spots. Pincus, a squat, loquacious individual constructed around a fat cigar, has grown bitter as work has progressed on the giant Esso Building, Rockefeller Center's first beachhead on The Street.

From his current position under the Three Deuces canopy, he urges passers-by: "Hurry in! See the early show *right now*. By the late show, they may be breaking ground for an insurance company."

On the west end of The Street is a Nedick's hot-dog stand. On the east end is De Pinna's swank Fifth Avenue specialty shop. Between these extremes lies a carnival of attractions.

The names and natures of some of the public houses change weekly on this fast-moving block; but, as of the start of this year, the following were in business: five jazz cellars, once the birthplace of swing and still the world center of hot music; Leon and Eddie's, where visiting firemen flock for mildly wicked jokes and scantily clad girls; a handful of taverns, frequented mostly by musicians and other professional entertainers; exactly one dozen restaurants (five French, two Swiss, one Russian, one English, one Italian and two American); Jack and Charlie's "21" Club, once the nation's most famous speak-easy and now the dining place of writers, hucksters and visiting Hollywood stars; nearly a half-dozen strip-tease joints, where tired businessmen watch entertainers who often double as drinking companions; Tony's, a hangout for theatrical folk who come to hear Mabel Mercer sing while she sits at their tables (or to hear Tony himself sing while standing on his head).

The Street's eccentric character doesn't end with its night life. It has the Drama Book Shop, which stocks nothing but books on dramatic art; Beverage Media, a trade magazine for taverns; Hold-It!, a publication for professional models; and Sponsor, a journal for radio advertisers.

There are also the headquarters for Tommy Dorsey's disk-jockey show; Phil Galvano's Studio of Golf; a pocketbook hospital; the Japanese-American Committee for Democracy; and the Modern School of Jiu Jitsu, under Prof. K. Nakae. In addition, The Street has millinery shops and hairdressers, photographers who specialize in "character" portraits, voice teachers, and hundreds of dancers, musicians, waiters and booking agents, who occupy upstairs rooms and apartments.

When the police department rezoned its divisions, it judiciously made Fifty-second Street the dividing line between the Forty-seventh Street and Fifty-fourth Street precincts. In that way, each could maintain a special officer on the block—the Forty-seventh taking the south side and the Fifty-fourth the north. In addition, taxi companies constantly send their inspectors, and detectives from both the Juvenile Aid Bureau and the Narcotics Division are often there. As a final touch, the two precincts send squad cars to enforce the 4 A.M. closing of the clubs.

The Street has, in its time, had troubles over prostitution and narcotics. The former has been virtually eliminated by the diligence of the police; and the latter remains pretty much confined to occasional musical characters who feel the use of drugs improves their blowing. Last year, several spots were shuttered on marijuana charges, though all but one were promptly reopened for lack of evidence. This past winter, a building on The Street was raided by police in search of prostitutes. Instead, they uncovered a number of teen-age boys and girls, whom they charged with possession of narcotics. Still more

(Continued on page 48)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THE AUTHOR

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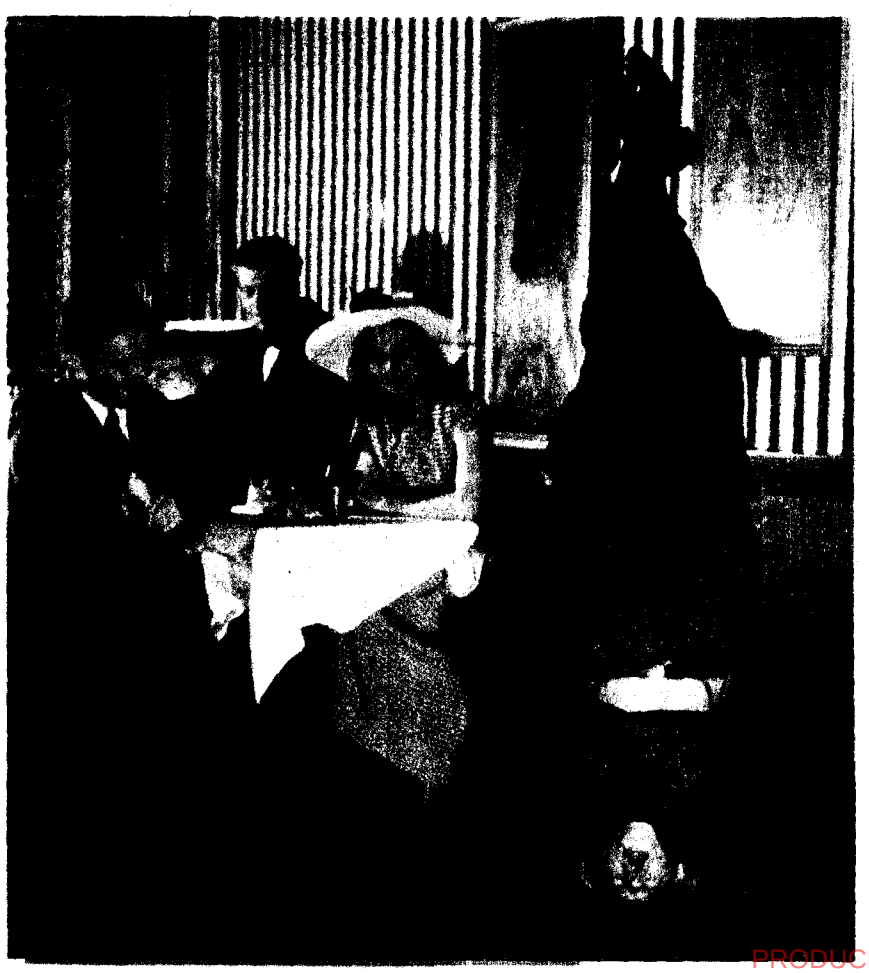
At Leon and Eddie's, proprietor Eddie Davis likes to get the customers in the act. Here he rewards a lady bowler with a kiss while her teammates and Sherry Britton look on. Ex-G.I.s may not recognize Sherry in evening dress

Swing was born on Fifty-second Street. Devotees still go there for hot music. Here, at the Three Deuces, Hilda Taylor and a friend enjoy the Lucky Thompson orchestra. A former Miss North Carolina, she is now a professional singer

Sometimes when the music is really "gone," Harry the Hipster leaps from his piano in the midst of a hot break, to the immense delight of his patrons. For the benefit of the uninitiated, a hipster is someone who is more hep than a hepcat, hep now being passé

Tony's is a hangout for theatrical folk, who have tried in vain to dissuade proprietor Tony Soma from singing while standing on his head. Band leader Raymond Scott and publicist Virginia Wicks are the amused spectators below



At many of the spots, swing has given way to a more universally appealing art. One of the longest-lasting attractions on the block is Lois de Fee, whose "six feet four and one half inches of pulchritude" barely fit under the low ceiling of the Club Nocturne

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THE BRAMBLE BUSH

BY DAVID DUNCAN

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN THEY COULDN'T KILL FOR LOVE OR MONEY

●

"I was in the house alone when I heard the shot . . . It seemed to come from the garage . . . When I opened the door I saw a man on the floor, a gun was near him"

The Story:
The narrator, MIKE FINNEY, is being framed for the murder of a San Francisco attorney, one EARL CLARK. MRS. REBA TREMAINE—the widowed mother of the real murderer, who had disappeared after the killing ten years ago—plans to claim Finney is her son; then she will dispose of him in a manner indicating suicide, and her cowardly son PHILIP will no longer be a hunted man. To this end she boldly tells the police that Finney is actually PHILIP TREMAINE, that he has returned to face charges and inherit his father's money.

Finney, who has his own good reasons for not wanting to admit his real identity to the police, escapes from prison. He is suspicious of the solicitude and help offered him by Tremaine's beautiful young sister, CATHERINE, who claims her mother convinced her that he was guilty of Clark's murder. That night the real Philip Tremaine, whom Finney has known slightly in Mexico, turns up in San Francisco and attempts to kill Finney by causing him to go over a cliff in a car.

However, Finney escapes, and—after getting a lift from a close-mouthed private detective named REX TUTTLE, who had followed him up from Mexico—goes to Mrs. Tremaine's house in Palo Alto, finally aware of the magnitude of the plot against him. From a distance he sees a man enter the Tremaine house; believing it to be Philip Tremaine, Finney follows him inside, grimly determined to settle accounts.

But the man with Mrs. Tremaine is not her son; he is JOHN WICKERSHAM, the family lawyer, who, like everyone with the exception of the three Tremaines, believes Finney to be the renegade murderer. Wickersham whirls at the intrusion and slugs Finney on the jaw.

IV

I WAS out a long time. My body was already heavy with fatigue; the unconsciousness produced by Wickersham's blow drifted into the unconsciousness of sleep. When I finally opened my eyes, the angle of sunlight entering the room showed me that several hours had elapsed. It was high morning. I turned my head and looked about the room. It was a frilly place with ruffled curtains and little porcelain figures. A woman's room, not a jail cell. I was still fully dressed and lay on top of a bed with no covering over me. I looked across the hall into a living room—a familiar living room. I was still in Reba Tremaine's house, where I'd been when I got knocked out. A man sat in the living room in a position so he could look through the hallway and see the bed where I lay. The man was Wickersham. He sat with his long legs out in front of him, his chin in his hand, contemplating me. When he saw me move, he got up and walked over to the bedroom door.

"You've had a nice long rest," he said. "Now suppose you come in and sit down." I looked at him and had no difficulty remembering everything that had happened. The sick disappointment returned.

"Why don't you get it over with?" I said. "Where are the cops?"

"They'll be along. Your mother has been pleading with me to leave you so you'd have another chance of escape, but I can't do that. Some things even a lawyer can't get away with."

I looked at him and laughed. It was a croaky sound, and it gave me the shivers. Mother wanted him to leave so I could escape. Dear Mother! Mother wanted me to herself so she could butcher me. The others had tried and both failed. Now it was her turn. How she must have pleaded with Wickersham!

"Call the police," I said.

"If you'd taken that attitude last night, neither of us would have sore heads." Having had the pleasure of knocking me out, he was being condescending. "You seem to have scratched up your face when you hit the floor. It's a little bloody." He disappeared, and then returned with a washcloth.

I wiped off my face. Apparently when he knocked me down, the cuts and scratches on my face had opened up again. He seemed to think he was their sole cause. I tossed the rag to a chair and swung my feet to the floor.

THE short rest had made me stiffer than ever. Every muscle ached. "What day is it?" I asked.

"Friday. Did you have a date?"

I looked out the window toward the sunshine. Wickersham's sarcasm didn't seem to fit him very well. I turned and looked at his belt buckle. It was square and gleaming like a target.

"Try it," he said. "You caught me by surprise last night. Never thought you had it in you. Try again."

I shook my head. Somehow this was the worst of all. I wasn't in jail; I wasn't tied or handcuffed. Only a pane of glass was between me and the outside. A few miles away the hills rose up, the light bringing out different shades of green on the trees. Somewhere in the world outside was a man named Philip Tremaine. Inside the house was Wickersham, a tall watchdog ready to grab me by the scruff of the neck and worry me if I made a break. I couldn't make a break anyway. I was too weak and stiff. The time for rough stuff had passed; what remained was going to be all mental.

"I don't know what eats you, Tremaine," he said. "I've got no sympathy for you, but as long as you were temporarily free, you might have tried to get away and save your family further notoriety."

"I'll talk to the police," I said. "Where's my dear mother?"

"She's in the other room, lying down. She's a little sick."

"I should think she would be."

"I guess I shouldn't have hit you in front of her."

"She's sick because you didn't hit harder."

His eyes flickered. "You'd do well to speak kindly of the one stanch supporter you've got. Your mother would do anything for her son."

"I know she would."

"I'm glad to hear you admit it. It's on her account that I haven't turned you in yet. She begged me to wait until you recovered consciousness. It may be the last time you'll be free to talk to her alone, so I agreed to it."

"She's still trying, I see."

"Trying what?"

"Stick around. You'll enjoy it."

"All right." He kept his big hand on my shoulder while we walked across the small dining room to the door on the other side.

"She'll want to know you're still alive, at any rate."

"Yes, that will interest her." He knocked on the door. I wasn't at all sure she'd be in the room on the other side. She might have fled, but I hoped not. Mrs. Tremaine would help me escape. She'd help me for the same reason Catherine helped me. I was no

(Continued on page 55)

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

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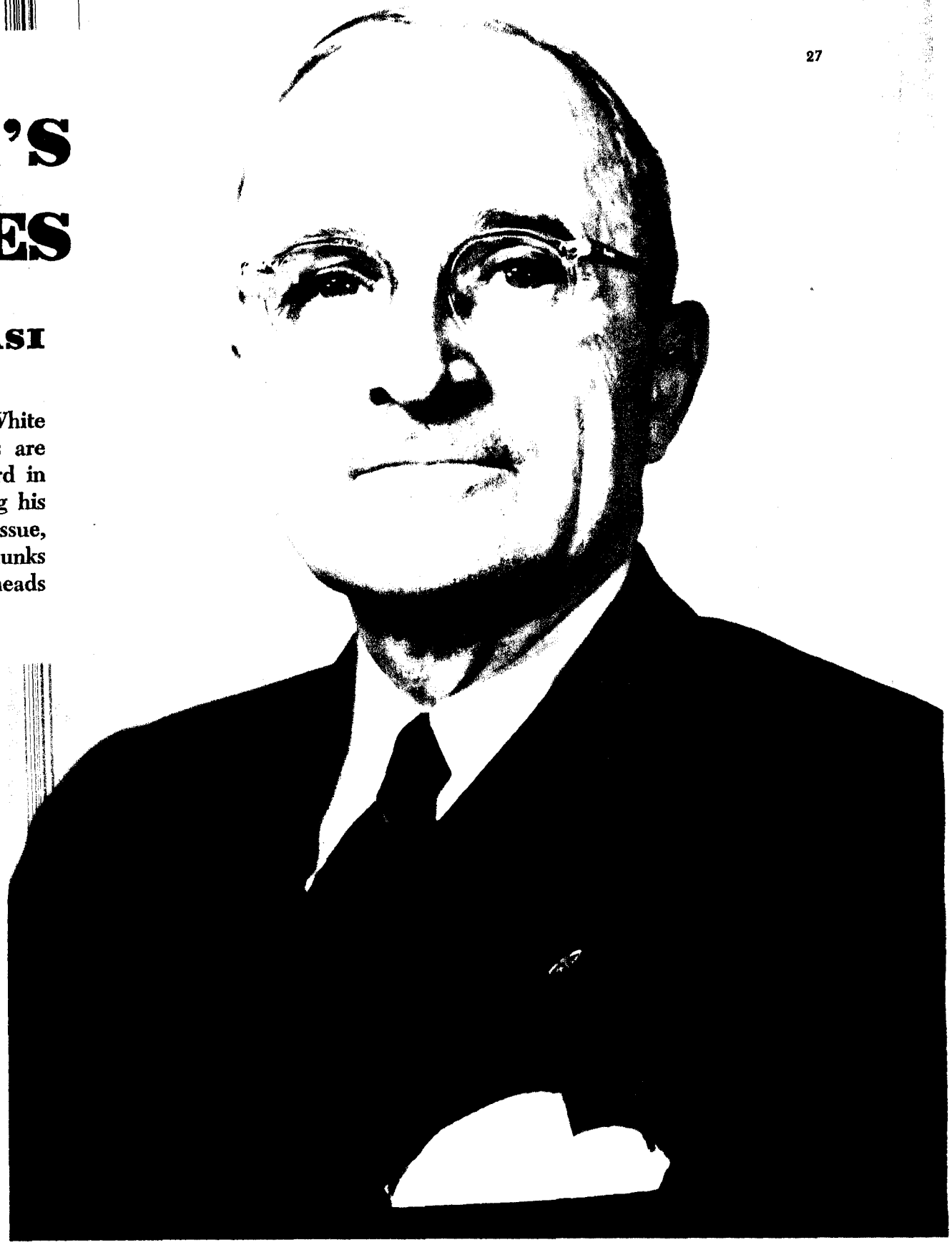
TRUMAN'S TROUBLES

BY FRANK GERVASI

The President's plans to renew his White House lease for four more years are overshadowed by his recent record in office—and party leaders, recalling his manhandling of the civil rights issue, the Palestine partition and other hunks of dynamite, sadly shake their heads



NO PEACETIME President in the history of the United States ever had to face as big an accumulation of domestic and imported woe as confronted Harry Truman in the last 12 months. The troubles of Truman the President were complicated by the difficulties of Truman the Candidate. Whenever he did what he believed to be right for him to do as President, he almost invariably discovered that he had done wrong as Candidate.

This incompatibility became most apparent during March, 1948. Throughout March the possibility of an atomic war with the Soviets, such as might give the world back to the monkeys, quivered in the air like uninterrupted lightning. Loud and stormy were the wails of Democratic party politicos who watched Truman's popularity plummet to a low which practically guaranteed his defeat in November. They attributed the decline in the President's political appeal to ill-timed and ill-advised decisions on domestic and foreign policy.

In 31 days President Truman (1) insisted on legislation guaranteeing civil rights to all Americans regardless of creed or color, (2) demanded revival of Selective Service and inauguration of Universal Military Training, (3) reversed his own advocacy of partition of Palestine. Correspondingly, Candidate Truman (1) alienated the vociferous big shots of the South, (2) antagonized the pacifist and isolationist elements and (3) lost, or so it seemed, the Jewish vote in strategic areas like New York and Chicago.

By the time he celebrated his third anniversary as President in April, Truman had proved to the satisfaction of some powerful members of his party that he apparently would rather be right—or dead wrong—than be President again. They were eloquently willing to let him have his way. Until then, although he had not declared himself, Truman was the party's only potential candidate. Suddenly there were several, among them Associate Justice William Douglas, Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd, Senator Scott Lucas of Illinois, Chief Justice Fred Vinson, Senate Minority Leader Alben Barkley and, inevitably, General Dwight Eisenhower.

This all reached a noisy climax while the President sunned himself between February 20th and March 5th in the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico and Key West. An old friend, Leslie Biffle, director of the party's Senate Minority Policy Committee, visited Truman in Florida. Rumors immediately circulated in Washington that Biffle had gone to advise Truman to step aside for another candidate. Biffle neither confirmed nor denied the reports of his meeting with the President, which seemed to indicate that Truman had testily refused to make way for anyone.

A probably more accurate version of the Biffle-Truman meeting later current in Democratic circles was to the effect that Les acquainted the President with the indisputable facts of the party's disunity, begun by Henry Wallace's desertion, aggravated by the South's rebellion over civil rights and complicated by the North's disappointment about Palestine. Les is reliably reported to have urged the President to make known his intention to run or not. Truman's remarks to friends that he was "not interested in what happened" to him politically had given rise to doubts that he would run and to hopes that he might not.

On his return the President called in Chairman J. Howard McGrath of the Democratic National Committee and Gael Sullivan, then still executive director of the Committee. They found Truman relaxed, tanned and at least outwardly confident. He was about, he said, to present himself as a candidate at the Democratic party convention in Philadelphia July 12th.

McGrath was more composed than Sullivan when he emerged to announce Truman's candidacy to correspondents. Sullivan wore the frozen grin of a man who had put his conscience in cold storage. He was known to have hoped the party's standard-bearer might have been Douglas.

Sullivan's privately expressed preference for Douglas was, in fact, the indirect cause of his resignation later to take a highly paid job with Theatre Owners of America.

With the convention only weeks away, McGrath and Sullivan examined the party's assets and liabilities with the intentness of bank examiners looking for hidden surpluses and deficits. What they found as they crisscrossed the nation talking to machine bosses, district leaders and precinct captains wasn't heartening.

The liabilities quite obviously outweighed the assets. The party, they discovered, wasn't merely split. It had disintegrated.

The shock of Truman's on-again, off-again, on-again stand on the partition of Palestine, for example, may prove too much for the party's already weakened big-city organizations to absorb. Truman's Palestine policy may be as costly to the Democrats in November, in the opinion of some party bosses, as the President's alienation of the South. *(Continued on page 38)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM STONE

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THE HOT-POTATO OLYMPICS

BY COLLIE SMALL

Amid international bickering and backbiting, England strains herself at the seams to entertain the 1948 Olympics. It's all in the name of world-wide sportsmanship and amity

KEYSTONE

Wembley Stadium will be the site of the track and field events of the 1948 Olympic games. It will accommodate 82,000 spectators—60,000 seated and 22,000 standing

Joe Verdeur of Philadelphia will be a strong American contender in swimming. He holds world indoor record in 200-yard and 200-meter breast stroke

INTERNATIONAL

Irving Mondschein, of New York University, will probably represent the United States in the decathlon events. Mondschein is the American champion, but will encounter stiff competition at Wembley Stadium. Here he establishes an I.C. 4A Indoor Meet record in the high jump, clearing the bar at 6 feet 7¼ inches

INTERNATIONAL

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LONDON

ON JULY 29th an indomitable young man, his hair streaming appropriately in the wind, will burst into Wembley Stadium, Middlesex, carrying a flaming torch signifying that the fourteenth Olympiad of the Modern Era has begun.

It will be only the *eleventh* Olympiad (or the twelfth if you include the 1906 games) since the original games were suppressed in 394 A.D. and started again in Athens in 1896, *not* the fourteenth as advertised in the programs. There were no games in 1916, 1940 or 1944, and the committee should be asked to run over its fingers and toes again to get the thing straight.

As far as its maneuvers are visible to the naked eye, which is not often, the International Olympic Committee has been right on one point, however: There *will* be an Olympiad in London this summer. Some 59 nations and 5,500 competitors will participate in 17 sports, not including impromptu fist fights out behind the stadium. There will also be an arts competition embracing music, sculpture, architecture, literature and painting, the subjects to be linked with sport. In deference to the Olympic ideal, no athlete will be depicted, carved or sung sitting down. He must be in full or semiflight.

All in all it should be quite a spectacle. The United States, of course, will be top-heavy with the most athletes—over 350—and will be favored to win. However, Pakistan and Afghanistan will both be there; China, which has yet to place its first athlete in Olympic competition, will be back for another try; and even tiny Liechtenstein will be represented in the shooting, the only event in which the contestants actually carry guns.

There will also be some distinguished absentees, among them the Watusi tribe of East Africa, whose lithe young men are reputed to be able to high-jump over seven feet, well in excess of the world's record. Also the Russians, who do not have an Olympic committee and are therefore ineligible to compete and who veto anything anyway provided we're for it. Germany and Japan, being former enemies, will also be missing, although Italy, which was not particularly friendly, either, during most of the recent unpleasantness, will be on hand with a full team.

London will attempt to swallow and digest an estimated 100,000 visitors, many of whom will be jolted to learn that a good five-cent cigar will cost as much as four dollars, that hotel rooms will be virtually impossible to get and that the food will be chicken.

The Olympic torch will represent a considerable technical advance over the 1936 Berlin games when it was made of magnesium and burned for only five minutes. The British torch, a conical affair filled with chemical tablets, will burn for fifteen minutes.

A British cruiser recently dropped off 27 cases of nonlethal torches in Greece where, to start the relay across Europe, the first torch will be lighted by the rays of the sun shining through a magnifying glass, notwithstanding the fact that there are easier ways. Runners stationed at regular intervals will carry the flaming torch to Athens, Corfu, Italy, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Belgium, France, Dover and thence to Wembley, always assuming nothing goes wrong.

Flag Found in Berlin Vault

The Olympic flame, a butane gas without smoke or smell, will burn in a large bowl at one end of the stadium for the duration of the games; it has been tested in a typical English drizzle and pronounced successful. The Olympic flag, discovered in a Berlin bank vault after the war, has been dry cleaned and is ready for the mast. As a concession to austerity, the medals this year will be of oxidized silver instead of the customary gold.

Wembley Stadium, where the track and field events will be held, will be scaled for 82,000 spectators, 60,000 seated and 22,000 standing, although the bowl is officially rated at 100,000. According to the stadium press agent, it will be easier to find your seat at Wembley than in your local cinema. Finding Wembley, however, will be another problem. Although it is only forty minutes from Piccadilly, it can be comparatively elusive for strangers not familiar with the intricacies of the London transport system.

Nevertheless, the stadium is comfortable. It has nine bars, one of them the second longest in the world, and it is run by one of Britain's top organizers, Sir Arthur Elvin. Sir Arthur not only produced the stadium but advanced $400,000 for the British Olympic Committee to get started on.

The track itself will be surfaced with a secret mixture compounded in Leicestershire in the dark of the moon by two mysterious brothers, who refuse to reveal the formula. Five hundred tons of this witch's dressing will be placed on the track just before the games.

A foamy rubber mattress base will probably be used for the high-jump and pole-vault pits. Measuring equipment for the high jump and pole vault will be built into the standards. The starter's pistol, fired by remote control, will be so situated that the report will be heard simultaneously by all the runners, even though they may be in echelon.

Wembley will be used primarily for the track and field events. Swimming will be held at the Empire Pool next door, yachting will be at Torquay on the south coast, riding will be at Aldershot, and the other sports will be similarly dispersed. The boxing will take place on an island ring suspended over the swimming pool, and somebody has a good chance of being the first boxer ever to drown with his gloves on.

This year it is going to be next to impossible to get away from the Olympic games. They will be brought to you by radio, television and motion picture.

The B.B.C., for example, is going to torment the air in 43 languages. Mr. J. Arthur Rank, the British movie impresario, is widely rumored to have both television and the newsreels fairly well bottled up through exclusive rights. American television companies will be forced to televise from newsreel films flown from London. Mr. Rank is believed to be getting ready to offer five 10-minute films for something between $50,000 and $100,000, the exact sum depending on the distribution facilities of the buyer.

Calories Threaten Good Will

Food is still the chief problem. Some observers have drawn morbid pictures of what is going to happen to international good will when the well-fed Americans arrive and flaunt their calories in the faces of the hungry Europeans. One sports writer recently imagined he could see a red-cheeked American skipping happily toward the finish line at the head of a column of staggering skeletons. Actually, it won't be that bad. Yet most of Europe's athletes can hardly be expected to be in as good condition as the Americans.

The British government is allowing a special athletic ration based on Britain's industrial workers' scale. The government, moreover, will allow each competitor to bring twenty-five pounds of food with him to supplement his rations while in England. However, any excess food brought in will have to remain in England, a possibility that a hungry British sports writer recently described as "hopeful."

Actually, it is the special requirements of each nation that are upsetting the calculations of the Olympic food committee. The committee originally decided to put nations with similar

(Continued on page 54)

Herb McKenley got his track training at the University of Illinois, but in the Olympics he will represent the British Empire as a native of Jamaica. McKenley has beaten the 440-yard record with a 46.2. Here he is shown winning the 400-meter run of the 1947 A.A.U. track and field championships, defeating Dave Bolen. Time, 0:47.1

ACME

Mel Patton, the California flash who recently broke the long-time 100-yard mark with a 0:9.3

CY LATOUR

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COLLIER'S

SHORT SHORT

"Only a dollar," I hear Tibbett pleading. "We were buddies and I'd like to buy him a drink." "You can buy him a beer, and hurry up about it," she raps back

SWEET REVENGE

BY RALPH NELSON

I CAN'T believe it. In fact, I stop dead, until the revolving door pushes me into the lobby of the State Hotel. Over by the elevator is Howard Fletcher Tibbett, Second Lieutenant, Retired. Now he is just plain *Mister* Tibbett.

If you didn't know Lieutenant Tibbett then you were never around the sectors occupied by the 152d Infantry Battalion, or specifically, Company C of said battalion. But maybe you knew someone like him. I have heard there were a few other rank-happy individuals in the Army of the United States who were similarly afflicted by—how would you say it—chicken fever? But Company C knew Lieutenant Tibbett, and knew him well. For three years Company C had heard me swear on a stack of infantry manuals that, come the time I was no longer liable for infraction of certain Articles of War, all of which were punishable by rapid death, I, personally, me, ex-G.I. Walter (NMI) Page, would willfully and with premeditated intent commit assault, battery and mild homicide upon same.

And there he was.

I feel my face try on a smirk, for size. My fingers always had a peculiar reflex in the presence of Lieutenant Tibbett. They would curl up like anxious angleworms, and I'd find a pair of fists in my hands. My fingers hadn't forgotten him either. Without him seeing me, I take cover behind a potted palm next to him, planning my strategy, which will be strictly Joe Louis.

It is the clothes make him look smaller. Tibbett used to wear his blouse with the neon bars like he'd forgotten to take out the coat hanger. Now his suit looks like it's been pressed with a mixer. And he is loaded with bundles, which is not regulation.

There is just one thing missing from this sweet moment. Bobby Moylan. The kind of a guy who'd be good for five any twenty-ninth of the month, except February, which had his mother's birthday. Tibbett rode me only when he couldn't get to Moylan, a big carrottop who could have stuffed Tibbett inside his cartridge belt. Tibbett racked Moylan back, gigged him, confined him, broke him. Everything. But Moylan swallowed it, and I got the dregs.

I'd get browned off. But Moylan would run his hand through his crab-apple hair, grinning. "Quit sounding off, Walter," he'd say. "We gotta play this smart."

"I want to do everything to that guy that Swift does to porkers," I'd fume. "I can't figure how you take it."

"I had basic training," he'd answer. "I have a sister makes Tibbett look like Dale Carnegie. You've got to be subtle."

"Tibbett wouldn't recognize subtlety unless it punched him in the nose," I'd scream.

"Relax, kid. I got a plan."

I am sorry Bobby Moylan isn't here now. My plan isn't subtle. I'm a direct-action guy, and when opportunity knocks, I knock right back. So I peek coyly around the potted palm. In my most dulcet tones I growl sweetly, "Hello, *Mister* Tibbett."

He looks at me. His mouth drops open. He recognizes me. My hand is full of fist, ready. "Walter!" he gasps. Then he does a W. C. Fields with his bundles and comes up with an open mitt. "You old son of a gun," he shouts. "It's good to see you!"

I'm standing there, mind you, getting ready to bust him. Consequently, when he pumps my hand like he expects water to start splashing, it is somewhat disconcerting. While I am wondering whether to Indian wrestle or jump with both heels bracketing his nose, the elevator door wheezes open and he hands me another surprise.

"Darling!" he says.

I look around and there's a clam stepping from the elevator. She looks like a left tackle, that's the kind of figure she has. "Look who I just ran into!" Tibbett yells. "Walter Page! You've heard us talk about him. Walter, this is my wife."

"So you're Walter," she humphs. "How are you?" Before I can give a description, she turns on her dearly beloved. "I suppose you parked the car ten blocks away? Did you match the material? Or did you get sixteen other shades again? You know those curtain rods were all the wrong size, don't you? What took you so long?"

SHE keeps popping questions like a Browning with no water jacket to cool her off. Tibbett's face starts looking like barn paint and he stutters like a war-weary jeep.

"Excuse us, Walter," he apologizes, and takes her behind the potted palm. Now I expect to hear the old snap, which is welcome because it will start my reflexes again, and besides, I can't stand to hear a guy chewing a woman. I bend my ear to the green fronds.

"Only a dollar, dear," I hear Tibbett pleading. "After all, we were buddies together, and I'd like to buy him a drink."

"You can buy him a beer, and hurry up about it," she raps back. Somewhat astounded, I peep through the broad leaves and see her root in a coin purse, from which she retrieves two dimes that blink from the sudden exposure. So bewildered am I, that when Tibbett returns all eager to buy me a brew, I accept. The Missus departs, tossing me a scornful glance, and we retreat to the bar. I am only thankful Company C is demobilized and doesn't see the sad pass all my resolutions have come to.

We down the suds and I set him up for two more, while he fidgets the packages and nervously checks the time. I am feeling somewhat better, knowing someone else has landed a haymaker before I even start swinging. We even have a couple of laughs remembering things that were not hilarious when they happened.

Tibbett invites me to some suburbia where he is setting up housekeeping and planning some Tibbettlets. Remembering his wife, I find my schedule somewhat crowded.

"What a shame!" says Tibbett, wistful-like. "It'd be swell to get that gang together for a reunion."

Thinking what a wake that would become, I ask if he's seen anything of Company C.

"One or two," he says, sadly. "The only one I see regularly is my brother-in-law."

"Who's that?" I ask, because there had been a lot of replacements after I cashed my points.

"My brother-in-law," Tibbetts repeats. "Moylan. You remember Bobby Moylan?"

"Yeah!" I shake goodby with some enthusiasm. Tibbett gathers his packages and departs, a worried look on his face as he checks his watch.

Yeah, I remember Moylan. A very subtle character. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY LEON GREGORI

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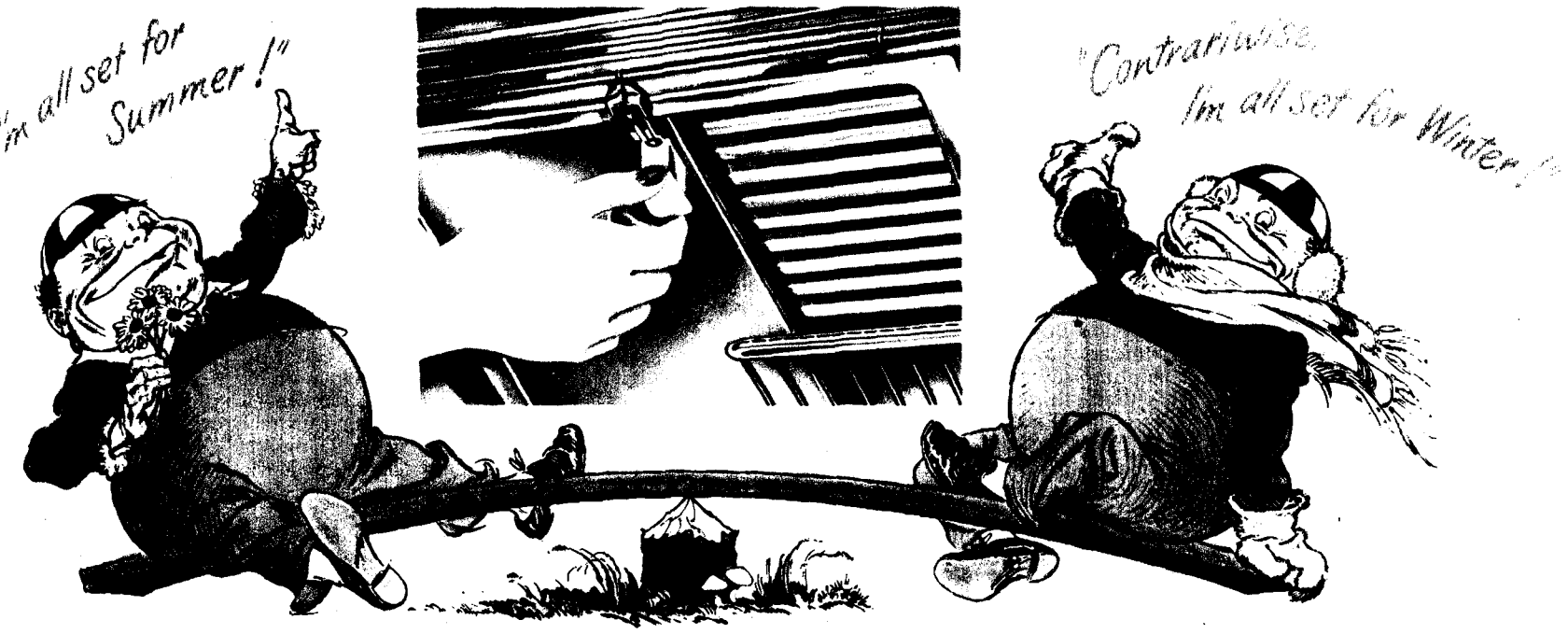
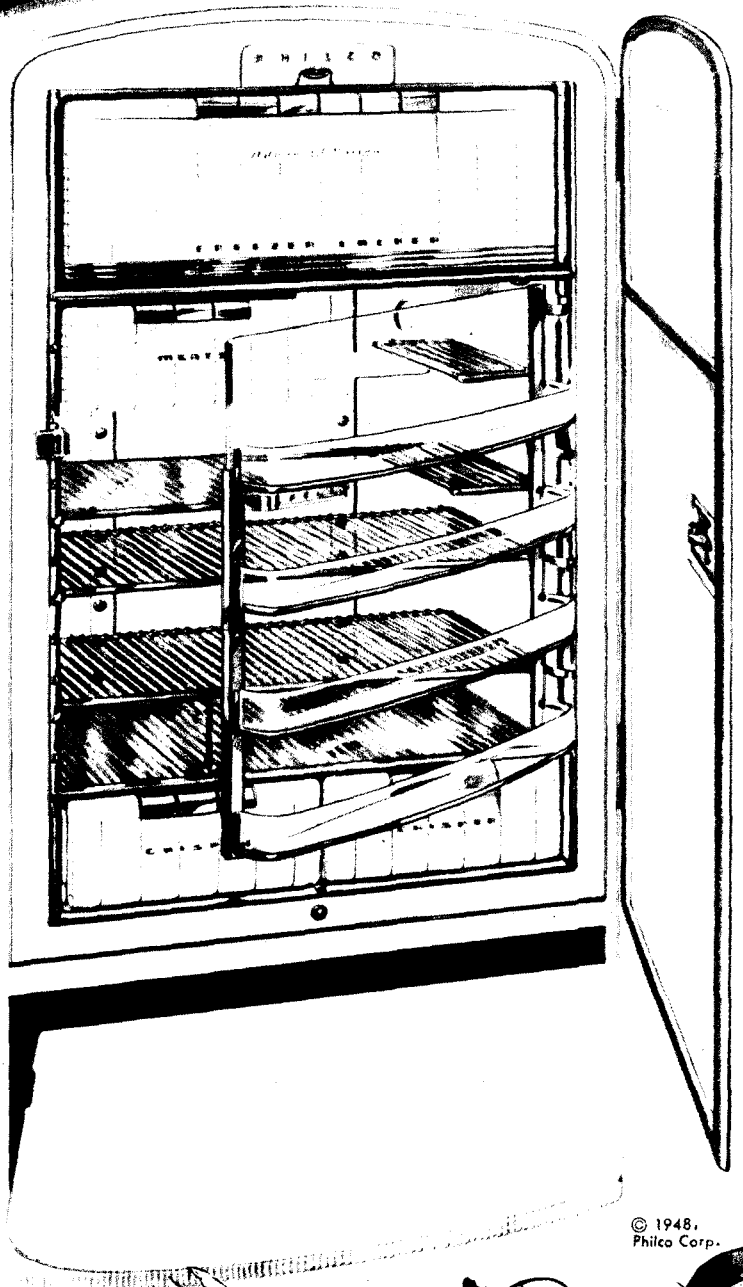
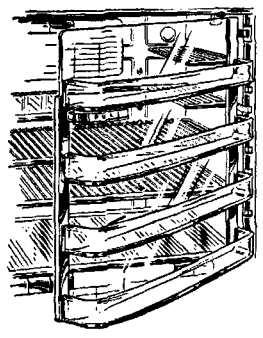


Philco Balanced Humidity

with Summer-Winter Control

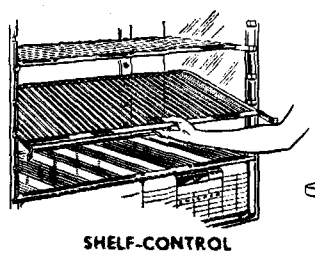


Upon a teeter-totter, Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Show *Humidity* that's *Balanced* just as neatly as can be;
A Summer-Winter lever you can move from time to time,
Adjusts the moisture-content to the season or the clime.
Advanced Design by Philco offers this and many more
Amazing Philco features that will thrill you to the core.
To help in planning better meals, to save you time each day,
You really need this Philco. See your dealer . . . don't delay!



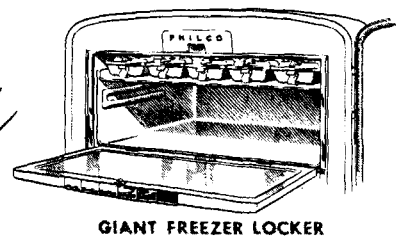
TRANSPARENT CONSERVADOR

Ingenious, shelf-lined inner door keeps foods you use most often at your finger-tips. Only Philco has the Conservador!



SHELF-CONTROL

Most flexible system of shelf arrangements ever invented. Suits all sizes of foods. Only Philco has it!



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Famous for Quality the World Over

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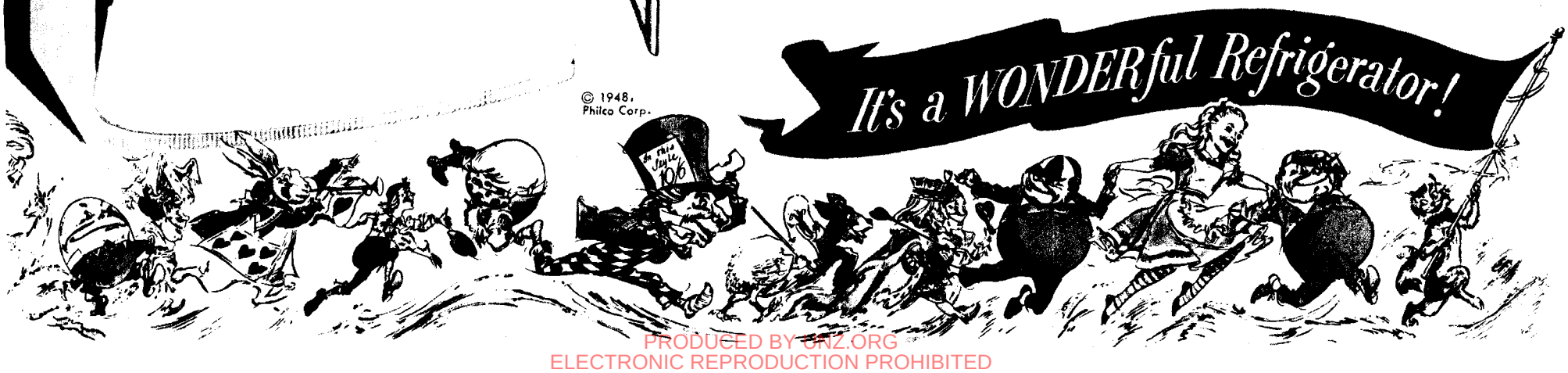

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CUPID WITH CELLULOID WINGS

Continued from page 13

fresh face he plays with. Dorothy's out of her mind."

"Why should she bother you?"

"Bother me?" Al almost sailed out of his chair. "First of all, Dorothy's the swellest woman in Hollywood and one of the best friends I've got. Second, Kin Bond is our most valuable property at National. He can't get along without Dorothy and if he busts with her our property's damaged, see?" Al settled back in his chair again. "It's awful tough on Dorothy and I gotta see what I can do." He grunted one word. "Cupid!" Then, as he lighted a cigar, he said, "You guys run along. I'll give you my decision about Eddie Curran in a week or so."

The first person Al ran into on the lot the next morning was Milia Fortune. "You're looking beautiful," he said. "I never saw you look so happy." Milia was always something special to him. He had found her himself in a high-school play down at Santa Ana and he had watched her for two years. Nothing he ever read pleased him as much as the radiant notices she got. Now he was ready to star her. "Milia, baby, what makes you so happy?"

"Eddie Curran and I are getting married," she answered proudly.

"That's fine." Then Al had an idea. "I gotta pick a picture for Eddie to start in. How would you like him in yours? And when you get married maybe later on we can build up sort of a Lynn and Fontaine team."

"Oh, Mr. Morse!" Milia just managed to say.

IN HIS office he at once notified both producers that he had given the matter a lot of thought and neither could have Eddie Curran.

At 10 o'clock Dorothy arrived. She had never been pretty and at thirty-five she looked even older but she always had a gentleness and charm and she was smartly dressed. Once Dorothy had been Al's secretary on the lot, and hoped to be an actress. When Bond, a real-estate salesman turned extra, came along, Dorothy fell for his good looks and forgot her own ambitions. In those early days her salary kept them in meager food and kept him in ample wardrobe. She taught him all she knew about acting and she knew plenty. For five years she bet that what she knew plus how he looked would get him the stardom they both wanted.

"You don't come around often enough," Al said. He looked at her closely and saw deep wrinkles under her eyes. "Same old thing, huh?"

Dorothy nodded slowly. "From the way Kin's acting, Miss Ellen Daine, late of the New York stage, must be something." Dorothy lighted a cigarette and puffed it fast. "Kin can never play with any new actress without falling for her."

Al remembered the times Dorothy's marriage had tottered because of some new face. "But it always blows over. Kin won't leave you, Dorothy. He knows what you've meant to him."

"Someday one won't blow over and I think this may be it."

"What if he does walk out on you?" Al insisted.

Dorothy hunted for words. "I'm in love with him, I guess. We really have a good time together between pictures. Besides, he's what I've made of my life and I don't want to lose that."

"I know he wouldn't be worth a damn without you and it's against my own best interest and my stockholders' to say so, but what if you walked out on him? It might do him good."

"I couldn't," Dorothy said quickly. "Will you do me a favor now, Al? Walk over to Kin's set with me. That way Kin can think you brought me over and that I didn't come just to spy."

Al agreed. Inside, stage six was dark except for one little spot in a far corner. There, a small bedroom set was brightly lighted. Nothing was going on while the lights were being moved. In one corner Bond, a handsome man of forty but younger in make-up, stood talking with a tall blonde. He saw Dorothy and Al as they came toward him and said, "Hello, Dorothy, what brings you over?"

Al stepped into that one quickly. "She came to talk about your contract and I asked her to come on the set."

Bond nodded and said colorlessly, "Miss Daine, this is my wife."

"I'm so happy to meet you," the girl answered.

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**

"Are you done wit' these Home Beautiful magazines, lady? Me an' Slug would like to fix up our hideaway"

COLLIER'S

One of the assistants called, "All ready, Miss Daine, Mr. Bond."

Dorothy said almost to herself, "Oh, Lord, isn't she lovely?"

She was. The lights danced in her golden hair, caressed her white skin, deepened the blue of her eyes. She looked fresh and young and desirable.

They were ready to shoot when Bond suddenly turned, left the set, and came to Dorothy. He said something to her in a low voice, then went back. Dorothy motioned to Al: "Let's go right away."

Outside in the air she told him, "Kin said that my coming on the set disturbed him and would I please leave at once."

"That's what I thought he said."

"Well, I've seen her and I know what I'm up against. I'm grateful to you, Al. I'll just wait now for whatever comes."

"Don't worry, Dorothy," Al said. "It's part of my job, taking care of studio property, even when it's good-looking and walks like a man."

MILIA and Eddie were dining together in a Beverly Hills restaurant two nights later. Milia's face was radiant. Whenever she looked at Eddie and saw how handsome and happy he was she felt even happier. They even forgot to talk about the picture business for maybe as long as ten minutes.

They were almost through dinner when Eddie asked in a tone that sent little waves dancing all over her, "Want to go for a drive, sweetheart?"

"I'd love to!" Milia exclaimed. "Oh, Eddie!"

"I'm so glad we're together again," he said softly.

At the entrance stood an exquisitely beautiful blonde. Milia recognized her as someone she had seen on the National lot but she did not know her name. The man with her was Joe Magoo, the agent, who wore beautiful women on his arm the way other men wear coat sleeves. Eddie happened to look up and his face brightened. "There's Ellen Daine! I haven't seen her since I left New York. We went to the Academy together. Isn't she a knockout?"

"Well," Milia looked her over slowly. "I think she uses too much make-up."

But Eddie was waving to Ellen. When she saw him she called across the restaurant with the quiet intimacy of a loudspeaker, "Eddie, my love, my darling pet, my dear one," she started to him, dragging Joe along like an old handbag. She and Joe settled down at the same round table. Milia felt that an army of strangers had arrived.

Two hours later they were still there. Eddie was having a good time. He and Ellen and Joe talked New York and nothing but New York—what the Guild was doing and what one Shubert brother said to the other Shubert brother, and who was lunching at Sardi's and what they ate and who paid for it and what shows Max was doing and what scripts Jed was rewriting.

For the tenth time Ellen repeated, "Really, after all, there's literally nothing like the New York theater." She said "theater" with large, full, cherry-ripe tones.

The chatter went on for another half hour and Milia felt forgotten. Finally Ellen said, "I'm working so I must get up early." Then she turned to Eddie. "I want to see you tomorrow, love. It's so good to find old friends here." She gave Milia a parting smile like the twist of lemon in a Martini. And to Eddie, "Tomorrow, dear heart, remember!"

Milia's evening was spoiled. As Eddie drove her home he was acting like someone blinded by starlight. He kept saying, "Isn't she something! And what a career she has!"

"Yes."

"Now, don't be like that!"

"Like what? I didn't spoil our evening."

"Aren't you glad I found old friends?" Eddie asked sharply. "I guess I'll just never understand women."

"Someday, maybe. Will I see you tomorrow?"

"Oh, sure, of course. I guess so." Eddie kissed her good night but his mind wasn't on it. "Anyway, I'll phone you."

A WEEK later Al left his bungalow in Producers' Row to walk up to the commissary for lunch. It was a pleasant day in late spring. He had no new troubles bothering him and he went along cheerfully. Outside the commissary the crowds of extras in costume and make-up were standing in the warm sun, like the dummies from the wardrobe department put out to air. Apart from them, like a man drowning in his own thoughts, was Kinnon Bond. Al asked, "How are things going, Kin?"

"Fine, quite fine," he said but he sounded gloomy.

Al went on wondering why Kin was so gloomy, why he was alone and not with Ellen as he had been for most lunches. Al had heard nothing more from Dorothy which probably meant nothing had changed, but he made a note to call her and find out. He went on up to the upstairs dining room. A director met him at the door. "Say, Al, you know anything wrong with Milia Fortune? She looks like she was dragged face down from here to San Diego. I was directing her in some costume tests this morning and she got hysteria and we had to quit without finishing."

"Isn't there any end to my troubles?" Al roared so loud that a waitress dropped a tray. "I got so many now, I just lost my appetite." He turned around and left the dining room.

As he came storming into his office he told his secretary, "Get me Milia Fortune here at once." . . .

When Milia came in an hour later she was unusually quiet except for her hands that kept smoothing her soft black hair. She looked like a kid expecting a spanking and began about being sorry she'd spoiled the morning tests. Al interrupted her. "We're all a happy family on this lot and today my lunch got ruined when I heard about you." Thirty years in pictures had taught Al that three questions usually covered every possible female complaint and he asked, "Is it something we've done? Something you want? Something wrong with your picture?"

It was none of those things, Milia said, looking ready to burst into tears. Then as the tears did burst: "It's Eddie Curran. He and I have split and it's all because of that new actress, that Ellen Daine. Eddie drives her to the studio and home from the studio and lunches in her dressing room and he's like a puppy, everywhere she goes he goes, day and night."

For a minute Al wondered what he could do to Ellen Daine until he remembered that she was pretty valuable studio property herself. Anyway, this explained Kin Bond's gloom. Then as he saw the pain on Milia's face he said gently, "From what I know, this can't be serious, sweetheart. Take it easy. We're experts here in Hollywood at fixing up heart trouble. What else are pictures about, anyway? You dig down deep under any studio out here and what do you find it's built on? Love, baby, love!" He reached over and patted Milia on the shoulder. "Maybe we can help some now."

Milia put her handkerchief to her eyes. Then she said slowly. "One thing that's wrong with Eddie is that he's new out here. He's confused; he feels insecure;

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When you're in New York, *see the radio and electronic wonders at the RCA EXHIBITION HALL. Open free to all. 36 W. 49th St., across from Radio City.*

● It's Victrola 77U, and it's "super" every way you look at—or listen to it! It's a powerful radio with all the controls out where they're easy to use. It's the world's most famous phonograph—a Victrola-phonograph—with a brand-new automatic record changer and the "Silent Sapphire" permanent-point pickup—no needles to change.

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Stop in and see it at your RCA Victor dealer's, in smooth, polished walnut or rich mahogany finish. Have yourself a concert with some of the great new RCA Victor record albums, like "Music America Loves Best" by Russ Case and his orchestra. Get set for a "super" summer with a "super" set—Victrola 77U! $99.50*.

**All prices subject to change without notice. Western prices slightly higher.*

ONLY RCA VICTOR MAKES THE VICTROLA
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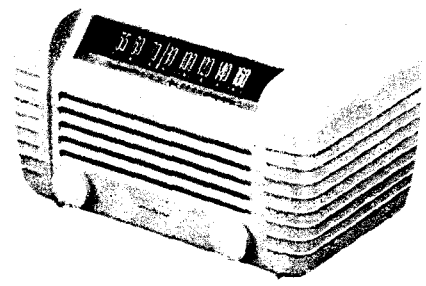

Here's the "Golden Throat" in a dainty *and durable* antique ivory finish! It's the RCA Victor 65X2—selective, sensitive, with plenty of power. See also its twin, the 65X1, in walnut plastic. For tone, style, price—they're tops in table set values! $26.95*.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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he's not sure of his career. I thought of one thing that might help him. If you would fix it so that he got co-billing along with me in our picture he might feel more sure of himself. He may be touchy about my being better known in pictures. And I'd like him to have it no matter what happens to the two of us."

Al got a funny choking feeling in his throat at that. Having seen thirty years of cat fights over whose name was to get top cast credit and appear in larger type in the ads, this was something new. He said gruffly, "That's very generous of you, Milia. If you want it, then okay."

As soon as she was gone Al sent a memo out about joint billing credit. Then he reached for the phone, to find out about Ellen and Kin Bond. He called Dorothy and asked, "How's things?"

"Okay, I guess," she said. "But Kin's going out of his mind. If you want to protect your piece of property you'd better get that Daine woman out of Hollywood."

"What's going on?" Al asked as a man knowing nothing.

"Come up for a drink this afternoon and I'll tell you." . . .

At the end of the afternoon Al left the studio and drove up one of the Beverly Hills canyons to the huge and handsome house that Bond had built. A butler who looked like an exile from a grand duchy let him into the living room.

When Dorothy came in, her appearance shocked Al. Her face was pale, her eyes feverish. "You came at a good time," she said, forcing a kind of toughness into her voice. "Kin's just walked out on me. That woman's had him crazy for a week. She's been trying to get him to leave me but when he only wavered and wouldn't make up his mind she picked up with some kid on your lot she knew back in New York. She's been running around with him and waving him under Kin's nose."

Al nodded, angry at himself for not having guessed what Ellen was up to with Eddie.

"A half hour ago," Dorothy continued, "Kin came home, told me he couldn't stand it any longer, packed his bag, and that's that." She stood up stiffly, walked to a little bar, and poured a drink while Al wished he could find something to say. "Okay. She can have him. But she better learn what a wife has to go through for a Hollywood star. She can worry with him about his roles and spend every evening rehearsing when he's working. She can scrap over story choice and publicity and fan mail and fight the agents and sympathize over the way some camera hog stole all the two-scenes and how the cameraman messed up the lighting and showed all the fine lines at the ends of his eyes."

AL HAD heard this before but never so bitterly. Here was the Hollywood that never turned up in the fan magazines and that he'd shoot any publicity man on his lot for writing. "I'm sure we can get some way to bring him back, Dorothy. Maybe he'll change his mind in a day or so."

Dorothy shook her head, and said tautly, "Nothing will ever bring him back now." Then Al saw a change. Her shoulders went straight and stiff and she swung around. "And do you know what I've just realized? Maybe it would be better if he didn't come back. Maybe it would be better if I quit for good this time."

"You can't do this, for my sake," Al said, his voice louder.

She wasn't even listening. "He's made his decision. Okay, maybe I should make mine. I'd be free and that's not so bad. And the studio could find itself another combined nurse, mistress, coach, secretary, cook, critic and caretaker for its valuable property."

Al felt he was being buried in thistles up to his chin. "Don't I have troubles enough? Having to handle Kin would be a cinch compared to handling you and getting you to come back."

Very slowly Dorothy said, "I think I've been handled enough."

"Mind you, I wouldn't blame you if you did quit," Al said, talking fast because he knew he had to talk fast. "But I can't even think of what that would do to me—"

"Don't act out a scene for me, Al," Dorothy interrupted. "I've seen enough actors."

The threat in her voice stayed with Al as he drove away from the house and all through the evening.

THE next morning set a new record for all time for Al Morse's temper. Ad Lewis, the top producer at National, famous for his prestige pictures, threw a new screen play, The Man of the World, on Al's desk. "It's a challenge, Al. It's lush. It sets Art on a new mountain peak and it's a terrific part for a great male actor. We just put together the best parts of Hamlet, Oedipus Rex and Cyrano into one story."

"Get you!" Al roared. "You're a thief who can't see a book without figuring some way for us to lose money on it."

His secretary dared to come in. "Excuse me, but Milia Fortune wants to know if she can see you for a minute."

Al was about to shout some answer but held it and said, "Okay!"

Milia came in with her face shining. "It worked, Mr. Morse! Just as I knew it would!"

Like a man coming out of a high haze Al asked, "What worked?"

"Giving Eddie that co-billing. He saw it in the paper last night and he called me at six this morning after he'd been walking the streets all night, upset over the way he treated me. We had breakfast together and he said how sorry he was and how he never wanted to see Ellen Daine again and he almost cried about that co-billing. I knew all the time that that's what he felt bad about and why he got angry with me."

Al's jaw was slowly sinking to his hand-painted necktie but he snapped it up. Just what Bond's decision to go to Ellen might have had to do with Eddie walking the streets all night was nothing to mention now. Al said, "I'm glad you're so happy, Milia. You're a sweet and generous kid and I hope nothing ever hurts you."

"What can hurt me?" she looked amazed. "Eddie and I are together again. But we wouldn't have been if it hadn't been for you. Too many people out here make a fuss about their billing—it must mean an awful lot to them. Thanks very much."

Al just stared at Milia like a man whose mind had gone chasing off by itself. He said absently, "You're welcome."

As soon as Milia left, Al grabbed the telephone and called Joe Magoo. "Joe," he said almost humbly. "I'm seeing you today? I'd like to know in advance what you want for Miss Daine so I can think about it."

Joe mentioned increased salary, a better contract, time off for a play in New York, personal appearances, a better dressing room, radio jobs and more publicity. "You know she's done a swell job in her first picture, Al."

"Who said she didn't?" Al said. "I'm surprised you don't ask for co-star billing with Kin Bond."

Joe grabbed at that. "She sure deserves it," he said; "but that, I didn't think you'd approve."

"Nobody's ever had it," Al said blandly, "and I'd have to think about it, but I might approve, if Bond were agreeable. After all, it's really up to him."

ALLEN and Kin came into Al's office, arm in arm, after lunch. Al grunted at them and they settled down into the large armchairs facing the desk. For a while he paid no attention to their cooey small talk and continued to work. A few minutes later Joe Magoo breezed in, late as usual.

Al looked up from his desk. "Let's get this over fast," he said briskly. "You satisfied with Miss Daine's work, Kin?"

"More than satisfied," Kin answered. "In my many years of experience, I have never played with a more co-operative actress or a more inspiring one." He gave her the full Bond smile. Her eyes were like star sapphires and her smile had all kinds of meanings for him. "In fact, Ellen and I have something to say to you in private, Al."

"Later." Al wanted it clear that this conference was just a minor matter in the midst of a busy day. "Since you're so pleased, then we can go ahead with the next picture, The Thorn on the Rose. It will be terrific—the best part you've ever had, Kin, but the toughest. And that goes for you too, Miss Daine."

"With Kin's help I should be able to do it," she said in a low throb of a voice.

TRANSPOSAGRAM

BY ALAN MURRAY

Eunice was one of eight innocent-appearing girls strung out along the expected path of the immensely valuable art collection as it was being transported across one country into the depths of another. Her job, like that of the others, was to dig up all possible information about the secret shipment and to report it promptly. Late one night she rushed into a local telegraph office and wired this Transposagram:

●

HER WEE BALLOONS RISE TRUE

	R			S			■	W	I	L	L
	O			■			■				E

Instructions: When transposed, the letters of the Transposagram above form a message in one complete sentence. Change the order of the letters and insert them in the empty boxes to form the sentence. A number of letters have already been inserted in their correct boxes. The empty spaces show the length of the words in the message.

(Solution to Transposagram on page 59)

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"No one could have been more kind to a newcomer."

Al grunted. "It's a treat to have everybody so happy, with no troubles for a change. Okay, we'll start shooting The Thorn in about four weeks." Then he turned to Joe Magoo. "We'll tear up Miss Daine's contract and write a new one. She certainly deserves most of what you ask." He let that sink in. "I guess that's all. You got anything to bring up now?"

"Yeah," Joe said, and Al noticed that he was careful not to look at Bond. "I'd like to see Miss Daine get co-star billing with Mr. Bond."

The only sound in the room was that of Bond slowly stiffening in his chair. Al just settled back looking dubious. Then as Ellen suddenly realized what was being asked she said, with a squeal of joy, "Joe, you darling, what a surprise! I didn't know you were going to ask that!" She reached out and took Bond's hand, "Wouldn't that be wonderful, sweetheart?"

Bond stared at Joe. "I can't believe I heard you correctly."

Magoo repeated, "I think Miss Daine rates co-star billing."

"But—but—" Bond stammered. "No one—not in fifteen years—isn't that so, Al?"

Al was busy making a chain of paper clips. "That's right, Kin. However, if you'd like it I think the studio would permit it." He went back to his paper clips.

"But, after all," Bond said, "the studio has built me up before the audiences of America."

"The decision is yours, Kin," Al said graciously. "We'll go along with anything you say."

"Then that makes it very simple." Ellen turned to Kin. "Doesn't it, darling? I can't tell you how thrilled I am!" She looked thrilled and she talked thrilled. "That's what I've dreamed about!"

"I'm not thinking about myself," Bond said haltingly, "but do you really believe it would be good for Miss Daine?"

Ellen's sapphire eyes turned to emerald. "And why wouldn't it, beloved?"

Bond said loftily, "A newcomer needs a slow build-up, my dear."

"Don't be so stuffy, my sweet."

"I'm not being stuffy," Kin said with a little sharpness. "I'm just thinking of you and being practical."

"My love, you know I'm really not a newcomer, at least to the stage. After all, I've had three hit plays in New York. And there are some people who consider Broadway fame more important than being well known in Hollywood."

Al decided that there was a smart girl. She had picked at Kin's sorest spot with that. He had always wanted to do a play on Broadway but never quite dared.

Bond said, "Co-star billing implies finished camera technique."

"Technique, lover?" Ellen laughed at that, a cold unpleasant laugh. "I forgot more in my second Broadway play than I'll ever need out here. What kind of technique does it take to memorize a three-line scene then repeat it fifteen times because someone blows up even in those three lines?" That hit; Bond's face showed it. "I'm sure you have my best interests at heart. Can't we arrange this between ourselves, darling? If you knew how much it means to me—" She stood up and held out her hands to Kin but he sat still and his knuckles were white as his hands held the sides of the chair.

He shook his head. "You run along, beloved. I have to stay and talk to Al."

"Very well. Come along, Joe. We have some things to talk over too." The words dripped icicles. She left the room like a queen who had just seen foul treachery done.

Then Kin blew up. "I'll be damned, Al. I've just had the shock of my life. I ask you, did you ever see anyone so selfish? The nerve of that woman! Using anyone she can to further her own career, exploiting my fifteen years in pictures without a single idea of what I mean to American audiences. And that was the dame I walked out on Dorothy for! What'll I do now?"

"Do?" Al laughed for the first time. "Go straight home to Dorothy and be glad you've got a wife like her and tell her so."

Bond did not move.

"What's the matter?"

"I can't go home. Dorothy isn't there. I decided to call it quits yesterday. When I called this morning about some business she told me she was glad we'd split, that she was free now—"

A thousand wheels started to spin inside Al. "She was kidding."

Kin shook his head slowly. "Not a chance. She's leaving for Reno this afternoon, in about an hour."

"She can't do that to me!" Al roared to his secretary, "Get me Mrs. Bond on the phone at once." He sat anxiously until his secretary called in, "Mrs. Bond is not at home."

Bond grabbed at the desk. "She's probably on her way to the station. Maybe I could race down and ask her to forgive me."

"That's not enough. She'd laugh at you and you'd deserve it." Then Al saw the script on his desk, The Man of the World. He grabbed it. "Here's your one chance, Kin, the only way you can persuade her to change her mind. Here's a great new script, a lush challenge that puts a new mountain peak on Art. Take it down to the station and try to see her. Don't say anything to her at all except that I said this might be your next picture. Tell her it's a combination of Hamlet, Oedipus Rex, Cyrano, The Jest and Othello, the most tremendous part for a man we've ever had, but that you know you can't do it alone. You need her help. It'll put you up with Barrymore, with Edwin Booth, with Sarah Bernhardt. Can you remember to tell her all that?"

"I think so," Kin answered shakily.

"And don't tell her I sent you."

"Then what?"

AL SETTLED back in his chair contented but tired. "Then," he said, "if I know Dorothy, and if I know Hollywood—and sometimes I wish I didn't—I'll see you both at your house tomorrow for a drink. Now, get going!"

Bond raced off, the script under his arm.

Al looked weary as he got back to work. The telephone rang, he hoped it might be Dorothy. It was Milia. "Excuse me, Mr. Morse, but I wanted to tell you that Eddie and I are being married in three days."

"That's wonderful," Al said. "I want you to have the wedding at my house. We'll make it an A production."

"Oh, Mr. Morse!" Then Milia said hesitantly, "One thing still puzzles both of us. Does marriage in Hollywood really help a star?"

"Help?" Al started to laugh. "I'll say it helps! I can prove it for you. Right after your wedding you and Eddie come along with me and we'll go see Kin Bond, for instance, and you can hear it right from his own lips!"

THE END

LAWN

You seed it,
You weed it,
You earnestly grow it,
Then grumble
And mumble
Because you must mow it.

—Richard Armour

Women like this will

CHEER!

So will all the many people kept awake, made nervous or jittery by the caffein in regular coffee! For . . .

THE NEW IMPROVED

SANKA COFFEE

now has a new, marvelous flavor to delight lovers of fine coffee! Yet it's 97% caffein-free. You can drink it and sleep. And you'll *love* the taste!

FINER FLAVOR in Sanka Coffee is due to a brand-new flavor-saving process . . . a miracle method of taking the caffein out of the coffee.

Try Sanka Coffee today. See for yourself what a great flavor-improvement has been made. Sanka comes in two forms: Ground for drip or percolator; Instant Sanka, made instantly in the cup. Products of General Foods.

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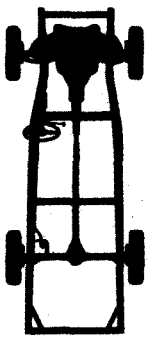
Ford's out Front with "The Car of the Year!"

SAFETY

59% more rigid Lifeguard Body. New lower box-section frame with five cross-members. Lower center of gravity gives better roadability, greater safety, holds the car on an even keel on all kinds of roads.

New "Picture Window" Visibility all around. The windshield alone is almost a square foot bigger. There's more than 20 square feet of window area in the new Ford. You can really see out of the new Ford!

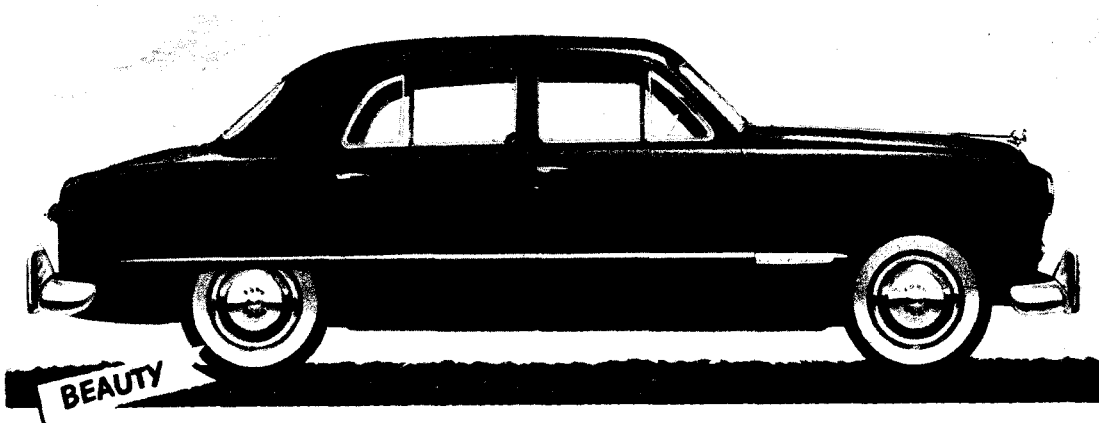


Larger, 35% Easier King-Size Brakes. Brakes that stop at a tip-toe touch, because built-in "Magic Action" uses momentum of the car for more stopping power—a real blessing, especially in traffic!

COMFORT

YOU RIDE BETWEEN THE WHEELS!

● You get a "Mid Ship" Ride in the level *center section* of the '49 Ford, where the going's smoothest. Plenty of hip and shoulder room for six on new sofa-wide seats!



BEAUTY

New low silhouette Beauty. Inside and outside, the entire car is new—new all the way through. Much lower, yet there's still ample road clearance and head room. You'll love the new low look!

New Beauty Protection—Side, Front and Rear. Extra-heavy, massive front and rear "Fender Guard" bumpers. A real help in tight spot parking! Handsome new "Body Guard" side rails, too!

CHOICE OF COLOR

Hard Tops
1. BLACK
2. COLONY BLUE
3. BAYVIEW BLUE
4. SEA MIST GREEN
5. ARABIAN GREEN
6. MIDLAND MAROON
7. BIRCH GREY
8. GUNMETAL GREY

Convertibles
9. FEZ RED
10. MIAMI CREAM

10 New Colors that stay New! Ford's own special enamels are baked on rustproofed steel to help keep that wonderful "Showroom Complexion" under all weather and climate conditions.

New "Flight Panel" dash . . . The instruments are compactly grouped around the speedometer for instant, easy visibility. To avoid any glare, the instruments are "black lighted." It's the most *practical*, best-looking instrument panel you ever saw!

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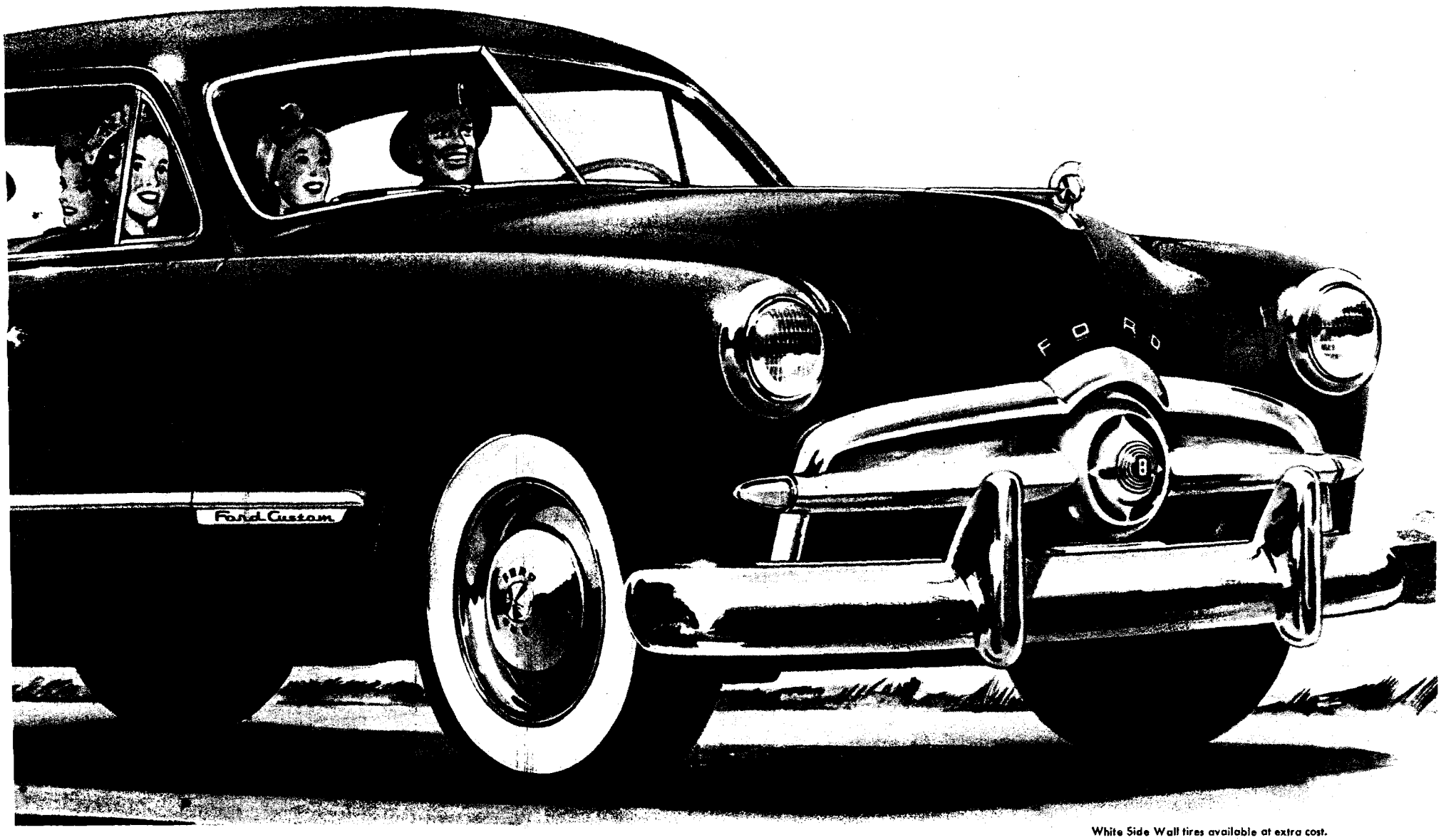
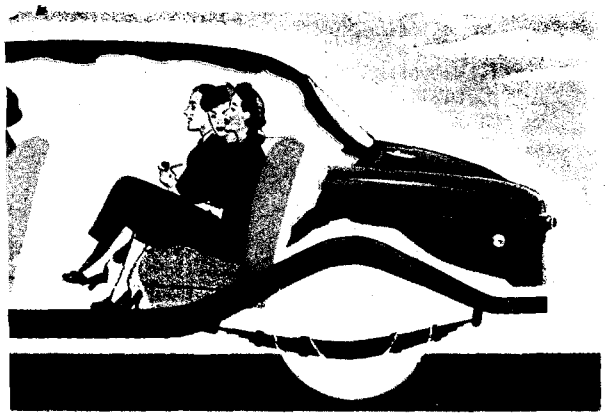
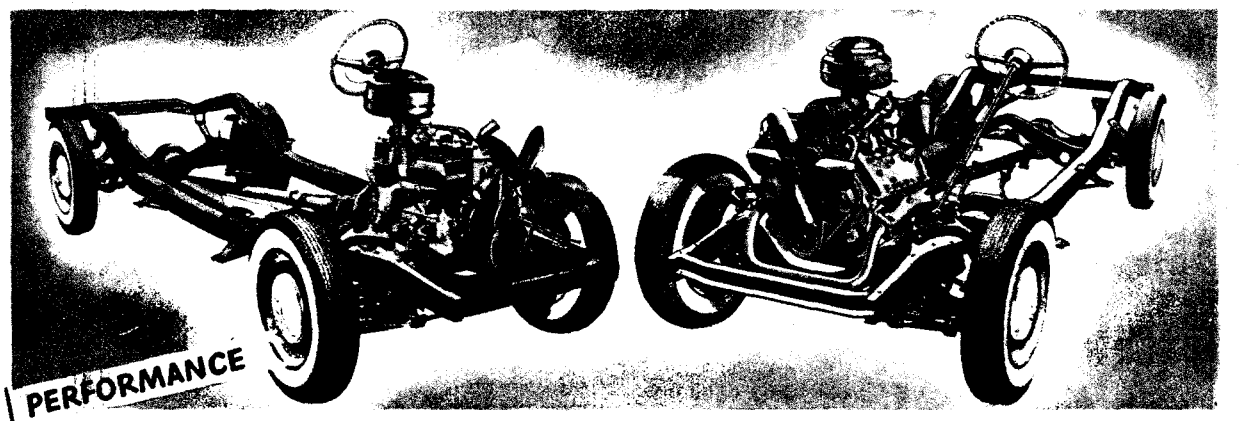


White Side Wall tires available at extra cost.

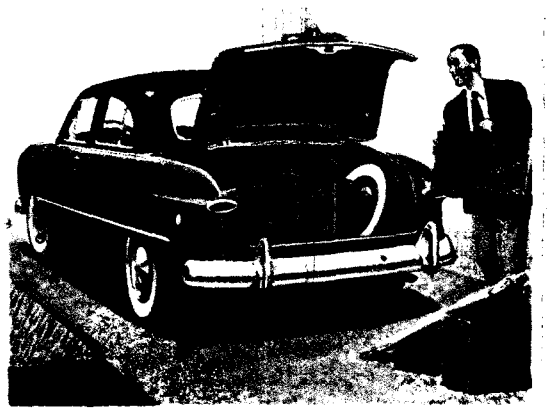


• New "Hydra-Coil" Front Springs combine coil springing with double-action aircraft-type hydraulic shock absorbers. • New extra-long, extra-strong "Para-Flex" Rear Springs are built parallel to the new frame. • New "Magic Air" Temperature Control, optional at extra cost, gives you year 'round interior comfort!

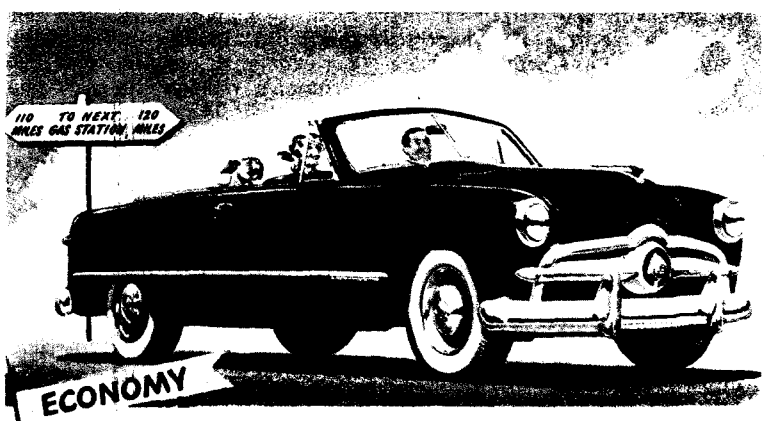


YOUR CHOICE OF 2 NEW ENGINES . . . V-8 OR SIX
(100 H.P.) (95 H.P.)

New Overdrive optional at extra cost — New "Deep Breath" Manifolding
New Top-Side distributor mount — New Lubrication System
New "Equa-Flo" Cooling



57% more luggage space . . . You'll love the extra room in the new Ford "Deep Deck" Luggage Locker. In addition to the spare tire, you get 19 cubic feet of usable space—space you can really make good use of! That's plenty of space for the whole family's baggage!



More Miles per Gallon! . . . Yes, you can expect up to 10% better economy, thanks to new "Equa-Flo" Cooling, new lubrication system and "Deep Breath" Manifolding.

The new Overdrive, optional at extra cost, is an automatic "fourth gear" that cuts engine speed 23%, saves about 15% of your gas at ordinary speeds, gives longer engine life.

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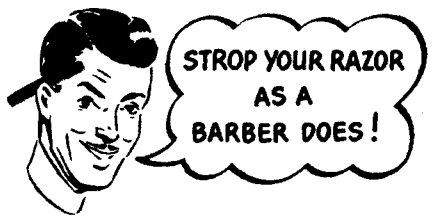
Perfect Dressing for Fish and Meat Salads

Mix 2 Tablespoons Heinz 57-Sauce with ½ cup of mayonnaise

● Meats, fish and poultry take on new savor when you add Heinz "57-Sauce"—17 flavors blended into one!

Make plain foods great-step up their appeal with HEINZ Prepared MUSTARD (Brown or Yellow) HEINZ WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE



For extra shaving comfort plus economy

STROPS—CLEANS WITHOUT REMOVING BLADE

RAZOR, STROP AND 5 VALET BLADES $1.25

SELF-SHARPENING . . . ONE PIECE

TRUMAN'S TROUBLES

Continued from page 27

American Jews, materially and emotionally involved in the destiny of their coreligionists, cheered America's forthright stand in favor of partition at the U.N. last November. Jewish support for Truman was assured in key areas like New York, Chicago and other centers with large Jewish blocs.

But on March 19th, acting on the advice of Secretary Marshall, State Department Middle East expert Loy Henderson and Secretary of Defense James Forrestal, Truman ordered delegate Warren Austin to scuttle the Palestine policy at the U.N. Clark Clifford, the President's special assistant, and David Niles, his guardian of the minority votes, warned Candidate Truman he was committing political suicide.

The argument used by Marshall *et al* to influence Truman against partition was that in the event of war with Russia the United States might lose Middle East oil owned by Arab potentates but pumped and refined by American companies. Those of his advisers favoring partition pointed out that the Russians and not the Western democracies would have use of Middle East oil in the event of war. The Soviets are geographically closer to the Middle East wells than the U.S.

But the former first lieutenant of Battery F and captain of Battery D, 129th Field Artillery, of World War I, who was demobilized as a major, is known to be easily awed by big brass. It took only a short time for Marshall and the others to sway him in favor of reversing his position on Palestine. Their concern was strategic, not political.

Machine politicos demanded Truman's scalp. In Chicago Jake Arvey, with 300,000 Jewish Cook County votes at stake, publicly denounced the President. In New York the situation was, if anything, worse. Mayor Bill O'Dwyer had lost control of the Tammany machine. Boss Ed Flynn had taken a terrific beating in the Bronx (where the Wallaceites elected a congressman in a romp) and he was in rebellious mood.

Short Circuit in a Powerhouse

Metropolitan New York, for 15 years a Democratic party powerhouse capable of generating enough votes to swing the whole state in national elections, became a jumble of short-circuited minority dynamos.

"The antagonism of the Jews," one important Democratic senator predicted, "may produce a revolt in those cities where their populations are largest as damaging to Truman in November as was the anti-Catholic movement in 1928 to Al Smith in his contest with Herbert Hoover."

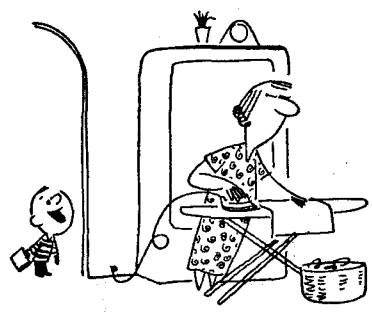
Truman quickly sensed this threat to his November vote and seized the first opportunity to recoup the expected losses by granting immediate U.S. recognition to Israel when that Jewish state was created. Although this surprise move created some consternation in both our own U.N. delegation, which hadn't been consulted on it, and in London, Democratic leaders hoped it would repair some of the previous Jewish vote-getting damage.

Just as damaging to Truman's chances of election in November was his stand on civil rights. The President demanded equal voting rights for whites and blacks, establishment of a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission and legislation against lynching and segregation.

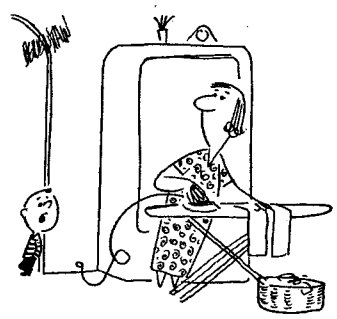
Some Southern Democrats frankly accused him of wooing the Negro vote in an effort to repair the damage done to the party by Wallace. If so, the tactic *failed*. The polls showed that Wallace held onto the affections of seven per cent of the voters and that Truman's following decreased, rather than increased, within 30 days of his civil rights message.

By the end of March the man who only six months before, according to the polls, could have defeated any candidate except Eisenhower in spite of the split caused by Wallace's left-wing excursion, couldn't have won against any Republican candidate except Taft. Polls taken by George Gallup on March 6th and 20th showed that Dewey, Stassen, Vandenberg and even MacArthur could have beaten Truman if elections had been held on those days. Only against Taft did the public prefer Truman.

The solid South, traditionally a barrel of Democratic party strength collapsed into a heap of sprung staves. Alabama's Governor Jim Folsom and Senators Lister Hill and John Sparkman, Virginia's Governor William Tuck and Arkansas' Governor Ben Laney, among others, publicly voiced intentions of bolting Truman and, if necessary, the Democratic party. Laney bluntly asserted that the South didn't want to back "a dead Missouri mule."



"No more pencils, no more books, no more teacher's dirty looks!"



"What'll I do now, Mom?"

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

A special Gallup poll disclosed even more eloquently than the public statements of its politicians the magnitude of the South's revolt. In October, 1947, 59 per cent of the region's voters approved Truman's policies, 18 per cent disapproved and 23 per cent had no opinion. But in March, 1948, 57 per cent of Dixie's voting population disapproved of Truman.

One of Mr. Truman's callers was Mrs. Leonard Thomas, a National Committeewoman from Alabama. "I want to take a message back to the South," she demanded of him. "Can I tell them you're not ramming miscegenation down our throats? That you're for all of the people, not just the North?"

President Truman pulled out a copy of the Constitution. He read pertinent portions out of the Bill of Rights to her, adding that he retracted nothing. He was, he assured her, everybody's President and warned her that the Democrats must, at this time, all stand together, implying that otherwise they might all politically hang separately.

The more sober Southern Democrats, aware that repudiation of Truman would mean repudiation of the Administration's policies, certain defeat in November and perhaps the end of the Democratic party, worked hard to pull the rebels together. They hoped that by convention time the breach between the South and Truman might be healed and that by November, Southern revulsion against the very word Republican would be stronger than Dixie's antipathy to their likely candidate.

The Third-Party Headache

Another liability whose dimensions grew as McGrath and his co-workers sought to rebuild the party's organization in time for the convention in July and the pay-off in November was the Wallace rebellion. Sullivan, particularly, was concerned about the actual and potential damage done by the third party.

McGrath and Sullivan have argued in Truman's defense, that he couldn't have compiled a better record during his Administration in view of the opposition of a Republican Congress. The argument cut little ice with the party's leaders on the Hill. They replied he should have consulted them before taking a position on any important issues.

Neither Senator Barkley nor Senator Lucas, minority whip, knew of the President's intentions on civil rights until his State of the Union speech. But even then they weren't prepared for his demands for specific legislation on the subject. Nor did he consult them concerning Palestine or his subsequent advocacy of Universal Military Training and revival of Selective Service.

The Democratic party leadership is largely resigned to Truman's nomination. He is not only the President but also the party's leader. He could not easily be pushed aside. He would go to the convention with enough votes to win on the first ballot or stay in the fight until nominated if he wished.

What bothered the party most was not the prospect of a Truman in July, grim as that was, but the probability of defeat in November. Its experts predicted a record vote in November and, therefore, a Truman victory. In the last 16 years, they reasoned, the larger the turnout at the polls the bigger has been the Democratic majority and the number of Democratic congressmen elected.

The party's statisticians estimated, perhaps wishfully, a turnout of at least 58,000,000 in November, compared to 48,000,000 in 1944 and 50,000,000 in 1940. The figure in 1944 would have been much larger had not millions of men and women been in the armed forces. It was a small turnout, considerably less than 40,000,000, which beat the Democrats in 1946, the experts insisted.

Other less statistical but equally worried Democratic politicians were hoping, instead, for a miracle in July which would produce certain victory in November. McGrath and Company, in their fence-mending and tub-thumping tours of the land, discovered a grass-roots upsurge for one General Dwight Eisenhower.

"Now, then," said a Democrat of considerable importance who must remain nameless, "suppose Alabama comes roaring into the convention with 26 votes for Eisenhower, and Arizona and Arkansas follow along with 12 and 22. And suppose the fever catches and Eisenhower is the choice on the first or even the second ballot. Ike might find himself thoroughly drafted if, that is, the Republicans don't steal him in June."

THE END

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THE BIG PUSH

Continued from page 6

You never have to wait up for them because pigeons look for a comfortable tree at dusk and stay there until dawn.

When your first bird comes home, you lift the tiny tag from his leg band. You slip the tag into your pigeon-clock which stamps time of arrival and seals the evidence in a capsule. You mail the capsule to the judge, who figures the finish in fractions of yards and seconds. It takes considerable calculating, because each pigeon loft is a different distance from the starting line. Three or four days later, you get a letter from the judge announcing you finished in a tie for 18th place.

Pretty soft, this pigeon racing. Come to think of it, though, somebody has to clean out those cages.

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Beaverbrook passed a note to Hopkins during the conference. It said: "Work on Churchill. He is being advised."

REPERTOIRE FOR HURLERS

A good many major-league pitchers resemble the fabulous Clyde Barfoot who sauntered to the mound at a feverish moment in the Southern Association's 1932 pennant battle. The Chattanooga catcher signaled for a fast ball. Barfoot shook his head. The catcher suggested a curve. Barfoot shook his head again. Finally, Clyde served up a slow ball which was slugged for a game-winning triple by a Memphis batsman.

Joe Engel, choleric Chattanooga owner, cornered Barfoot in the drawing room. "Why," Engel raged, "did you throw a slow pitch in a spot like that?"

"Because," Barfoot explained with quiet dignity, "it was in my repertoire."

A fast ball and a curve are all the repertoire a major-leaguer needs—if he can control them. Christy Mathewson once told Honus Wagner: "I always throw the pitch they aren't hitting. If they start hitting my fast ball, I put it away for the day. If they start hitting my curve, I put it away. Of course, some days they start hitting the curve *and* the fast ball and then they put me away."

Several of Bob Feller's early-season defeats were caused by his affection for a newly developed slider. One American League hitter who never could find Feller's fast ball recalls fondly, "It was a pretty good slider as sliders go—and as sliders go, it went."

Last year the big news for bait anglers was a sprinkling solution which made night crawlers come out on the lawn thicker than dandelions. Now you can buy plastic worms. Just squeeze them out of a tube onto your hook!

THE END

THE THING THAT FRIGHTENS MEN LIKE YOU

Continued from page 16

with many humorous possibilities if one kept his head and maintained determination.

Gretchen sweated over the making of the formula. While the bottles were boiling, she walked the floor with the baby, who slobbered over her crisp collar. Occasionally, when she had to attend to the formula, she handed the baby to Joe with such a distracted air that he felt like a convenient inanimate object, a substitute for a play pen. Through it all Teresa lost and found the kitten many times, Elizabeth asked interminable questions which Gretchen answered with mounting grimness, and the Scotty got in a tiff with a passing collie.

Finally the formula was bottled. Gretchen, tremulously nervous, held one under the cold water spigot until it was cool, and struggled with the nipple again, making a distraught face and tossing her hair back. Then she sat down and cried, "Give me the baby!"

John choked on his first mouthful. Gretchen held him up, pounding his back in a panicky way.

"I think you ought to hold him up higher," Joe suggested.

Gretchen held him up higher as he sucked noisily, staring at him as if he were a time bomb.

Halfway through the bottle he stopped eating and began to squall furiously, kicking his legs as if he wished they would connect with Gretchen's shins.

"What's the matter with him?" she cried, distraught. "He's hungry but he won't eat."

"You have to bubble him," said Elizabeth.

Gretchen gazed at her wildly.

"You have to hold him up and pat his back and make him burp," explained Elizabeth.

"Charming," said Joe.

Gretchen hoisted the baby to her shoulder with some difficulty. He made a noise which might have been expected of a much older gentleman after a day in a beer joint.

"*Gesundheit*," said Joe.

The baby sucked hungrily again and Gretchen sighed with relief.

The afternoon vanished mysteriously, consumed by formula-making, dishwashing and baby feeding. Phil called up about suppertime, just as Gretchen was applying iodine to Teresa's kitten scratches. Teresa roared melodramatically and Joe had a difficult time learning from Phil that Jane was doing nicely.

"He probably thought we were murdering them," Gretchen said, plastering adhesives over a considerable portion of Teresa's anatomy.

"We're not that impulsive," said Joe.

AFTER supper, just as Joe gave Gretchen a sympathetic glance and handed her a cigarette, there came an ominous crash from the direction of the living room. Poor pale Gretchen gave an unhappy start and ran out of the kitchen, Joe following.

Elizabeth had climbed up the bookshelves to fetch a box of lollipops which Jane kept out of reach, and had knocked down several volumes. The volumes had landed on a tray full of Jane's prized demitasse cups which now lay shattered on the floor.

"Oh, Elizabeth, why didn't you let your Uncle Joe get the lollipops?" Gretchen demanded, exasperated, bending to pick up the pieces. "Look what's happened to your poor mother's pretty cups!"

Elizabeth had been seriously unnerved by the incident. First Joe thought she

I've discovered the longer, finer cigarette
PALL MALL

PALL MALLS are *good* to look at—*good* to feel—*good* to taste and *good* to smoke.

PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine tobacco filters the smoke of this *longer, finer* cigarette—gives you that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the *longer, finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package.

OUTSTANDING

PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES

-and they are mild!

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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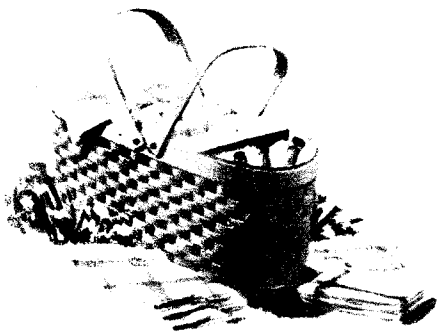

Enjoying Life . . .

IN THOSE DAYS TOO!

Remember the old fashioned picnic in the country . . . what a treat it was on a bright summer day. And for added pleasure Miller High Life, The Champagne of Bottle Beer, was the choice in those days, too. Today as Yesterday . . . Enjoy Life with Miller High Life.

The Champagne of Bottle Beer

Miller's

HIGH LIFE

BREWED AND BOTTLED ONLY BY THE MILLER BREWING COMPANY MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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would cry, then her face twisted into a belligerent, reddening expression.

"You're a mean girl!" she shouted in a piercing voice. "And I don't like you!"

Gretchen hesitated a moment, then went on picking up the pieces.

Joe, his pipe clenched between his teeth, grasped Elizabeth's arm in anger.

"Gretchen's not a mean girl and she's been very kind to you," he said, "and you can stop that screaming right now!"

"I want my mommy!" Elizabeth bellowed monotonously. "I want my mommy! Mommy! Mommy!"

He carried her out of the room. She cleverly made the trip upstairs an unbelievably difficult feat by going into muscular contortions one moment, then sagging limp and heavy and shapeless the next. By the time Joe flung her on her bed he wanted badly to spank her. His expression must have faithfully betrayed the ferocity of his emotions, for it sobered Elizabeth. She was still sobbing, but her eyes were wary.

"You're not to speak that way to Gretchen, do you hear?" Joe announced. "You're to stay up in your room and you're not to come downstairs again tonight!"

Elizabeth put her head down on the pillow and Joe had a moment's pity for her. He hesitated, bit his lip ineffectually, and went downstairs, propelled by a desire to cheer up Gretchen somehow.

He found her in the kitchen, wiping off the oilcloth table cover with a damp cloth. There was a tautness about her mouth and a glitter in her eye which, in another girl, would have turned into palpable tears. Joe had a hotheaded impulse to take her in his arms, but he restrained himself.

He picked up the dish cloth and began to wipe dishes.

"When I think of how we were going to pick wildflowers, listen to brooks and play badminton," he said, "I'm grieved. I'm sorry it's been such a fiasco."

Gretchen did not respond. She sprinkled some scouring powder in the sink.

"As for my niece," he said, "the very nicest thing I can think of to call her is a brat."

"She's very upset," Gretchen said. "She misses her mother. And then, I wasn't very bright."

"Don't be silly," Joe said. "You are wonderful. You've never been mixed up in a mess like this before. It may make an old maid out of you and a bachelor of me."

Gretchen did not seem to be getting much of a lift out of his comments. An anxious knot tightened in his chest as they switched off the kitchen lights and wandered into the living room. Inspiredly, he picked up a deck of cards and riffled them.

"How about a little gin?"

Gretchen, who was lolling moodily on the sofa, shook her head. "I think I'll go up and tell Elizabeth a story."

WHILE she was upstairs, Phil came home. He described his hospital experiences, the last words Jane said before being wheeled up to the operating room ("I feel as if somebody had slugged me") and the first words she said on coming out of ether ("I feel as if somebody had slugged me"). Phil made a long story of it and, just as he was concluding, Gretchen came downstairs, looking happier. She had changed her clothes. She wore an off-the-shoulderish pink thing with a ballerina skirt and a black sash. Joe's spirits leapt like a flushed rabbit.

"*You* look as if you'd stood the strain remarkably well," Phil said to Gretchen. "I'm beginning to think that all the things Joe has told us about you are probably true."

Gretchen gave a rather wan smile.

"Well, I've got a woman," Phil said. "A Mrs. Simmons. She'll be over in the morning."

Relief flooded through Joe. He was beginning to feel wonderful. He handed Gretchen a cigarette. Tomorrow morning, he thought, he'd take her down to the brook.

"She's an old battle-ax," Phil said, "but I guess she'll keep the roof from falling in."

"Look," Gretchen said, "I have a two-week vacation coming up. I'd gladly take over—if it would help."

Joe threw back his head and laughed like a hyena. To his astonishment, Gretchen glared at him.

"That," Joe said, sobering, "is heroic, chum, but absolutely out of the question."

Phil grinned, "Anyway, it isn't necessary. But thanks just the same."

Joe was conscious before he fell asleep that night that his relationship with Gretchen had definitely suffered some irremediable jolt. He couldn't help what had happened—Gretchen knew that. Still, there was something about her attitude which suggested that he had done something, or said something, which had rubbed her the wrong way.

The feeling persisted next morning. Joe dressed and came down to the kitchen for his cereal. He found Gretchen and Elizabeth already there, indulging in some girlish silliness involving laughter. They were so palsy-walsy, doing the dishes, that he felt fairly superfluous, munching his cereal. With his jaws going, he reminded himself of an ox.

"Where's Phil?" Joe asked.

"Phil," said Gretchen, "has gone to get Mrs. Simmons." She bent over the baby's basket, changing his diaper. She poked the baby, and the baby laughed.

"It's too bad you're so brainy," Joe said. "You make such a pretty little housewife."

"I suppose a housewife doesn't need any brains?" she inquired so venomously that he was startled.

"Well, anybody can do it," he said.

"I didn't find it very easy," said Gretchen.

Unhappily, Joe stuffed his pipe.

"I wish you wouldn't go, Gretchen," said Elizabeth in a high voice of cloying sweetness. "I wish you would stay here and take care of us."

"Thank you," Gretchen said. "You must come to New York sometime, and we'll go to the zoo."

"You never asked me to go to the zoo with you," said Joe.

But Gretchen refused to be amused.

MRS. SIMMONS came bustling into the kitchen shortly thereafter, a tall woman in a cotton house dress. She had a big chin and a big posterior.

"What are you sucking your thumb for?" she cheerfully assailed Teresa. "Do you want to swallow it?"

"You can't swallow your thumb," said Elizabeth.

"Oh, yes you can," said Mrs. Simmons. "I knew a little girl who swallowed her thumb, and then she couldn't play the piano."

Joe was relieved that Mrs. Simmons had come so early. There wasn't much left of the morning and he was determined to have a walk through the woods with Gretchen before driving to Stamford.

"Come on, Gretchen," he said. "Let's see that brook I've told you about. It's a regular poet's brook. It babbles. It gurgles. It sings. It does everything a brook should do."

"Okay," she said.

"May I come too?" Elizabeth begged.

"No," said Joe.

"Oh, *please*," said Elizabeth, in a wheedling tone that he found insufferable. "Oh, why not?"

"*No*," said Joe, reddening.

He escorted Gretchen down the street, through a meadow and into the woods. The birds called from the tops of the trees.

"Mrs. Simmons," Gretchen said, "is a terrible woman. I feel sorry for the children."

"Oh, everybody has an unhappy childhood," Joe said. "I used to brag about mine. What in Heaven's name would you do, in adolescence, if you couldn't boast about your unhappy childhood?"

They were nearing the brook. Joe could hear it splash over the rocks.

"There," Joe said, as they came out on some sunny rocks overlooking the shady hollow where the brook raced, sparkling. He settled himself on the rocks and Gretchen sat beside him, drawing up her knees and resting her chin on them moodily.

"Mrs. Simmons," Gretchen persisted, "is a bully. And she lies. Elizabeth will probably have another tantrum and she'll manhandle her. Once, when I was little, I had a nurse when my mother was in the hospital having a baby. I had a tantrum and the nurse threw me into a bathtub full of cold water."

"Good," said Joe.

Gretchen shot him a disgusted look. He grinned.

"Have you read any good books lately?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Who'll be our next President?"

Gretchen sighed. "Do we have to be bright?" she demanded.

The miserable knot was back in Joe's chest again. Not only was it back again, but it was tightening.

"I'm sorry I've given you such a rotten week end, Gretchen," he apologized. "Maybe I'd better drive you over to Stamford."

"Maybe you had," said Gretchen.

She had been poking at the brook with a long stick. She chucked it into the water, gathered her skirts, and rose gracefully.

JOE had always told himself that the moment would come with Gretchen when he would have to let her go with a gay and gallant smile. The moment had come—he knew it—and he also knew that he wasn't going to be any better at denouements than any of her other boy friends. He was going to pieces. He felt too miserable for caution, too reckless to consider charm.

"Gretchen," he said miserably, "what have I done? I don't want you to go, feeling like this."

"Maybe I got to know you a little too well this week end, Joe," she said.

"I always knew it would be dangerous," Joe commented bitterly.

"You've kept apologizing for the ordeal," she said. "Actually, it was a very interesting experience. I'd never realized that managing a house and children could be such a challenging job."

Joe stared incredulously.

"I would have liked to tell you about it," she said, "but I could see that you were frightened. A girl with a domestic gleam in her eye frightens men like you."

Joe stood on the rock with his mouth open.

"You've always hinted around about being in love with me and letting me go my own way, out of sheer nobility," Gretchen spoke in a cold fury. "But you're a hypocrite. Just let *me* show a little interest in the pipe-and-slippers side of life and you look the other way, and make jokes, and make it quite clear that you don't want your nice, neat little bachelor life upset."

"Gretchen," Joe said. "Gretchen, *darling*—"

He grabbed her, crushed her against him, and closed his eyes. He caught his breath, after a moment.

"I love you," he said. "I love you, Gretchen. I thought there wasn't any use—"

"Well," she said, adjusting her head more comfortably on his shoulder, "there is."

Joe held her tight and closed his eyes. The brook was singing and his blood was rushing. He hardly knew which was which.

THE END

FRED BALK

SPORTING ODDS

Because officials had difficulty counting up to five a runner once had to win a mile race three times in order to gain the national A.A.U. championship.

At Travers Island many years ago, H. L. Trube of the New York Athletic Club raced four laps around the track to defeat a crack field. Trube was congratulating himself when an official came over to him sadly and informed him that the race would have to be rerun as this track measured five laps to the mile.

So Trube and his rivals rested. Later in the day, the event was rerun. Trube galloped in the victor and again he was elated over winning the American championship. But along came a sad-faced official.

"Sorry," he blurted, "but we only sent you around four times again."

Trube and his opponents were forced to reconvene for the mile the following Monday and this time the Winged Foot ace really triumphed. The officials had finally counted up to five.

—Paul Gardner, New York, N. Y.

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Babe in arms, the deserted wife confronts husband chaser Lamb with a farewell note

George Lamb, one of the nation's best husband chasers, can bring 'em back alive. But he can't guarantee erring husbands will stay put. In 30 years he has listened to 90,000 complaints. He has personally rounded up 3,000 men who skipped the home reservation

BY JAY BREEN

AND JOHN ROSENBURG

There are many tales of home-breaking. One father of 13 wild kids just needed some rest

HOW TO CATCH A HUSBAND

DAPPER, graying George Lamb, dean of America's husband chasers, leaned back in his swivel chair, propped his feet up on the corner of his scarred desk and was ready for another version of the story he had heard almost 90,000 times before.

An attractive, smartly dressed young woman sat on the other side of the desk and sniffled, dabbing at her eyes with a sodden handkerchief. She pushed across to him a sheet of soiled tablet paper that had been folded and refolded until it was beginning to part at the creases. In three curt sentences it pronounced the end of a marriage:

"I'm going away. Leave me alone. I'm fed up."

Patiently, Lamb plucked from his client the few hard facts that might serve to help in finding the runaway. For instance, the woman said her husband liked expensive hats. In happier days he had often presented her with a little-known brand of French brandied chocolates. Although she hadn't liked them, she pretended the chocolates delighted her, because he thought them the perfect gift for a woman. He didn't care for sports, although he usually managed to get tickets for top-flight tennis matches whenever an exhibition was staged in New York.

Yes, the wife admitted, there was "another woman." But unlike the majority of Lamb's callers, she had not the slightest idea who the woman could be.

It took George Lamb four months to find this man. Boston police got him in the only department store of their city in which his brand of imported chocolates could be bought. The culprit was using the same gift to aid a new romance.

"When I walked in on the guy," Lamb explains, "he introduced me to the new girl friend. Believe it or not, she looked to be the twin sister of the wife he'd left."

The fugitive husband had, by then, become tired of his flight and his forced anonymity. The funds he had taken to finance his vacation from marriage had evaporated. He seemed almost glad to be going home, even with handcuffs on his wrists.

This is one of the few cases that Lamb can remember, in his 30 years as chief criminal investigator for New York's teeming Queens County, in which a reconciliation has actually worked. Except for that discouragingly rare difference, the facts in this instance follow a general pattern.

Contrary to what you might think, the job seems to have kept Lamb young. Although he is sixty, he looks more like fifty. He is a man of boundless energy who hasn't had a full two-week vacation from husband chasing in 10 years. He is understandably proud of a record that has established him as one of the nation's best in bringing back alive, although sometimes slightly damaged, several thousand husbands who flouted the law by trying to cut their own marriage knots.

There is humor in the thousands of cases that pass before his eyes. But most of his chuckles have a mirthless quality, born of the underlying tragedy in the cases that keep him shuttling across the nation in trains, planes and busses, gathering together bits of broken love stories.

He is dismayed by the popular acceptance of that ancient conception that too much money breeds disaster in a marriage.

"Naturally," he says, "I'm not called in by many millionaires' wives. They may have things tough in that league, too. But on the other side of the tracks it is usually the lack of money that splits a marriage."

In one instance, Lamb was inclined to sympathize with a middle-aged bricklayer, the father of 13 children, who one day jammed his hat on his head and left his tumultuous palace without saying goodby to a soul. When apprehended a few weeks later, the bricklayer gustily sighed, "I just wanted to get away for a while."

Lamb estimates the average income of the husband he hunts nowadays is between $40 and $65 a week.

Another increasingly popular notion with which Lamb is unable to voice complete accord is that differences in religion are not of major importance in a marriage. Since women, by and large, take their religion more seriously than men, it is often assumed that, given time, a man will eventually adopt his beloved's faith.

"Not in my book," Lamb says. "Sometimes a man will get so stubborn on the subject he'll wreck his home before he'll give an inch."

When Wife Keeps on Working

Lamb thinks a woman's chances of missing her golden anniversary are increased fourfold if she goes back to the old job after the honeymoon. His reasons have little to do with that ancient argument that it is humiliating to a husband to have his wife working. The real reason is more insidious. It is what Lamb calls "false income."

Himself a happily married man of some 35 years, the investigator is a firm believer in the recently suspect theory that there is not much point to a marriage which does not have children as its objective, sooner or later. As he sees it, the sooner the better.

But the arrival of a child in a family where both the wife and husband work is often nothing like the blessing it is cracked up to be. As a matter of grim fact, Lamb's casebooks bulge with evidence that proves an expected offspring can be the last straw in a succession of unhappy events.

Mrs. Wilma G— got around to calling on him three weeks after she found the usual note on the kitchen table. The message wasn't a complete surprise. While she hadn't expected such a heartless break, she had known for some months that her marriage had taken a grave turn.

Her story bore a desperate similarity to thousands Lamb hears again and again. She and her husband had met at a dance, starting a courtship that lasted less than a month. Both lived in the same city. Their whirlwind romance had climaxed, one week end, with a dash to Elkton, Maryland, one of the nation's few remaining communities celebrated for their 20-minute marriages.

Wilma's husband was a mechanic, making $50 a week. She herself earned $28.50 as a file clerk. They decided it would be necessary for both to continue working. On a combined income of $78.50, they were reasonably happy and often spent long evenings discussing what rare luck both had had in meeting each other. Both continued working, even after he had received two raises and his income had reached $65 a week. She got a raise, too, bringing the total for both to $95.

After a good deal of questioning Lamb turned up a timeworn cause of separations. The idyllic marriage began to go sour when Wilma announced they were going to have a baby.

Not right away. It had taken a little time for the truth to sink in. Mainly the facts were that they would soon be living on two thirds of the income they had grown used to. As bills began to mount and self-imposed economy waves bit into their established pleasures, Wilma began to notice a change in her husband. He became grouchy and seemed bored.

The next thing Wilma noticed—and this was after she had resigned her own job—was that her husband had an increasing amount of work to keep him late at his job.

The arrival of the baby made things dreadfully worse. Wilma was chained to an exacting routine. More and more his home had become for her husband just a place in which to sleep and eat. Quarrels became increasingly frequent. The upshot was the note left for Wilma.

In a broad sense Wilma's story constitutes what Lamb has dubbed a "blueprint for failure," a pattern

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Pretty wife get hubby back from homely "other woman"

Once married, some gals don't keep up their looks and hubby gets a bit bored

Worried wives should watch the clothes closet. Many guys get set to lam by piecemeal removal

Lamb's job is to bring them back alive. The deserter makes it hard as possible

which emerges from the details of more than half the cases he handles. Of nearly 3,000 cases in which he has personally rounded up vagabond husbands this investigator has yet to see two reconciliations that lasted a year.

Lamb has dealt with cases in every conceivable walk of life. His quarries have included bankers and bakers, reporters, doctors, lawyers, truck drivers, salesmen, factory owners and movie actors. He once had the disconcerting experience of tracking down a colleague—a detective who had abandoned his wife. Apparently the mental strain of parting rattled the man, because Lamb reports he was as easy to locate—left just as many clues —as his less experienced fellows.

As many a husband has learned to his regret, it is almost impossible to cancel a marriage and walk out on it without leaving a good many clues to the direction of flight. A great many of a man's habits, tastes and idiosyncrasies are infinitely more difficult to change than a name or an occupation. They are the signposts on his trail. There are such obvious leads as union cards, insurance policies, Social Security registrations and other membership data which have considerable value and are not easily forsaken.

Salesmen who run away often change jobs and the product they peddle, but follow the same general approach in marketing. One of Lamb's cases was an auto salesman who switched to sporting goods. He was unearthed because he couldn't abandon an affectation—having his calling cards printed on a special type of paper that had a slight pink cast to it.

Woman Bait for Mantrap

Usually, a runaway husband can be located with a great deal less deductive effort than that. In many cases the forsaken wife comes to Lamb's offices with well-grounded suspicions concerning another woman. Almost always the other woman is single and has less reason for elaborate secrecy concerning her whereabouts. She doesn't cut off all ties with the past. Lamb gets on her trail and usually finds the missing husband with her.

One foolproof means of avoiding a surprise departure is by keeping an eye on the clothes closet. In the majority of cases Lamb has handled, an absconding husband prepares for his flight by taking his clothes out of the house in small, day-by-day parcels. A great many of the women who call on him confess they were astonished when, upon receiving a farewell note, they inspected their husbands' closets to find every stitch of clothing gone and not a suitcase missing from the house.

Most of them will then recall how the man of the house had taken a sudden interest in getting garments to the tailor or the cleaner. When everything but the suit on his back has disappeared from the house, hubby does too.

The personalities of the men he has sought include enough types to delight a psychiatrist. If a girl contemplating marriage should ask for his opinion, Lamb would most strongly advise against marrying the egocentric, happy-go-lucky sort of young man. The very things that make a girl's head spin before marriage can and do make it ache with remorse afterward.

He is most emphatically against marriage for the man who is a "confirmed gambler." By that he means one who will gamble even so much as a penny without actually having the money in his pocket to pay off. A woman can spot this affliction by noting whether a boy friend borrows with increasing unconcern as the love affair ripens.

Young ladies should beware of the suitor who is given to lying, even though his habit is confined to the harmless "white lie." If her man will tell the truth when it is downright embarrassing to do so—when a tiny fib would get him over a difficult spot —she can mark him down as an A-1 prospect.

Her chances, though, are not too good, in Lamb's book, if she has to get him away from another woman. Entirely too many second wives put so much into their campaign to wrest their chosen mate away from another that they have no battle tactics left for the still tougher project of keeping him.

Lamb favors a man who is so engrossed in his job that he gets a trifle vague about his courtship now and then, although that attitude, of course, can go too far. One case he vividly remembers was that of a hard-driving, career-minded salesman who was so interested in his work that he invited an assistant to live in his home. This man felt it would be convenient for all concerned, since the assistant could take his wife to a play or out to dinner on evenings when the press of business kept the husband away.

When the maid reported several indiscretions the husband indignantly ordered his assistant from the house. He was stunned when his wife packed her things and went along.

Deserted Husband Makes Good

Lamb was ordered to track down the wife, one of the relatively few occasions when he has been called in by the male half of a marriage. He located her but could offer the salesman no better advice than to get a divorce. This the man did, and went on to become a millionaire.

The fifth year seems to be the critical period in most marriages. By then, most of the glamor has worn off and a previously dazzled couple has had a chance to meditate on the probable course of the next 20 to 30 years together. Thus, the age of the average Lamb client is about 25, seldom more than 30. One baffling particular in his work is the fact that the majority of the wives who see him are quite attractive. He cannot account for it, but the "other women" quite often are comparatively homely.

Invariably the "other woman" in Lamb's cases knows all about the wife. Far from feeling a sense of shame at breaking up another home, she will battle desperately to keep the man she has stolen. Lamb found one typical couple in Philadelphia and hauled the repentant husband back to a Manhattan jail. A day later the prisoner received a letter in which the girl enclosed her last dollar. "You need this more than I do. I'll get along someway," she wrote.

Lamb thinks that our movies, fiction and the ballads we sing give us all the idea that it is entirely possible to find a mate who will delight us the rest of our days, a rosy viewpoint which he sourly denounces as the greatest fraud of the ages.

Of the notes left by departing husbands, the most frequent are variations on this theme:

"I'm getting out now while I still have some youth left, to see and do all the things I've always wanted."

Lamb is an ardent supporter of the little-known Quaker method of contracting a marriage. When it becomes communal knowledge that a given couple have that love light in their eyes, a board of elders is summoned and the man and his lady must individually discuss with these older heads their most intimate thoughts and feelings. Each hears the handicaps of the other listed with brutal frankness. Only after several sessions of unbelievable candor are they allowed to resume their courtship, presumably with a fresh attitude on the subject.

He has never had a call to chase an errant Quaker spouse, and Lamb's understandably thin faith in human nature would be completely shaken if he ever were asked to do so.

Next to Quakers, Lamb's professional respect is highest for English husbands. He thinks Latins are the least able to stand the rigors of marriage. He doubts that climate has much to do with this interesting state of affairs, however, since Irishmen, although geographic neighbors of England, are not nearly so constant in marriage as they should be.

Although he feels that most wives do their utmost to hold a marriage together, usually far more than the husband, Lamb concedes that many wives bring on their troubles by growing careless. A recent visitor to his office arrived attired in a blouse so offending to Lamb that he demanded to know whether she had "mopped the kitchen with it."

"But even there," he says, "I blame the husband. A wife usually doesn't begin to get slovenly until she's convinced that her husband ignores every effort she makes to be attractive."

The only time Lamb gets sufficiently irked with women to take the man's side entirely is when a wife deserts a husband. You might think an abandoned husband would be inclined to let well enough alone. To the contrary, he's every bit as offended and enraged as a deserted wife. Although he's sympathetic, Lamb finds it difficult to repress a smile at this reversal of the normal procedure.

"They come in here just madder than hell," he says, "and you know the first thing they say? It's always, 'I gave that woman the best years of my life.' " ★★★

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE HARRINGTON

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SQUAW MEDICINE

Continued from page 23

Style, Davy thought as he climbed in. This shines, this does. He lounged on the seat. Vardeman spoke to the driver, calling him Thomas, and bidding him drive home. The barouche rolled away. Zenas Berdan loafed on a corner and Davy grandly waved a hand.

Vardeman lived out of town. Davy, as they traveled, grew uncomfortable. His encounter with Zenas had taken up time he had meant to spend in shopping.

"I don't look too good," he said, glancing first at Vardeman's neat woolen suit, then at his own worn buckskin. "Mebbe I should of stayed in town."

"Nonsense," Vardeman replied. "I want my wife and daughter to see how a real mountain man looks. Where is your rifle?"

Davy told him. Another idea struck. "Mebbe they won't like havin' me there," he ventured. "I got a squaw, you know."

"A squaw?"

"Dull Knife's daughter," Davy said. "I give four ponies for her. Mebbe your folks—"

"We won't mention it," Vardeman interrupted. "After all, those marriages aren't binding."

VARDEMAN'S house was three miles from St. Louis, a matter of half an hour's journey. When the barouche stopped, the door of the home opened and candlelight streamed out. Davy caught a glimpse of women waiting in the hall, and his heart failed him. He would have backed away but Vardeman caught his elbow and urged him up the steps. "Thomas will bring your things. Yvonne, Sylvanne, I want you to meet a real mountain man: Davy Connor. Davy, my wife and daughter."

Davy scraped a foot as he'd been taught when a boy away back in Kentucky. Silk rustled as the women curtsied. Davy hardly heard what was said, he was so busy looking. Mrs. Vardeman was tall, stately, and fair-haired. The girl—Davy couldn't take his eyes from her—was shoulder high, with dark eyes and a spot of color on each cheek.

A Negro took Davy's possible sack upstairs to a bedroom. Vardeman escorted Davy and saw that his guest was comfortable. When he was gone, Davy looked at his surroundings, then felt the bed. Yep! Feathers! He washed his hands and combed his shoulder-long hair. He was as out of place as a Crow in Blackfoot country, and had he heard the Vardemans he would have known it.

"But Frank, that savage? Why did you bring him here?"

"Business, dear. He lives with the Cheyennes and we want that trade. You and Sylvanne be nice to him."

Dinner, with candles on the table, a Negro waiter, and an array of silver by his plate, was hard going for Davy. Not that the food wasn't good—nearly as good as buffalo—but the eating bothered him. Davy was accustomed to fingers and a knife for tools.

Afterward they went to the parlor where Davy occupied the edge of a fiddle-back chair. The Vardemans did their best to make him at ease, asking him questions and encouraging him to talk. Vardeman said that he could smoke, and Davy brought out his pipe case.

Nell had made it. It was heart-shaped, worked with dyed porcupine quills, and with a fringe of hair.

"That is beautiful," Sylvanne said. "Is the hair from some animal?"

"Blackfoot scalp."

Yvonne Vardeman said, "Oh!" and Sylvanne made a little sound and turned white.

"I told you he was a real mountain man." Vardeman laughed. "Where did you get the scalp, Davy?"

Davy told him and that started the talk. Maybe the sight of Blackfoot hair upset the women, but they were bloody-minded enough to demand details. Davy sat there in his old, worn buckskins, smoking his pipe, weaving a spell, counting his coups over again. These women liked his talk. Before he went to bed Davy gave Sylvanne the pipe pouch.

Next day in town, Davy sold Vardeman his fur. He got a fair price for the beaver and did all right with the few robes in the packs. He had a thousand dollars credit with the company and two hundred dollars cash, counting his winnings from cards on the keelboat.

Again Vardeman talked to Davy about taking charge of a post in the Cheyenne country, but Davy put him off and went out to buy a wool suit and a white wool hat and a black silk kerchief for his neck.

Nell wasn't the only one in the Connor family that liked fofurraw. That night Davy was more sure of himself, feeling a heap more genteel in his new clothes. They talked about the rendezvous and Mrs. Vardeman made some remarks concerning liquor, saying what a shame it was to get men drunk and then trade with them.

Davy hadn't looked at things that way, liquor and feasting and trade all being a part of rendezvous; but he was polite and agreed. He made a mental note, too, that he should watch the drinking. Some friends came in then and Sylvanne showed them the pipe pouch, fringed with the Blackfoot scalp. Davy had to go to his room to get his powder horn—black buffalo horn, it was, scraped paper thin so that the grains showed through—and his belt with the cherry-wood awl case and the Green River knife in its sheath. Had he thought of it, Davy would have brought down the woman medicine, too, but it was hidden in the bottom of his possible sack.

After the company left, Vardeman went up to Davy's room and they talked some more about a post in the Cheyenne country. Davy wouldn't say. He could see that he held an advantage, someway, and he meant to keep it. When Vardeman came downstairs again he spoke to his wife.

"I can't get him to promise a thing, Yvonne, and you'll have to put up with him a while longer. Maybe . . ." He stopped and thought a while.

"I don't like to have him here," Yvonne Vardeman told her husband. "He's a novelty, yes. But did you see that awful suit? And the hat! And Sylvanne thinks he is amusing. She—"

"That's it!" Vardeman interrupted. "Sylvanne. He'll do it if she asks him. Have you seen him watching her?"

Yvonne Vardeman hadn't seen much of anything else. "Of course," she agreed. "But I don't want Sylvanne—"

"Now, Yvonne," Vardeman said, "this is business. I'll talk to Sylvanne." Vardeman was pretty set on getting the Cheyenne trade. The Rocky Mountain people, Fitzpatrick and Sublette and Bridger, had been taking all of it.

In the morning Davy didn't go to town but stayed at Vardeman's house and had a high old time of it. Mrs. Vardeman was nice as could be, but she had her slaves and her housekeeping to look after, so most of Davy's entertainment came from Sylvanne. He didn't mind. Sylvanne had a way of looking at a man, turning her head so that she glanced over a shoulder, and she had a way of smiling. Her laugh wasn't a squaw's giggle, but a clear, limpid thing, like clear water over a fall. Davy was weak and helpless as a buffalo bull with a galena pill in his lights. He'd never seen anything like Sylvanne and he was a gone beaver. . . .

In the afternoon they drove in to bring Vardeman home. They stopped at a store and while Mrs. Vardeman and Sylvanne shopped for yard goods, Davy sat in the barouche. Zenas Berdan saw him and came over.

"Now I know what ails you," Zenas announced. "I thought you was crazy when you talked about sellin' to the company, but that ain't it. You got woman trouble."

Davy flushed. "I already sold 'em my fur," he said, defiantly, "an' I'm thinkin' some of goin' up on the Cheyenne or the Grand an' buildin' a fort for 'em."

"You'll never do it." Zenas shook his head. "You ain't cut out for an *engagé*. You wouldn't like no pork diet. Come around when you get your wits back an' we'll pull out together. I'm amost ready to go."

"I ain't," Davy said.

"Why don't we just buy canned mushrooms and be sure?"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

"Well"—Zenas straightened, for the Vardemans had come out of the store—"you let me know. An' keep an eye skinned. That feller we seen in the saloon has been scoutin' around you. I seen him an' I hearn some talk."

The next day, Thursday it was, Davy showed Sylvanne how a brave hangs over the side of a horse to keep from getting killed, and he taught her part of a Cheyenne song. In the afternoon Sylvanne mentioned how nice it would be, did Davy work for the company. He would come down-river once or twice a year, bringing in his trade, and maybe, after a while, he'd get promoted to the St. Louis office. She let him know that she would be glad of that.

On Friday, Davy dug around in his possible sack and found the woman's medicine Nell had given him. It was a real pretty case, about three inches wide, half that thick, and maybe eight inches long. There was something hard inside but Davy didn't investigate. Sylvanne had liked the pipe pouch and Davy aimed to give her the medicine case, too. He got to thinking about it. Women, squaws or whites, liked fofurraw. Maybe the medicine case wasn't just the thing. Davy thrust it in his pocket. He would find out what Sylvanne wanted and buy it for her.

That afternoon when they drove in to get Vardeman, Mrs. Vardeman had a headache and begged off, so Davy and Sylvanne went alone. They stopped by the counting room and Davy went in. Vardeman wasn't ready. He told Davy to go on and send the carriage back for him. Davy went to the cashier and drew two hundred, gold, stuffing the money in his pocket. He didn't notice Leblanc and Bulldog who were in the room. Davy was eager to get back to Sylvanne.

THEY had come in early and there was a little time before they had to go back, so Sylvanne had Thomas drive around. Davy pried and asked questions, trying to find out what she wanted, but she wouldn't say. He came right out and said he wanted to give her a present.

"You've already given me your pipe pouch," Sylvanne told him. "Of course, the nicest thing you could do for me would be to take Father's offer." She smiled when she said that.

"Well," Davy answered, "I ain't just sure yet. I want to get you something."

Sylvanne said there wasn't anything she wanted, and anyhow it wasn't proper for a young girl to accept presents. Thomas started out of town. "I *do* wish you'd tell Father that you will work for the company," Sylvanne said.

Davy squirmed. The pressure was on him and he didn't like it. Zenas Berdan had been right; Davy wasn't cut out to be an *engagé*. It stuck in his craw.

They were so busy talking that neither Davy nor Sylvanne paid attention to the country. Not so, Thomas. Thomas kept his eyes skinned and now he was looking back.

"Who that back there?" Thomas demanded, and pointed with his whip "Them mens are tryin' to ketch us!"

Davy stood up to see. He needed only one look. About twenty rods back, Leblanc and Bulldog were coming, their horses at a lope. Bulldog had a gun across his saddle, while Leblanc rode with a raised pistol.

"Hell!" he said, forgetting Sylvanne. "They're after us. Whip up them horses!"

The order wasn't necessary. Leblanc and Bulldog made their intentions plain. Either through excitement or to scare them into stopping, Leblanc fired his pistol. The ball didn't carry, but the crack of the gun was loud. Thomas put the horses to a run; Davy was jerked

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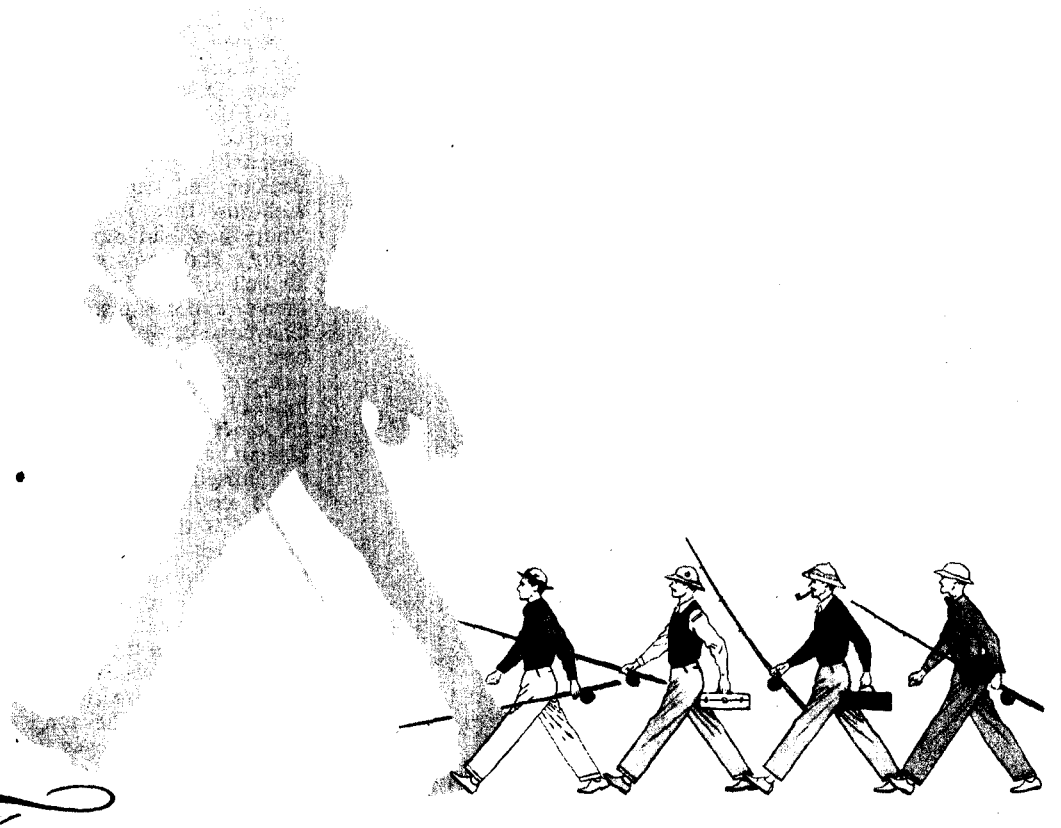

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down into the seat and Sylvanne screamed.

A team pulling a carriage can't outrun riders. Davy knew that, so did Thomas, so did the men behind. There were four hundred dollars in Davy's pocket and he kissed it goodby. He didn't think that Bulldog and Leblanc would be satisfied with just the money, either, not from what they had said on the keelboat. Davy's Hawken's gun was in the shop, his belt and Green River knife at Vardeman's, and his pistols away back in a Cheyenne camp. He felt naked as a jay bird. He searched his pockets, seeking a weapon, and kept his head turned, watching LeBlanc and Bulldog close the distance between them. When he pulled out his hand a finger was bleeding. Davy had cut himself.

He couldn't believe his eyes. He looked at the finger, put his hand into his pocket again and brought out the sack of woman's medicine. A steel tip protruded through the leather. Davy pulled the sack open and unrolled the white buckskin it contained. In the middle of the roll was a knife, an old, worn-out butcher knife, its blade paper-thin and about five inches long. Davy looked at Sylvanne. Her eyes were closed, her lips parted, and she was pale as a ghost. Oddly, the recollection of another occasion popped into Davy's mind. . . .

One time he and Nell, working down the Musselshell with all their fur and goods, had rounded a bend and run square into a Blackfoot hunting party. The Blackfeet were half a mile away and there had been time for preparation. Dismounting, he and Nell tied their horses, head to tail, and hobbled them. Then, taking up position, they waited for the attack, Davy with his Hawken's gun, Nell with an old Nor'west fusil.

The Blackfeet charged three times, yelling. At the first charge Davy presented his gun and, magically, the warriors disappeared over the sides of their horses, the charge splitting. The second charge was on Nell's side, and it split, too. The third time the Blackfeet came, one of the flying arrows struck home in Davy's shoulder. His answering shot dropped the Indian and after that the Blackfeet had withdrawn, their martial ardor cooled considerably by the death of their leader. All through the fight neither Nell nor Davy spoke a word, directions being unnecessary, and when the Blackfeet were gone Nell took a knife—this very knife in Davy's hand—and butchered out the arrow, put beaver fur on the wound and bound it with buckskin. Two days later they found safety in a Cheyenne camp.

DAVY looked back once more. Leblanc and Bulldog were not ten rods away, and gaining. Standing in the swaying barouche Davy clamped a hand on Thomas' shoulder. Thomas was scared to a nice ash-gray.

"Pull up when I tell you!" Davy rasped, and showed Thomas the knife. "Pull up or I'll cut your skinny throat." He looked back, estimating distance. "Now!"

Of two evils Thomas chose the lesser. He pulled up his horses, fighting them to a standstill, and Leblanc and Bulldog, surprised by the maneuver, came ranging on either side.

They had expected easy pickings. An unarmed man, riding with a woman, offered no particular problem to such as they. The two were almost scornful, having no idea of what was coming, discounting all danger. Davy struck them entirely unaware. He jumped at Bulldog, the man with the loaded gun, and as he leaped, the war whoop sounded in that peaceful Missouri lane: "Owgh! Owgh!"

The old knife, worn to a shred of steel, was razor sharp. It sank into soft flesh, lifting with the upstroke, and Bulldog, screaming his hurt, tumbled from the saddle. Davy went down between horse and carriage, clawing like a cat, dragging the gun with him. The frightened team lunged ahead despite tight lines. Leblanc swung his horse to get away and, in the clear, Davy whipped Bulldog's rifle to his shoulder, cocked it, touched cheek to stock and finger to trigger. The powder cracked and through the smoke came the satisfying thwack of lead finding meat. Again the war whoop raised and, dropping the rifle, Davy leaped in with the knife.

No need. No use either. Beyond the hanging smoke Leblanc rode off, reeling in his saddle, clutching at it for support. On the ground Bulldog threshed in agony, coming half up, like a snake with a broken back attempting to strike. Davy turned to the man and slapped him with his hand, counting coup, the act wholly instinctive. Bulldog fell back and was still, the life drained out of him.

KNIFE in hand, Davy looked about. The barouche was fifty feet away. He walked to it and got in.

"Try it with me, will they?" Davy's face was savage. "Try to set this hoss, will they?" He settled on the seat, facing the rear. "Ain't no triflin' greenhorn goin' to lift my har!"

Timidly and tentatively, Thomas started the team and, hearing no objection, raised them to a trot.

Sylvanne, pale-faced, eyes closed, lolled limply to the motion of the barouche. She opened her eyes and moaned but Davy Connor paid no heed. He had picked up the white buckskin from the medicine pouch and spread it on his knees. He studied it intently.

From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Churchill became quite angry and told Ambassador Litvinoff in effect that he wasn't much of an ambassador if he didn't have power even to add a word to the document.

There was a splotch of vermilion on the buckskin, a bit of scarlet cloth, a piece of blue strouding, a hawk's bell, a tiny chunk of broken mirror, each held in place by a stitch of sinew. There was a bone needle, and a broken awl thrust through the leather; and there were pictures drawn on it, a thing that could only be a kettle, another of a pipe with smoke rising. Davy's brows puckered in a frown and then, as he began to understand, they smoothed.

"Woman's medicine," Nell had said, "to bring back. Open it when you get to the big village." Now Davy caught the cute of it. Like many another wife left at home by her husband when he went to market, Nell had sent a shopping list. She could not write so she had put in samples and made drawings of the things she wanted. Davy Connor chuckled deep in his chest, while Sylvanne moaned again, unnoticed. Davy knew what he was going to do.

First, he would take this girl home and turn her over to her mother. Then, with all his possibles, he would go back to town. He would hunt up Zenas and they would have a time, a real doin's. In the morning he would draw his money and buy trade, all the things Nell wanted, and more too: coils of brass wire and of tin, broadcloth for a skirt, cut-glass beads, bracelets and finger rings and steel-topped thimbles and ribbons for Nell's hair, all these besides a kettle and a new knife. And next year when they attended rendezvous, Nell would outshine the other squaws, outshine them all. For when a man goes to market and leaves his wife at home, he has to make it up to her. He does, indeed.

THE END

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

handle the mail are taking an awful economic beating. During the war they received their first pay increase in years and it was little and late and immediately absorbed by increased costs. Now these costs have doubled and redoubled, and while private and industrial labor is howling starvation as they chase the gravy train for a third round, the pleas of the postal worker for a little second helping go virtually unheard, and from the looks of things, unheeded.

A couple of pay-increase bills have been booted out of Senate and House committees. They have not been put on the calendar and will not be unless Congressional leadership gives them a green light.

CLAUDE W. PYLE, Postmaster, Sidell, Ill.

A MEDAL FOR HERTER

MY DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: May I, as one of Christian Herter's constituents, congratulate your magazine on awarding him your coveted prize. Mr. Herter's faithful co-operation among his people, as Representative, is without parallel! (For Distinguished Congressional Service, May 15th.)

My colored houseman was arrested at Anzio beachhead, court-martialed and sentenced to three years with a dishonorable discharge.

I enlisted Mr. Herter's aid to get a review. After months of work and disappointments, I was finally given the chance to present evidence in his behalf at Governors Island, New York.

The result was a complete reversal of the decision handed down *twice* by the War Department.

MRS. S. IRVING COPEN, Boston, Mass.

FOOTWORK

GENTLEMEN: Even if I didn't recognize the Mad Monk as the sleeping beauty illustrating the article on sleep (Go to Sleep, May 29th) by his beatific smile, the trick ring on his left hand is a dead giveaway. Get out from behind the eye pad, George Karger, we know you. I suppose the right hand pulled the release.

PAUL D. GREEN, New York, N. Y.

It is Photographer Karger. He pulled the release with his toe. The right hand is the dreamer.

THE CONTESTANT SPEAKS OUT

SIRS: I have just finished reading Crazy Like a Box Top (May 22d), the interesting and amusing article on "contesting." I am a run-of-the-mill housewife-contest fan who has entered thousands of contests and won a fair share—local, national and international.

I am what you may call a repeater, but certainly NOT a "professional." That point needs a lot of clearing up.

I have had some thrills, and some bad spills: One automobile that I had won could not be given to me because of a slight rule infraction, and another hard-won one was withheld because I had used a period instead of a semicolon—believe it or not! And in both instances the sponsors were entirely right.

With all the failures to win that I have necessarily had, I have never felt anything but good will toward any sponsor.

MARY CHASE CORNELIUS, Demopolis, Ala.

. . . While residing in Portland, Oregon, about eleven years ago, I entered a contest and the obvious headache was to unscramble a long list of names of movie stars. I was practically planning a vacation on my anticipated grand prize as I had every one correct. The inevitable happened—"We wish to inform you that due to the fact so many entries were 100 per cent accurate, we will conduct another contest. To be eligible, send us $1 for twelve movie stars' pictures." Sure I was a sucker and I never heard from them again.

Personally, I have played every contest I have heard of in the past thirteen years and I have won $5.

WILLARD E. CRAWFORD, Springfield, Mo.

. . . My most sincere thanks for Crazy Like a Box Top and my everlasting gratitude to the author, Edward P. Morgan, who has saved me many future hours of thought and unrest. A LOS ANGELES HOUSEWIFE

. . . That I am burned at some of Edward P. Morgan's statements is indeed putting it mildly—although in the main, his article does depict contesting fairly.

My own wins since last October have been: a pressure cooker, a radio, 2 electric irons, 2 Boy Scout knives, about $20 in cash, $25 in merchandise, $14 in theater tickets, one magazine sub., perhaps one or two others that escape my mind. Does that sound professional? Besides my contesting activities, I keep house, have my husband underfoot daytimes (he works at night), board a 2-year-old baby, have a grown daughter who works, and two teenage children in school. As I have no help, you can see that my contesting, as that of any average housewife, occupies small fragments of my time. Meanwhile, I'll go on trying to win us a new car!

MRS. LOUIS N. KIENE, Atlanta, Ga.

THE CRYING MAN

DEAR SIRS: Your readers' complaints that all the Presidential candidates you have run were smiling in the face of world crises are well taken. What this country needs is a President who can frown in the face of adversity and tear his hair whenever he thinks how things are going.

Robert Q. will weep for you!

I therefore offer myself for the Presidency. The times cry aloud for me. Running on the Deflation Ticket, I plan my theme song to be "I Cried for You," promise not to kiss babies, but to smack them to prepare them for the harsh realities of life. I shall pass out exploding cigars to teach people to trust nobody. If elected I promise to end the Communist threat: I'll replace the Reds with the Blues. For my constituents I promise a crying towel in every home. . . .

Voters, get behind me. I am so discouraged there's a chance I might not even run.

ROBERT Q. LEWIS, New York, N. Y.

DEATH OF A LEGEND

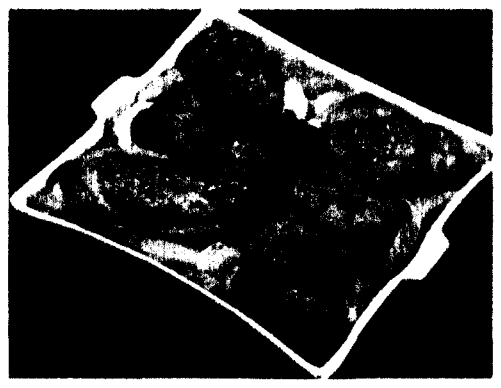
General Brehon Somervell, president of Koppers Company, Inc., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Charles E. Wilson, president of General Electric Co., both deny the accuracy of a hardy perennial story which appeared in Bill Davidson's article, Spare-Time Statesman (Apr. 10th). Davidson's article referred to an altercation alleged to have occurred during the war, when the general was masterfully solving the well-nigh impossible Army logistics problem, and Mr. Wilson was vice-chairman of the War Production Board.

General Somervell, paying high tribute to Mr. Wilson, writes that the alleged encounter was purely a figment of someone's imagination. Mr. Wilson has written to the general expressing his chagrin over the reference to an incident which he says never occurred.

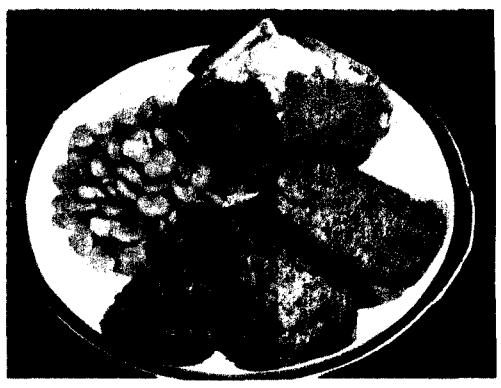
These statements are good enough for Collier's. We are sorry for the embarrassment caused these two men and so far as we are concerned this is an obituary of the tale which we hope will be interred along with other wartime gossip.

HOW TO MAKE IT: In bottom of Dutch oven, brown whole SPAM all sides in 2 tbsp. fat. Add enough water to cover bottom, surround SPAM with medium size peeled onions, potatoes, carrot strips. Cook covered over low flame until all vegetables are tender. Remove to serving platter and arrange around separately cooked frozen or fresh peas. Reserve liquid.

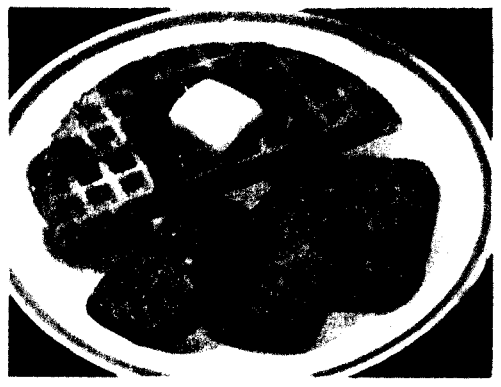
MAKE GRAVY by adding meat stock (or bouillon cube and water) with enough flour to thicken. Pour over SPAM or serve separately in gravy boat.



SQUARE MEAL . . . boiled yams, sliced and baked in layers with onions plus apple juice and butter, topped with juicy SPAM slices. Bake in hot oven until SPAM is crisply browned.



EASY DINNER . . . Ten minutes before potatoes finish baking, put limas to boil, fry fat slices of tender, pure-pork SPAM. Drain limas, split potatoes, add butter pats. Dinner's ready!



KING OF BREAKFASTS, sizzling hot fried SPAM and crisp, golden waffles. Tender, mild SPAM is also the ideal mate for pancakes, or eggs any style. In fact, SPAM makes *any* breakfast good!

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GOOD-TIME STREET

Continued from page 24

recently, a radio personality was picked up for handing out marijuana cigarettes as "favors."

When the cold light of the morning sun drapes The Street with a veil of drab respectability, the five-story brownstones that make up most of the block look much as they probably did 35 years ago, when they were the homes of New York millionaires. By the early 1920s, most of the aristocrats had left. The final socialite to depart was Kip Rhinelander, who caused a storm in the yellow press when he married a woman with colored blood. He chose to move from the neighborhood after months of notoriety.

A Sensational Jewel Theft

First indication that Fifty-second Street, between Fifth and Sixth, was not meant for ordinary things came on New Year's Eve of 1923. Irene Schoellkopf, wife of an upstate industrialist, was robbed of a half-million dollars in jewels during a party held in the apartment of her professional escort, Frank Carman.

Carman lived on The Street, at the top of a brownstone that had been owned by the notorious gambler Nicky Arnstein. This house remained in the news for months while police hunted the criminals.

Leader of the gang was Eugene Moran, an Arnold Rothstein bodyguard who was eventually burned to death during a gang war with Legs Diamond. Prior to the robbery Moran had lived at this same Fifty-second Street address with his moll. She was later drowned in the Harlem River, after being weighted with lead.

One of the two "fences" who bought the stolen jewels committed suicide on discovery. His partner was promptly paralyzed from shock and, after helping the police recover the loot, dropped dead.

Around 1925, speak-easies discovered that The Street was made to their measure. It was located in the center of things, yet had quiet exteriors behind which they could hide. Many former "speaks" are still in existence on The Street; and the owners brag of their illegal origins as if it meant coming over on the Mayflower. Examination indicates that the much-disputed "honor" of having had The Street's first speak-easy belongs to a man no longer in business, Jean Billia.

Jean certainly won't deny the distinction. "Ask me who had the first speak-easy on Fifty-second Street and I will tell you it was Jean Billia," he boasts defiantly.

The speak-easies survived either by paying off prohibition agents or by tricking them. Jack and Charlie's "21" Club negotiated the latter course by exercising fantastic ingenuity. First, it built secret vaults in out-of-the-way places, including a storeroom with a 5,000-case capacity under the basement of an adjacent house. Heavy masonry doors disguised as walls and operated by complicated electrical systems led to the caches.

In the drinking room upstairs, there was a trick counter top on which bottles and glasses could be piled. This was flipped into a recess in the wall, at the bottom of which was a chute that led to the sewers. In the vestibule, the doorman could press a button which disconnected the electrical system, making it impossible for the agents to operate the trick doors even if they should stumble on them. Simultaneously, the button sounded an alarm in the drinking room.

Prohibition officers made many unsuccessful attempts to sneak past the door while posing as guests. Once they came disguised as college boys, wearing raccoon coats and blazers and singing Boola-Boola! They were spotted a mile away.

Once Mac Kriendler, one of the "21" Club's owners, had a discussion with humorist Bob Benchley about the number of speak-easies on the block. To settle it, they started up The Street, taking a drink at each joint. Before long, they had to stop drinking in order to be able to continue counting. The total came to 38—not including restaurants which carried booze to be accommodating.

The peephole is gone from "21"; but it remains the favorite saloon of the famous. Outside its front you can generally find two clusters of people. One is made up of chauffeurs passing time. The other is of teen-agers who have read that Frank Sinatra is in town and know that, inevitably, he'll turn up at "21."

Just west of "21" is Leon and Eddie's. Although the proprietors of both clubs are friendly and run to each other for a few cups of sugar or a case of Scotch, their customers are from different worlds. Over 75 per cent of the business at Leon and Eddie's is made up of ordinary folks from out of town. The management claims to have a mailing list of 180,000 non-New Yorkers, scattered from Yonkers to Tibet.

Perennial star at Leon and Eddie's is owner Eddie Davis. Eddie is from the "schmaltzy" school that gave us Jolson, Cantor and Richman. For the past five years, on and off, Eddie has shared the spotlight with Sherry Britton, once a noted burlesque star. During the war, the club distributed a half-million copies of a startling photo of wasp-waisted Sherry. As a result, over 20 bombers were named after her. Another result is a steady flow of ex-G.I.s who come to see if it's all really true.

The folksy level on which Leon and Eddie's operates tends to put guests in an uninhibited, paper-hat frame of mind. Once Tommy Manville, the marryin' man, came to Leon and Eddie's in a horse-drawn carriage, unharnessed it and, in top hat and tails, rode the horse right in to a ringside table.

On the opposite end of The Street, Tony Soma has operated Tony's restaurant since 1929. Tony is an ardent believer in both yoga and *bel canto* singing. He and his family, down to nine-year-old Napoleon, try to sell customers on both virtues by singing while standing on their heads. Some unappreciative customers tried to dissuade Tony by confronting him with a recording of his upside-down voice. They waited hopefully while Tony listened to himself on wax. "Wonderful," he exclaimed, stamping his *hands* and clapping his *feet*. "Now I know I should teach others."

If Tony's hauntingly beautiful daughter, Enrica (Ricky), is a representative product of his methods, Tony's theories have merit. Though only nineteen, she has appeared on the covers of two national magazines, was a featured dancer with the Ballet Theatre and is under contract to Selznick. She began her professional career, of course, singing on her head.

Most important in the over-all make-up of The Street is its swing music. Here, in the early thirties, swing was born. Today, The Street is still the fountainhead of hot music. To this shrine, jazz fans come from all over the country, as well as from Europe, South America and even Siam.

Center of this idolatry is a group of swing clubs jammed within a hundred-foot portion of the west end of The Street. They're located in the basements of the brownstones. There have been as many as seven of these jazz cellars operating at once; now there are only three: the Onyx, Jimmy Ryan's and The Three Deuces. One of the original swing clubs closed when its building was condemned. Another became a package-liquor store. The rest switched from music to strip tease.

"We're being strangled by G strings," the jazz musicians moan.

Daddy of the swing clubs is the Onyx. It was founded around 1930 by Joe Helbock, now a bartender at the Ritz Tower Hotel on Park Avenue. Joe liked musicians; so the Onyx became the home-away-from-home for the Dorsey Brothers, Benny Goodman and other swing immortals. It was here that they held jam sessions, kept their instruments, received phone messages and, when they couldn't pay their rent, slept.

With the repeal of prohibition, Helbock inaugurated a formal music policy and hired a small band led by two guys named Riley and Farley. These two soon set the country crazy when they introduced The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round. Others who got their start at the Onyx were Maxine (Loch Lomond) Sullivan, John Kirby, Art Tatum, Stuff Smith and Leo Watson. Claude Thornhill was one of many musicians who hung around; and it was he who dreamed up the idea of Maxine singing Scotch ballads.

The swing clubs on The Street today are upholstered cellars with a capacity of from 120 to 150 persons. The typical Fifty-second Street jazz fan never sits at a table but crowds around the bar, where there is no cover charge. In that way, he can, with a few dollars, manage to shuttle between clubs, hearing the best at each. Bebop is currently the musical craze; and when its two leading exponents, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, recently played The Street simultaneously, the crowds at the bar moved back and forth between them. When Dizzy was performing, the bar was packed 5 and 6 deep. When he finished and the "relief" unit came on for a half hour or so, almost everyone swarmed next door to hear Charlie.

The strip-teasers, some of whom have replaced the jazz musicians, appeal to an older clientele, with more money to spend. But with so little cash left these days after paying the landlord and grocer, even these customers are demanding that the strippers extend themselves if they want any customers. Last March, the city police accused Georgia Sothern of being too anxious to please and importuned her to tone down her act. The charge, however, was dismissed after a hearing.

The people who live on The Street, being largely members of the entertainment world, like the carnival air on the block, even the late-hour noise. An average resident is Chan Richardson, of No. 7 West Fifty-second. Chan is a pretty night-club dancer and a schooled musician who earns extra money as a music copyist. She lives with her mother, who as Mildred Darling was a Ziegfeld Follies girl, class of '24.

Likes to Live Among Bebop Cats

"This is the 'gonest' street in the world," Chan brags, like a chamber of commerce enthusiast who talks jive. "I like walking home past the clubs, and always hearing music. I think bebop is the very end—and just think, here I am in the midst of the great cats who create it."

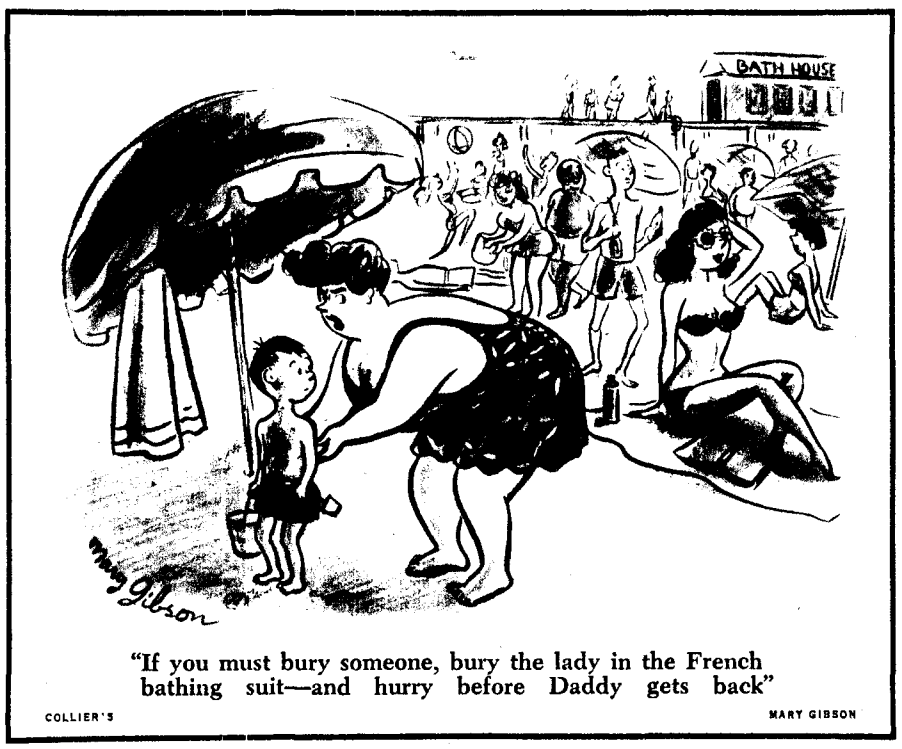
Chan expects to have to move shortly to make room for the new Lord & Taylor building. She's depressed, not so much from having to hunt for a new home as from knowing that The Street will pass on and will never be quite the same.

Signs of The Street's forthcoming demise are everywhere apparent. The Esso Building has already taken a big bite out of the block. Here and there, buildings needing repairs have been boarded up, waiting to be replaced by skyscrapers.

Owners of the jazz cellars are eying new locations. The Dooley Sisters, who operate The Street's Gold Coast bar, have established a restaurant on West Fifty-sixth Street. Leon has parted from Eddie and settled in Florida; Henry Fink, composer of Curse Of An Aching Heart and a fixture on The Street, has sold his Club Samoa and retired. Tony has already established an East Fifty-fifth Street restaurant called Tony's And Tony's Wife. Even Mayor Pincus has been seen, on slow nights, parking cars over on Broadway.

Not since the Navy Department shut down New Orleans' red-light district after the first World War has an area so filled with traditions of pleasure been faced with such a mass dispossession. One by one, the bright lights are being turned off. But it's a safe bet that there will be something doing on The Street until the last glass is tipped and the last hot note melts in the night.

THE END



"If you must bury someone, bury the lady in the French bathing suit—and hurry before Daddy gets back"

COLLIER'S — MARY GIBSON

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Douglas Moore

Doug knows cars!" That's what folks say around San Antonio, Texas. He's been operating service stations there since 1929.

"Why do I use Macmillan Oil in my own car? Well...if you'd worked over as many motors as I have since 1929...you'd agree there's no oil in America like Macmillan Ring-Free. Any car runs better when you use Macmillan *regularly*."

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You're right, Mr. Moore! Macmillan Ring Free Oil is different. Manufactured by the Macmillan patented refining process this oil not only lubricates fast but actually removes hard carbon...keeps motors cleaner.

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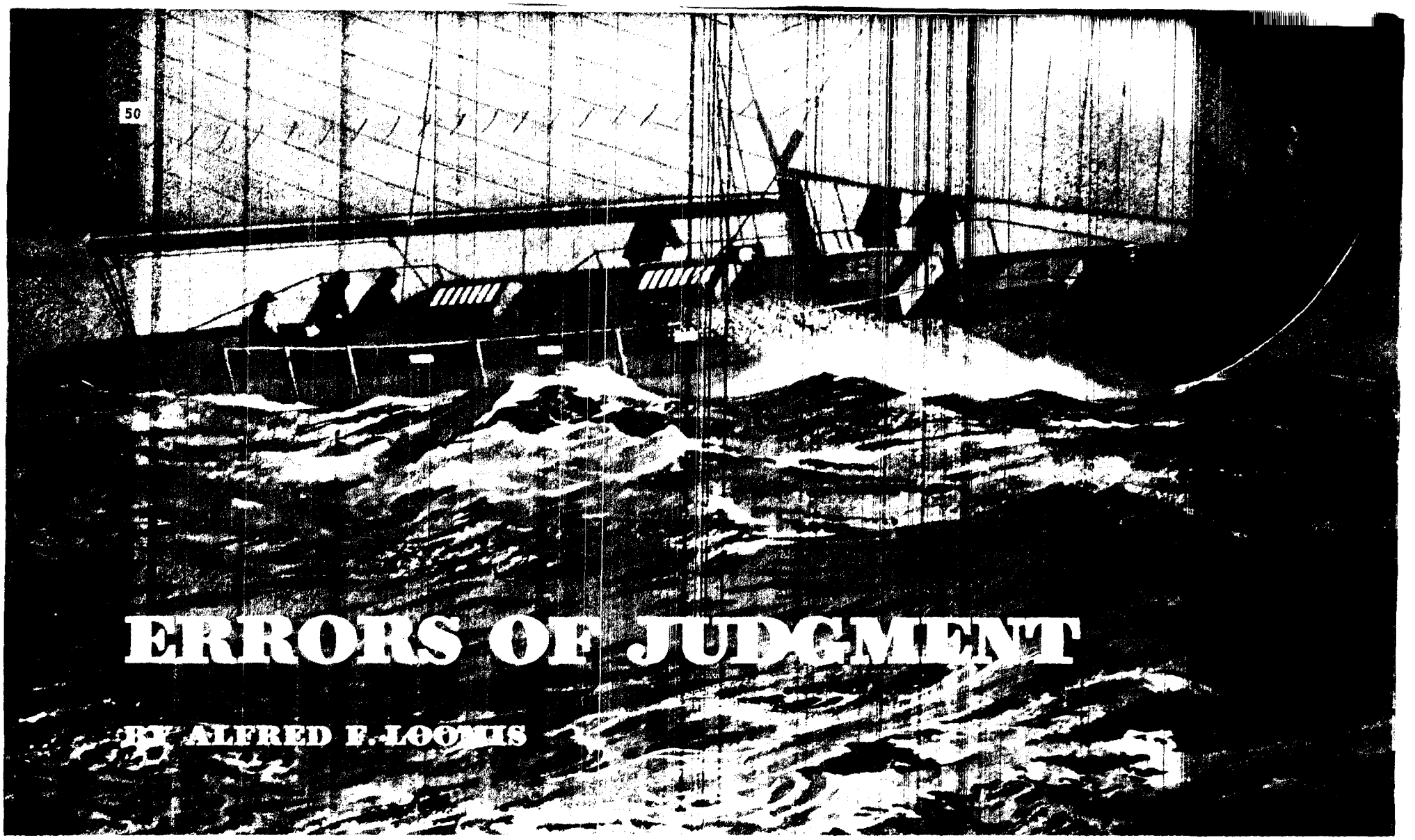

She had fine, beautiful lines, that boat. His wife was all right, too. And the combination should have been **wonderful**

THE second day out, the sea began to build up. Jim Allen, owner of the Wasp, was lying in his bunk in the double stateroom, his eyes shut tight, his heart skipping a beat with every fall of water on the deck. And on deck, Art Folsom, the navigator, was holding forth to the younger members of the amateur crew. Art's voice was just loud enough for Jim to hear him clearly through the stateroom skylight.

"This is the life. Why, I remember in '36 when we made it in little more than three days . . . Ever been sick? Me?" Art said, "Oh, a touch now and then. The trick is to heave and go right on with your work. I guess the Old Man is finding out that being top dog in Allen Industries, Inc., or day sailing in a quiet harbor is easier than ocean racing."

Natalie, Jim's wife, came into the stateroom, balancing gracefully against the uncertain motion of the boat. Jim lay on his back in the lee corner of the bunk, one shoulder pressed against the white enameled woodwork of the yacht's interior sheathing. She grasped the side of the bunk and leaned over him. "Hope you're feeling better, darling. It's wonderful topside. We've worked past that other boat that's down to leeward of us."

He repressed a groan. These technical phrases, which she had acquired from Art Folsom. He opened his eyes and observed her closely. "I know," he said. "I can hear most of the talk on deck. This open skylight's almost as good as a speaking tube."

Almost. But not quite.

Last night with the rest of the watch forward changing headsails Art and she had been alone in the cockpit. Very few words had been distinguishable, but Art had been saying plenty to her. Had it been the innocent chatter of an incessant talker? Or hadn't it? Jim could see nothing in Natalie's expression that betrayed a troubled conscience. Nevertheless, it was Art whom she had in mind when, as she turned to go, she said, "I'll tell him to let the Old Man rest a little longer."

The Old Man! The expression twanged another chord of Allen's jealousy. The crew had set him apart as the man that owned the yacht, and Natalie was one of them. She stood watch with them, took down figures when Art was shooting the sun, popped in occasionally with sparkling beads of water like diamonds in her hair, oozing health and happiness to observe the Old Man sick as a dog in his bunk.

"Take it easy, darling. And if you want anything, sing out and I'll get it for you."

She left the stateroom, closing the door carefully, as one does in leaving a sickroom. A moment later he heard her voice on deck. And he thought he had learned every nuance in seven years of married life. But it was different now, gay and carefree. She was no longer just the lesser half of the successful manufacturer.

Well, whose money had built this boat? How had she ever distinguished herself? Or Art Folsom, for that matter? On shore Art was the man with the pleasing personality who acted on Jim's suggestions. Nothing creative about him. Natalie had been fed up with being left home when her husband went off sailing with his friends, and now that they had a yacht of their own she had insisted on coming along. Or had she insisted because sailing was Art's sport, because Art, who had inveigled him into having this yacht built, was to be along too?

"The skipper," she was saying, "is having a little snooze. He tired himself out getting the Wasp ready for the race, and the reaction is natural. But he ought to be up and about after lunch."

"That's a thought, Nat," one of the younger men declared. "When do we eat?"

"Well," Jim heard her say, "I've just been up to pay a call on Robert, and while the galley is a shambles, with literally streams of water leaking down the stovepipe—"

"Charley Noble," corrected Art.

"Oh, yes, the Charley Noble. And although poor Robert is wearing a sou'wester to keep the water off the back of his neck, he has a roast in the oven, and there'll be baked potatoes and peas, and—"

CLOSING his ears to these repulsive gastronomic details, the owner of the Wasp shifted position so his hind end was against the side of the boat and his face was pushed into a rumpled pillow. His stomach kept turning over and it began to make him mad. The devil with them! I'll show them right now that I'm not sick or disabled, he thought.

Jim swung a leg over the side of the bunk and rolled belly down, pushing with his hands against the mattress to heave himself up. An attack of nausea sent a flood of saliva into his mouth and he swallowed convulsively. He let the heave of the sea roll him back against the sheathing. He lay panting, soaked with perspiration.

"You're sick, you silly old poop," he said to himself. "As a sailor you're a flop."

Art Folsom came into the stateroom, his black oilskins dripping water, and stood bracing himself with a knee against the bunk, drying his hands on a towel. He fished a cigarette from a dry inside pocket, lighted it and, inhaling deeply, blew the smoke in Jim's direction.

"How goes it, old-timer?" he asked, with that appalling lack of sympathy which a well man feels for the tribulations of a seasick one. "It's breezing on. Natalie's worrying a little about getting too far to leeward of the finish line, and we both think we ought to tack."

That made Jim angry, and his anger made him feel a little better. He swung both feet to the floor and sat almost erect. "Anticipating seasickness, Art, I proposed before we started that if it hit me you would take charge of the strategy of sailing this race. I didn't say we'd submit everything to a committee."

Damn it all, his wife knew nothing about anything except being a fascinating woman, and to express an idea on racing tactics when he was below was too much. He'd show her. Aware that Art would feel the clamminess of his upper arm if he permitted himself to be assisted to his feet, Jim made a mighty effort and stood upright.

"Easy does it," said Art, making no move to lend a helping hand. "Who ever said we were sick?"

Jim grunted. A little anger was a wonderful thing. His stomach was staying in place, even though the yacht seemed to be lying on her side. He clawed his way through the stateroom doorway and up into the doghouse, a partially glassed-in enclosure that served doubly as a shelter and as the navigator's workroom. There were three steps more to the deck

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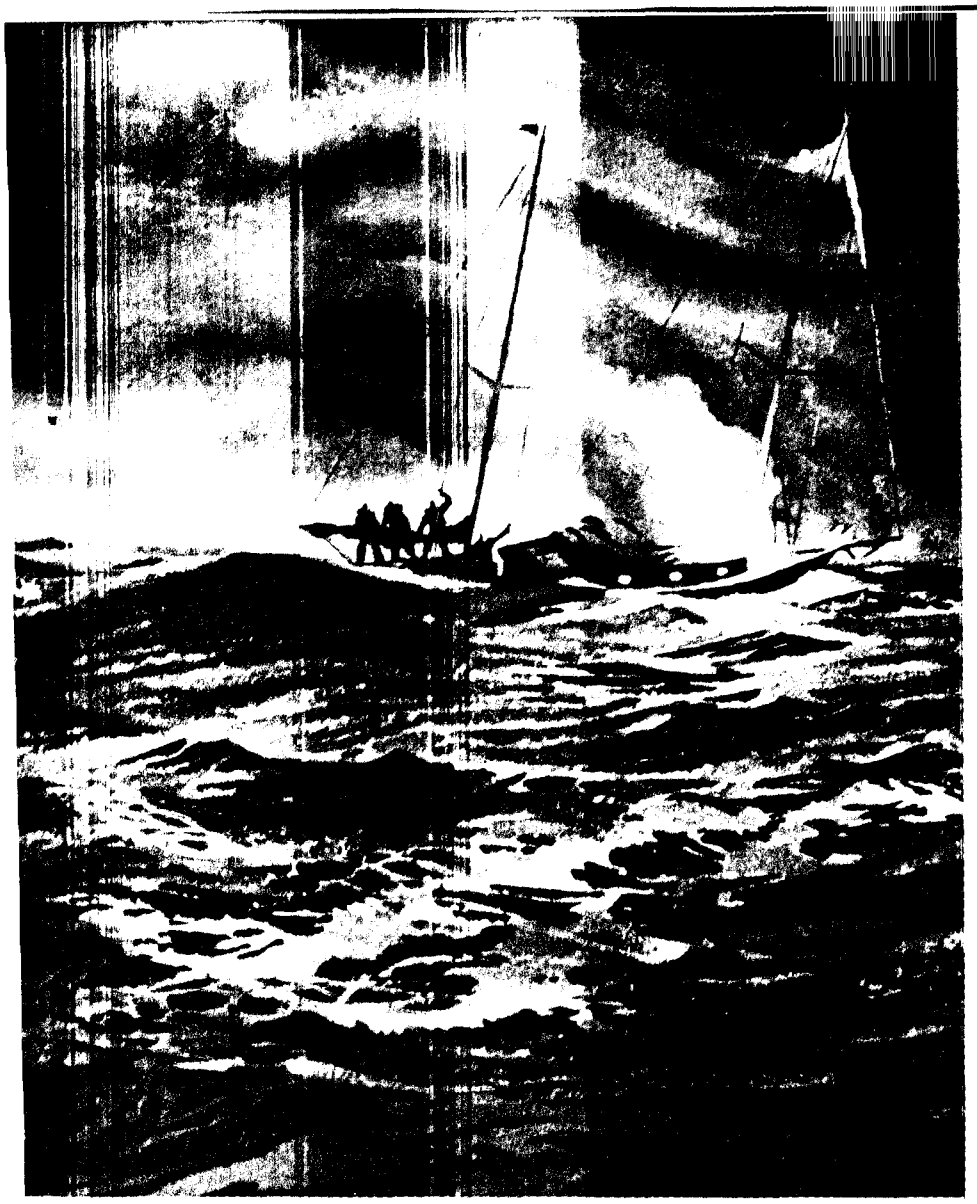

As the Wasp drew closer to the burning yacht they could see the men in their life jackets, crowded as far aft as they could get. They knelt or stood holding to the mizzen shrouds

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD MC LEOD

level but Jim contented himself with leaning over these, his head out of the hatchway, his arms resting on the sill.

A young man named Pete Dulwich was sitting at the wheel, one hand on the top spoke, moving it from side to side to hold the yacht's course, a benightedly happy expression on his face. To windward of him sat Natalie, dressed in a ski costume, the parka drawn up over her head, its red piping framing her round and laughing face. She leaned forward and patted Jim's shoulder with a proud, maternal gesture.

"Old Father Neptune himself!" she exclaimed. "Jim, darling, it's absolutely glorious."

JIM cast a sour look around. There was blue-green water, lapped with foam, climbing hungrily aboard to leeward, bubbling over and around such cleats and winches as were in its way. In the middle distance the Atlantic heaved angrily, its crests capped with spray that blew forward, the backs of its irregular waves traced with froth. Farther away the disturbance seemed to flatten out, but this was only seeming, for down there at a distance on the Wasp's quarter a racing competitor plunged her bow into it, inclining her mast until the spreaders seemed to touch the surface. The horizon looked as unsympathetic as a steel-gray band saw. Craning his head briefly to windward, Jim saw low, wind-racked twists of nimbus cloud scudding toward him.

A hell of a day to go to sea in a small boat, Jim thought. Because of the enthusiasm surrounding him he had the grace to keep the words behind his lips. There was a bunk on each side of the doghouse, and he sank down on the leeward one. He saw Art Folsom standing by, for once with a rein on his tongue. Jim's stomach rose quickly, the beneficial effect of the fresh air completely vitiated by sight of the tumbling, but he mastered it and said, "Let's have a look at the chart, and see where we are."

Art detached the ocean chart from its board and handed it over. "Here," said he, indicating, "is the rhumb line between Newport and Bermuda, and this small cross was my forenoon fix, about eight miles to westward of the line."

Jim made an effort to recall something of racing strategy that he had learned in coastwise sailing. "It's bad policy," said he, "to get too far to leeward of your line."

"That's what Natalie was thinking. But that boat astern of us and another one on our starboard bow are going the same as we are, and we've got them both covered. On second thought, now, I'd say get to westward and then if the wind hauls into the southwest we'll be sitting on top of the fleet."

"Suppose it doesn't?"

"Then we're sunk, racewise."

Jim found himself thinking of the decision he was required to make in terms of personality. Natalie wanted to put the yacht on the other tack. Art now wanted to remain as they were. If there were a third choice he, James Allen of Allen Industries, Inc., who traditionally did the proper thing, would weakly take it.

The yacht lurched with such violence that Art was thrown off balance and came sprawling down on top of him. A sea broke clear over the laboring vessel, flooding the cockpit. Here was Jim's third choice, weakly taken.

"Get the men on deck," said he, trying ineffectually to brush the water from his clothes. "Get a lot of sail off her. Tell Natalie not to stir from the cockpit except to come below. I'm going down to—help the cook." To himself he added, savagely, "To be sick, you mean."

Art was on his feet, full of vim and vigor. "Do we continue on this tack?" he asked.

"Suit yourself," said Jim. "With a reef in her we won't be going anywhere anyway." He went below, avoiding the glances of various members of his amateur crew who were on their feet struggling into oilers. He fell limply into his bunk, still in his saturated clothes, suffused with a feeling of gratitude that this was home, the one spot in a disordered world where he didn't have to make pretenses. He could lie like the dog he was.

NATALIE came in, hauled a blanket from the drawer beneath his bunk, spreading it over him. "You'll be all right pretty soon, Jim," she said. "Art says the motion will be a lot easier since he's going to stay on the port tack."

Weak humiliation sapped Jim's remaining strength. "I've simply got to sleep," said he. He slept. . . .

When he awoke, the nausea was gone. He opened his eyes, and saw that it was night. He had slept all the afternoon and evening. The yacht wasn't heeling consistently to one side or the other. She was bobbing up and down, in slow motion. No wind.

Drifting down the open skylight came remarks from which Jim deduced that the calm had come suddenly upon them:

"Look, there's clear sky overhead, and stars. That means we're in the center of a low and that the wind will come from a new direction." Jim placed the voice as that of Stew Webster, the man in charge of his starboard watch.

Art was also on deck, saying, with unction, "I didn't do so bad insisting on sailing the port tack all day. It's got to come in from the southwest, and, boy, will we be there!"

That kid Pete Dulwich was evidently at the wheel again, for he said, "No steerageway."

"Do the best you can, son," said Stew Webster. That order, thought Jim, marked Stew as the man in charge of the watch, and the time as after midnight.

Natalie was also topside. "If the wind does come in from the southwest, Art," she asked, "does that mean we have a chance to win?"

"Don't count your chickens," grumbled Stew.

"At least we're on top of the fleet," answered Art, "as I thought we would be when I told the Old Man what to do yesterday."

So, it *is* shortly after midnight thought Jim, dully. In a sort of mental double-take the significant part of Art's remark impinged on his thinking processes. *When I told the Old Man what to do.* So you're in command, are you, Mr. Folsom, and the Old Man is a cast-off shoe? We'll see about that. He reached up and snapped on a reading light at the head of his bunk. Immediately from the cockpit came the shout, "Douse that glim!" followed by the propitiatory words, "Oh, I guess the Old Man has come to life."

Natalie laughed, a clear tinkling peal of proprietary laughter. "The poor dear," said she. "I'll go feed him."

Jim threw off his blanket and got to his feet. He was mad clear through, and his words of greeting as Natalie entered the stateroom were venomously spiteful. "A fine loyal wife you are, sitting up on deck with that crowd of jib jockeys making fun of your husband."

There was a sudden hurt look in her eyes—a look instantly replaced by indignation. "I did nothing of the kind," she rejoined. "I came down to give you some bouillon. If you drink it hot it will improve your disposition."

"It will take more than that," Jim announced.

Natalie filled a cup from a vacuum bottle, handed it to him and perched herself on the edge of his bunk, regarding him quizzically. "This has been a wonderful experience," said she. "Reefing down, and the wind going flat, and all that. I'm so glad you brought along somebody that knows as much about sailing as Art does."

Art! Art this and Art that. To hell with him! Jim gulped the steaming bouillon, gave the empty cup to Natalie and got into dry outer clothing. "Did I hear something about starlight?" he asked.

"Yes, and Art says the barometer is literally bounding up."

Jim turned off the light and left the stateroom, leaving his wife to her own devices. He felt his way up through the doghouse to the deck and stood still, holding on, while his eyes adapted themselves to the darkness. First recognizable was Pete Dulwich, the light of the binnacle shining on his face.

"Ah, Pete, at it again, I see." A figure stirred in a forward corner of the cockpit and the owner of the Wasp became aware of Stew Webster's burly presence. "Our watch on deck, is it?"

"Yes, the middle watch."

"Where are we?"

Art, sitting alongside the helmsman, put in his two cents' worth. "Halfway between hither and yon," said he.

"Where," asked Jim, "is that stranger you saw on our starboard bow?"

"Somewhere on our port bow now. We overhauled her and she tacked astern of us. We came about a little later and then it went flat. There's a dim light out there."

STEW WEBSTER craned around and had a look. "Could be." His attention was seized by something more important than an indefinable light on an invisible horizon. "Look, the wind!" He held up a burning cigarette. "Listen."

They all, including the helmsman, jumped to their feet and looked toward the starboard bow. A sound of rushing came closer. There was the effect of breakers. The sound intensified and the wind came in, blowing past their eardrums. The main sheet block gave a purposeful thud, life restored itself to the reefed mainsail, the yacht heeled heavily to port and gathered way.

Art shouted jubilantly: "This is it, boys, south-southwest, and all those muggs that sailed the other board are

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down there stewing in their own juice."

"The course?" asked the helmsman.

"Southeast by south."

"Southeast by south has it."

Jim became aware of Natalie standing near him. She had made no move to touch him and he felt that she was withdrawn within herself. This was a pity, for he was feeling fine. On the crest.

He looked in the direction in which the faint light had been sighted and saw it again, a little brighter. "The glasses, please," he addressed the dark-wrapped company at large. Somebody handed him a pair of binoculars and he adjusted them to his eyes.

"That might be a flare," said he, troubled. "It comes and goes, but it hasn't the brightness of a flashlight. Somebody else take a look."

Stew took the glasses, gazing long and fixedly. "Getting brighter all the time," said he. "It isn't a flare. It's a fire."

Immediately there was a babble of voices, cut short by Jim Allen. "Somebody man the radio," said he. "Coast Guard frequency, or, wait a minute, look up the race instructions and see what wave length that Navy escort ship is guarding. The instructions are wedged in beside the radio cabinet."

Natalie touched his shoulder. "We haven't any transmitter, have we?"

"No, but we can listen."

A LAD from Art's watch—there were three or four in the total afterguard of ten, of whose identity Jim was not absolutely sure—detached himself and went below.

Jim, conscious of his deficiency, addressed the helmsman, glad to name a name. "Pete, make directly for the burning yacht."

"The burning yacht," repeated Dulwich. "That's east-southeast, sir."

"She's no more than three miles away," said Stew Webster. "Less than half an hour. Will you go alongside?"

Jim Allen didn't speak. He was thinking. Not for the briefest instant did he seek to evade his duty as he saw it. Assuming that the crew of the distressed yacht was still aboard—as they would be, fighting the fire—he would put the Wasp alongside to leeward, his bow close to the other's stern. There would be damage as the sea brought them together. Heavy damage, probably. Must have mattresses and pillows and lines handy, for covering or plugging up holes. There was the risk of fire communicating itself to his sails. Saturate 'em first as high as water could be tossed from a bucket. Have himself and two or three of the nameless ones of his crew standing by.

The boy came up from below. "You're right, sir, that Navy D.E. is talking to the Academy racers. One of them, the Valerie, I think it is, is nearly ten miles to leeward of the burning yacht and as she has no motor she has asked the mother ship for instructions. Another one, the Headland Light, is also to leeward, but she has already abandoned the race and turned on her motor. The D.E. —her code name appears to be 'Hexagonal'—is twenty miles, one-two-two degrees true from the fire, which she can see from aloft, having been given a bearing by the Headland Light, and she has them both on her radar. She's making flank speed in a rough sea and rapidly freshening wind and it will take her nearly an hour to get there. The Headland Light says about two hours for her."

"Thanks, Joe," said Jim, "or, that is—"

"Walter Harding, sir."

"Oh, of course, Walter," Jim said. "Keep the radio manned, and somebody go forward and rouse the cook out of his bunk. I want everybody aft, some on deck, and some below."

"Aye-aye, sir."

"And, Stew, you'll be at the helm to bring us alongside. Take over now. Pete, get a bucket and start soaking the sails. Soak 'em as high as you can reach."

Art Folsom placed himself beside Jim Allen, sitting in the cockpit, watching the burning yacht through glasses. Flames momentarily shot up the mainsail, revealing humanity clustered aft.

"It's a good thing that Navy ship is only an hour away," said Art. "Those poor devils would have it otherwise."

"We're twenty minutes away and will make the rescue," replied Jim.

"We?" Art's voice, usually so suave, sounded deeply troubled. "Why, we can't possibly do it. I've never gone alongside a boat at sea, let alone a burning one."

"That's where you're going now." Jim turned to Stew Webster. "Do you think we can do it, Stew?"

"If we get the breaks."

"I tell you," insisted Art, "we're inexperienced in this sort of thing. We'll make a botch of it, maybe drown the poor men we're—"

Jim jumped to his feet. "I tell you what, Art," said he. "You're all right, but your responsibility is getting you down. So I'll relieve you of it. Go below and help the cook pass up pillows."

Art went below.

"Boys," continued Jim, "don't give a thought to the risk. It's negligible. Think of those poor lads over there." His voice softened as he addressed his wife. "I want you down below."

"No."

"Yes. In the doghouse now." Jim turned again to the crew. "I don't want anybody forward of me and I won't go much forward of the doghouse. If anybody has to board the burning yacht I go and nobody else. Have lines ready for any who fall into the sea. See that the life rings are clear for throwing."

"And, Jim!" Stew called. "See that Pete or somebody is ready to back the jib. It's going to be done in a few seconds or else."

"Right. I'll go forward and tell him."

JIM went forward. He saw rivulets dripping from the foot of the jib and found Pete working with bucket and water on the luff of the mainsail.

"I'll spell you, Pete," said he, taking the bucket. "You know, I think we may be able to get away with it."

He dipped and threw a few bucketfuls, maintaining balance with difficulty and wondering if it wasn't wasted effort. He stopped to look at the burning yacht and was surprised to see how close she was. He secured the bucket and moved aft.

She was a small yawl, her jib and the forward part of her mainsail burned away, the rest of it smoldering on the cabin house, and her mizzen roughly furled. Flames issued from one big hole at what had been her galley hatch, just aft of the mainmast, whose afterside glowed brightly. Amidships, her port lights revealed fire in her main cabin, obscured intermittently by a pall of smoke billowing horizontally down-wind. Four men, blackened towels in their hands and held briefly before their nostrils, crowded as far aft as they could get. They were misshapen in their life jackets and they knelt or stood holding to the mizzen shrouds.

The Wasp's lean, clean bow poised like a spear upraised ten feet above the cowering shipwrecked sailors, ten yards to leeward of them. It dropped level as the short distance narrowed, ranging slowly ahead.

"How many?" shouted Jim.

"Four," came the response.

"Any cripples?"

"No. But we're right on top of the fuel tanks."

"You'll have about ten seconds."

They had even less. The Wasp's bow rose again and with the last of her momentum closed the gap. Down came the bow, not quite clearing the side of the burning yawl. There was a crunch of splintered wood as the yachts came together. The rescued sailors moved fast. One did no more than step from one boat to the other. Two leaped head first over the rescuer's wire life line. The fourth, missing his jump, jackknifed across it, his head inboard. Quick hands seized him.

The yachts clung as if they had been lashed together, the Wasp's greater weight and heavier planking beating the yawl's side to splinters. Her cabin split open and the flames leaped across the Wasp.

"Let the jib draw. My wheel's hard over." It was Stew, raising his voice for the only time in the quick maneuver. The jib quieted, stiff as a board. The Wasp fell away, forereached, and the heat of the burning yacht, brushing past them, forced her crew to crouch and cower away from it.

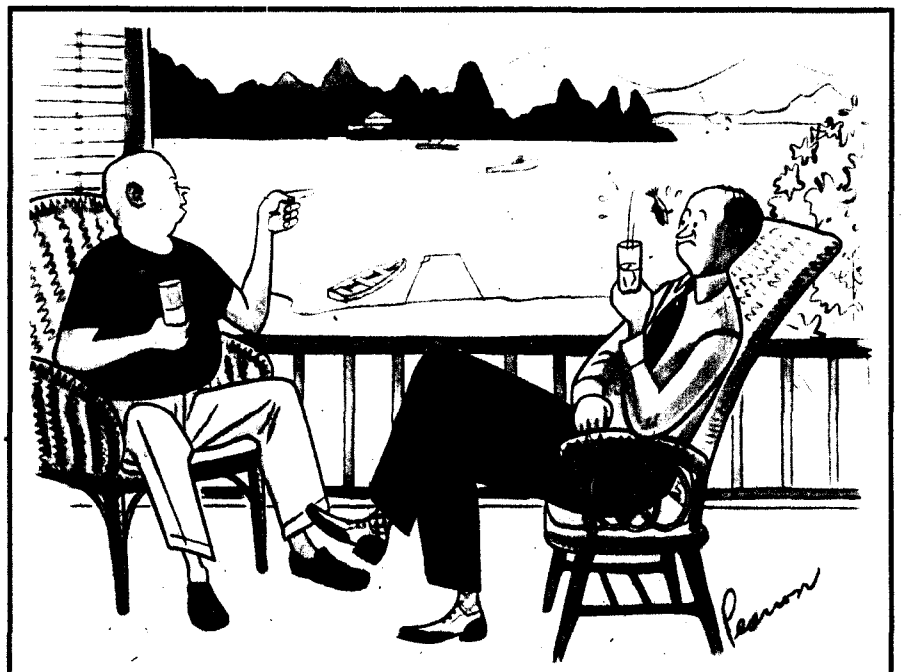
The distance widened. The air was cool again. Jim felt his way aft. Somebody hardened the main sheet.

"Good job, Stew. I knew you could do it. Natalie, get these lads below and put ointment on their burns. Tell Robert to make hot tea if he's still got a galley. Walter, see if we're leaking badly."

"What course, Skipper?"

Somehow, Jim didn't mind the previously odious appellation. He replied with another question. "How much time has passed?"

"Twenty-five minutes."



"During the winter we cut our own ice right out there in the lake"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

"Can anybody see that naval vessel? We'll have to intercept her and pass the word."

"I see a searchlight trained straight up."

"Steer for that and keep between it and the hulk. Good God, there go the tanks! She should be visible for a few minutes for quite a distance."

FOLSOM and Jim and three or four others of the crew were sitting lazily on the yacht-club porch, glad to have the steadiness of Bermuda beneath them. The wind softly ruffled the men's hatless heads, and the blue water of Hamilton Harbor by its very tranquillity seemed to deny any kinship with its parent body the ocean. Small boats played with wind and water of the harbor, weaving a formless yet lovely pattern among the newly anchored ocean racers.

"How about another drink?" Art Folsom asked.

"Sure," Jim said. "Only this one's on me."

He had been sitting there lost in thought about Natalie and the discord between them. The next morning after picking the men up they had transferred them to the escort vessel in a moderating wind and sea. Perhaps Natalie felt deprived of nursing the poor shipwrecked sailors all the way into Bermuda. Or perhaps she was angry about being ordered into the doghouse. Anyway she was unapproachable now. When he had come ashore, she had stayed behind.

Then just as Jim, looking out into the harbor, saw Natalie come to the Wasp's starboard gangway, and the club launch run alongside, Stew Webster came up, saying, "Oh, Skipper."

"What?" Jim said.

"I heard that the race committee refused to accept Headland Light's self-disqualification for starting her motor. They say she ran it while turned away from her destination, and that in a special circumstance like that, it doesn't count. And she's sure of second or third place on corrected time."

"Sporting of the committee. . . . Excuse me, Stew, there's something I want to say to Nat." Jim walked alone down the short path to the landing, oblivious of the crowd of persons coming and going, and met his wife.

"Nat," he began, "there's something—"

"Wait," said she, breathlessly. "I stayed aboard to get the broadcast from the finish line at St. David Head. And the last boat is in that we had to allow a handicap to—and we've won the race! They're calling you a hero, and the governor is going to give a reception because one of the four boys who were saved is a nephew of his or the king's or—"

"Oh, my God!" interjected Jim. "Nat, we'll take the first plane out of here and let the Wasp sail herself home."

"We'll do nothing of the kind, because heroes stay and face the music." She thrust her hand through the crook of his arm and swung him gaily around. "Now that we're ashore I don't mind being ordered to the doghouse. It's a cute little place, and with curtains and chintzes could be made quite attractive."

Jim stopped her short. "I've got it," said he, facing her. "When I was down and out you had your independence. But when I was up and strong you—" He stopped, reluctant to complete his thought.

She gazed up into his face, her lips slightly trembling. "I guess maybe that was it, darling. It was silly of me."

He caught her in his arms and hugged her violently. "Nat," said he, "we'll take a long, roundabout cruise home, and I'll be down and out the whole blasted time. It's something I've been owing you."

She smiled happily. "It isn't. You don't. Stop kissing me in public. What will people say?"

THE END

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VACATION 1948

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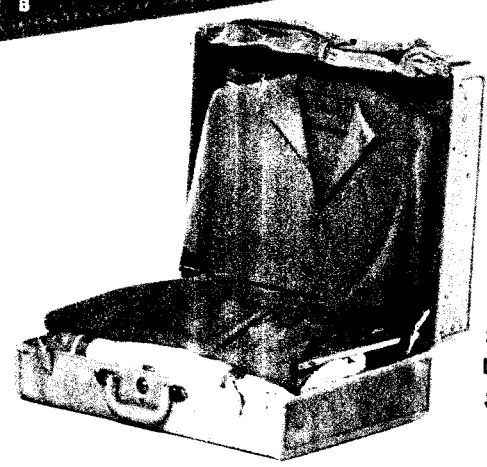

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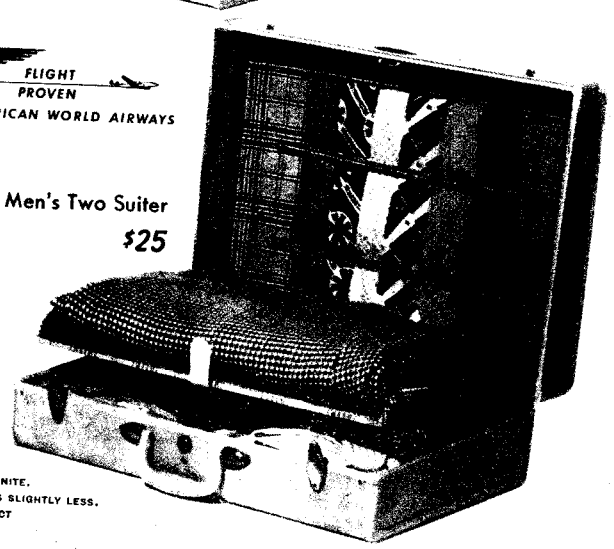

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THE HOT-POTATO OLYMPICS

Continued from page 29

food tastes together. Under this plan, the garlic-eating nations would dine together, apart, for example, from the custard-eating nations. It all looked pretty simple until special requests started coming in.

It now develops that nobody on earth eats like a Turkish wrestler, and so the Turks will be alone. The Spanish turned out to be calorie-crazy. The Indian team needs plenty of dal, an Indian vegetable, and special seeds for rice dishes. Ceylon, Burma, Afghanistan and Pakistan want *channa,* mung, *mussoor,* and *bamis,* and they will get them too, if the Olympic committee ever figures out what they are. The Chinese won't even get out of bed if they can't have bamboo shoots, bean sprouts, sharks' fins, birds' nests and tangerine skins.

Housing is easier, and the only special request has come from the Finns, who will want a *sauna* or steam bath. However, there will be no elaborate Olympic Village such as the Germans had in 1936. The athletes will be housed in semi-austerity in schoolhouses, army camps, Royal Air Force camps and other units which will scarcely compare in luxury to Claridge's Hotel or the Ritz.

A Rugged Job for London Busses

Transportation for the athletes has been arranged on a complicated timetable. At the height of the games, 192 London busses will be requisitioned to haul athletes from arena to arena. In addition every competitor will travel free on regular London transport facilities within fifteen miles of Charing Cross.

Countless ministries and government officials have their hands in the festival pie.

The Ministry of Food, for example, must be consulted on the importation of hay for Olympic horses, not to mention food for the athletes. Permission to import the horses must come from the Ministry of Agriculture. Scotland Yard, because of the Dangerous Drugs Act, has to okay what sort of liniment team doctors can bring. The Customs and Excise Department recently informed a Swiss watch company which wanted to lend the Olympic committee $40,000 worth of chronometers, gratis, that its generosity would cost it a cool $52,000 in import duties, notwithstanding the fact that the watches would be returned to Switzerland after the games.

In view of these and similar difficulties, one or two British Olympic Committee officials have said privately that they pulled a monumental boner in offering to hold the games. One clique actually proposed abandoning them even at the expense of British prestige. But prestige triumphed and history is now obligated to record the approaching effort as the Hot-Potato Olympics.

Unofficially, the games are already being referred to as the G.N.M.U. (Grand National Mess-Up). Part of it can be ascribed to the bickering and backbiting that Olympic games always produce under the label of international sport.

It is to be hoped that Britain, as host, will not humiliate itself as it did in the recent Winter Olympics when it dispatched its teams to Saint-Moritz on an impossible shoestring. At Saint-Moritz, the British hockey team had no coach and no trainer, although it eventually borrowed a doctor from the Canadian team. It was the only team without special uniforms. The players did not have enough money to enable them to mingle socially with players from other countries. Conditions finally got so bad that a British newspaperman reported that Colonel Evan Hunter, leader of the British delegation, was hiding in his hotel room to avoid further embarrassment.

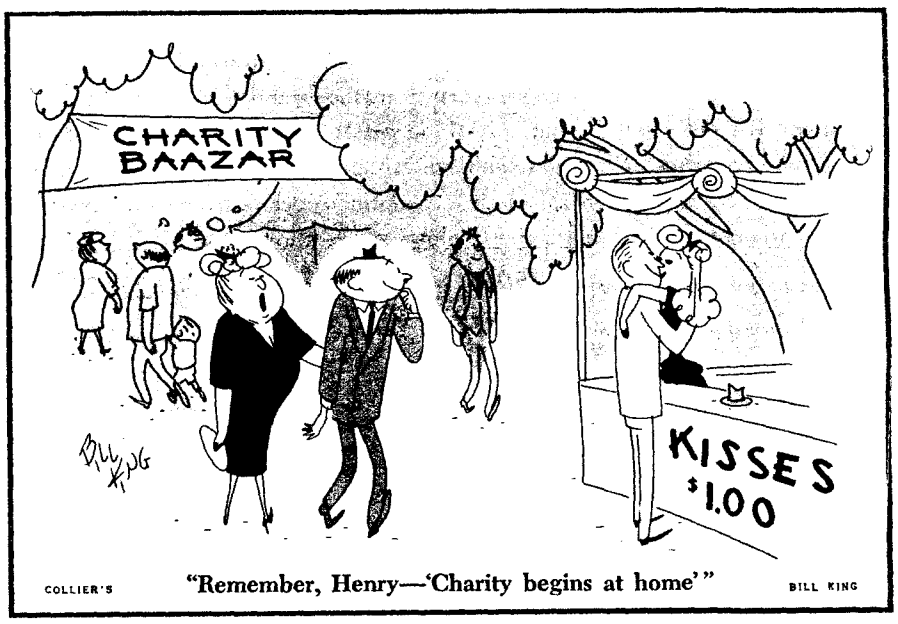
Last winter, also in Saint-Moritz, the captain of the Rumanian winter sports team said the judges were incompetent and that United States financial circles influenced the results, thereby making everything perfect for a good start this summer. Several weeks ago, South Africa made its contribution by denying its best weight lifter a place on the team because he is colored. He will compete for Britain instead.

Then there is the question of "broken time," or whether athletes should be paid for time away from their regular jobs. An ardent crusader for the purest sort of amateurism, Mr. Avery Brundage, chairman of the American Olympic Committee, naturally has strong feelings about broken time, which smacks of professionalism. The issue remains unsettled. But it is unlikely that any winning athletes will be rewarded with bags of gold such as Mussolini presented Italian winners in 1936.

Still, there will be competitors in London this summer who could hardly class as the sort of amateur the International Olympic Committee describes as "one whose connection with sport is and always has been solely for pleasure and for the physical, mental or social benefits he derives therefrom. . . ."

Someday, perhaps, there will be an Olympic games in which the competitors will be simply the best athletes in the world, amateur or professional. If it ever comes to pass, that sucking noise you hear will be the Olympic committee's heads coming up out of the sand.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Remember, Henry—'Charity begins at home'" BILL KING

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THE BRAMBLE BUSH

Continued from page 26

good to them alive, but they couldn't murder me in front of people. They had to get me alone first and make the death look like suicide or accident. And there was an additional reason now why she'd help me. The real Philip Tremaine was still somewhere in the vicinity of San Francisco, and if the police took me, I'd tell. Somehow I had to let Reba Tremaine know I had that information. Wickersham knocked on the door again.

A hesitant voice sounded from beyond the door. "Yes? Who is it?"

Wickersham opened the door a few inches. "John Wickersham," he said. "I have Philip here. He wants to see you now."

"Philip," she said wonderingly. "Philip? What Philip?"

Wickersham stiffened perceptibly and a look of genuine concern crossed his face. "Your son, of course. Are you quite all right, Mrs. Tremaine?"

"My son?" A note of caution entered her voice. I moved up toward the door but Wickersham barred the way, holding me by an arm while he peered in.

"You must remember, Mrs. Tremaine. He has been here all the time. I hope his sudden appearance hasn't given you a— a shock of some kind."

"Oh," she said quietly. "But I urged you to let him go." She sounded hurt. "You're my lawyer."

"I'm sorry," he said patiently. "I can't do that. I must turn him over to the authorities. Thereafter I'll be of what service I can to you. If you don't want to see him, I'll call the police now."

"No," she said quickly. "No. Let me talk to him. May I see him alone?"

"I can't permit that either," he said. "I assure you I'll overhear nothing. You'll have to bear my company though." He pushed the door open wider and pulled me forward so I could enter in front of him. I walked on in. It wasn't going to matter much what was said; but I was a little curious as to what her reaction would be.

SHE was propped up against a stack of pillows with a bedspread up to her waist. She lifted a hand and gestured to the chair beside her bed. Not a muscle stirred on her face. Her expression was set with melancholy and infinite motherly patience.

It wasn't until I was quite close to her that I saw she was trembling all over. The effort of keeping the visible parts of her body composed was too great a strain on the parts that were concealed.

"Why did you come?" she whispered. "Why did you come?" It wasn't a question; it was an accusation. I had displeased her by coming, and I had no right to displease her.

"Because I needed your help," I said. "I needed it badly." Two tears squirmed from between her closed eyelids.

"How is it possible, Philip, for me to help you?" She sighed deeply. "You were free, Philip. You should have gone." She had a plan too. She'd decided to cut her losses and give up. It was only too evident in what she said. She was going to carry the pretense of thinking me her son all the way through. When the police took me, she'd swear she'd been deceived. She'd be aghast; she'd probably faint. That was easier than trying to help me escape. The fortune could wait until the Tremaines found another victim. That was her plan and I had to jar it.

"A son has certain rights," I said. "Rights to do a great many things where his mother is concerned."

"Yes, almost anything."

"Even to kill," I whispered.

"No."

"But it was tried. It was tried on me."

Her eyes suddenly opened and flamed at me.

"It was tried by somebody's son. If not by your son, by whose?"

She became chalky. The eyes stayed open, staring at me with pupils so wide they were like black pits.

"What's this?" she said, trying to lift herself from the pillows. "You're saying someone tried to kill you?"

"Exactly. A man I thought was in Mexico. He thinks me dead right now. He doesn't know I recognized him. But I did. And if the police take me, they'll take him too. It's some consolation to know that he might die, isn't it?"

The eyes were black with hatred and anguish. She threw back the bedspread and started to rise to her feet. I remembered her saying when I first met her that a mother would do anything for her son. Now she was ready to do it. She could have seen me die with pleasure, but a threat to Philip Tremaine was more than she could stand. Far more. She stood beside the bed, clutching her throat, swaying, making inarticulate sounds. Then her knees buckled and she dropped to the bed, slid from its edge and rolled full length upon the floor.

AT THE doorway Wickersham suddenly came to life. "Good God!" he gasped and dropped to a knee beside her. He seized her wrist, shook her chin, placed a hand over her breast.

But when I stood up, Wickersham stood up too. He hadn't forgotten me. I looked at Reba Tremaine and realized my plan was no good. I'd overplayed it. She'd been strong enough for everything else, but her attachment to her son was too great. The threat to him had broken her, and now she was no good to me.

"Who's her doctor?" said Wickersham.

"How would I know?"

He dragged me out through the dining room to the hallway where there was a telephone. He pushed me into a chair a few feet from the door where he could watch me. "Don't move. Just remember that every door in this place is locked including the back one you entered by. It's got a new screw in it."

He flipped open the phone book and looked at the emergency numbers written down in the front of it, then dialed. He gave his information concisely. "It looks like shock or heart failure. All I can say is hurry." He gave the address and hung up, stepping back in front of me again. "We'll go stay with her."

I shrugged and preceded him into the bedroom again. Mrs. Tremaine still lay on the floor, but she was obviously alive. I could hear her breathing; it was even and apparently effortless.

"I believe she'll be all right," said Wickersham.

"I hope so." I meant it. This would have been too easy a way for her to get out of the thing. After the next shock, she could die if she wanted to.

The shades were drawn on the bedroom windows. If I remembered right, there were ivy vines just outside and a lawn about six feet beneath. I might try diving through the glass, but after that I was cornered again. There was no place to run to even if I could run.

"Don't think of it," Wickersham said. "You'd just cut your throat on the glass. I'm pretty fast myself." . . .

About ten minutes after Wickersham's phone call, a car pulled up in front. Wickersham ordered me into the living room, from where we could see a man with a doctor's satchel coming up the walk.

"Sit on the sofa," he said. I sat on the sofa. There were two cars now. One in the garage and one out front. Wicker-

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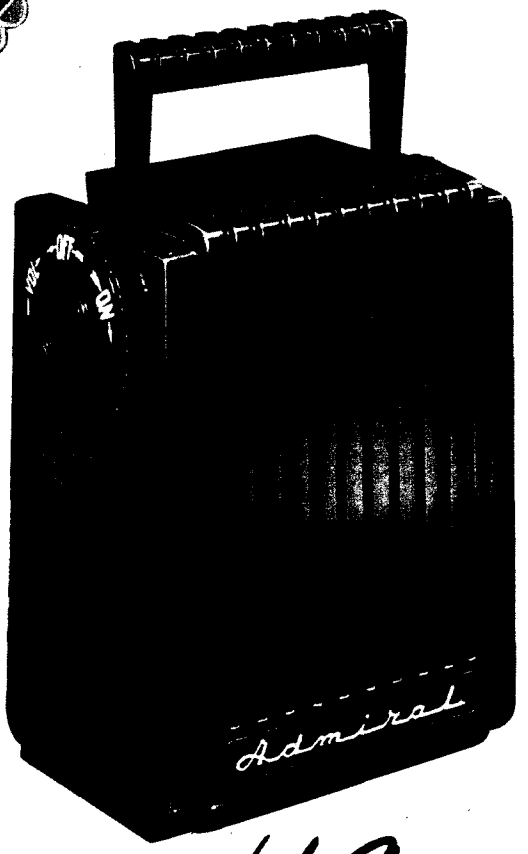

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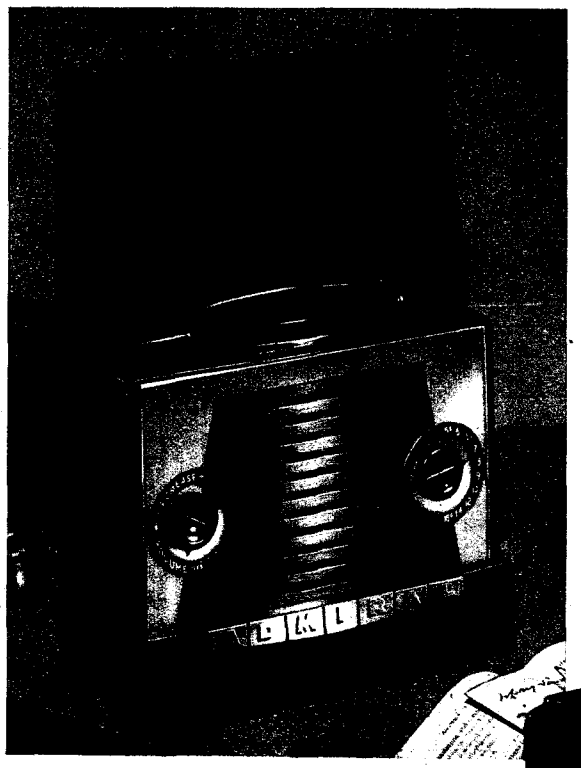

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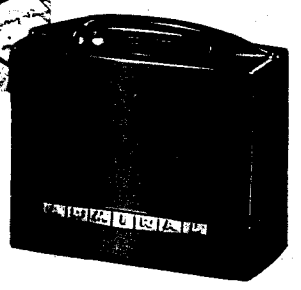

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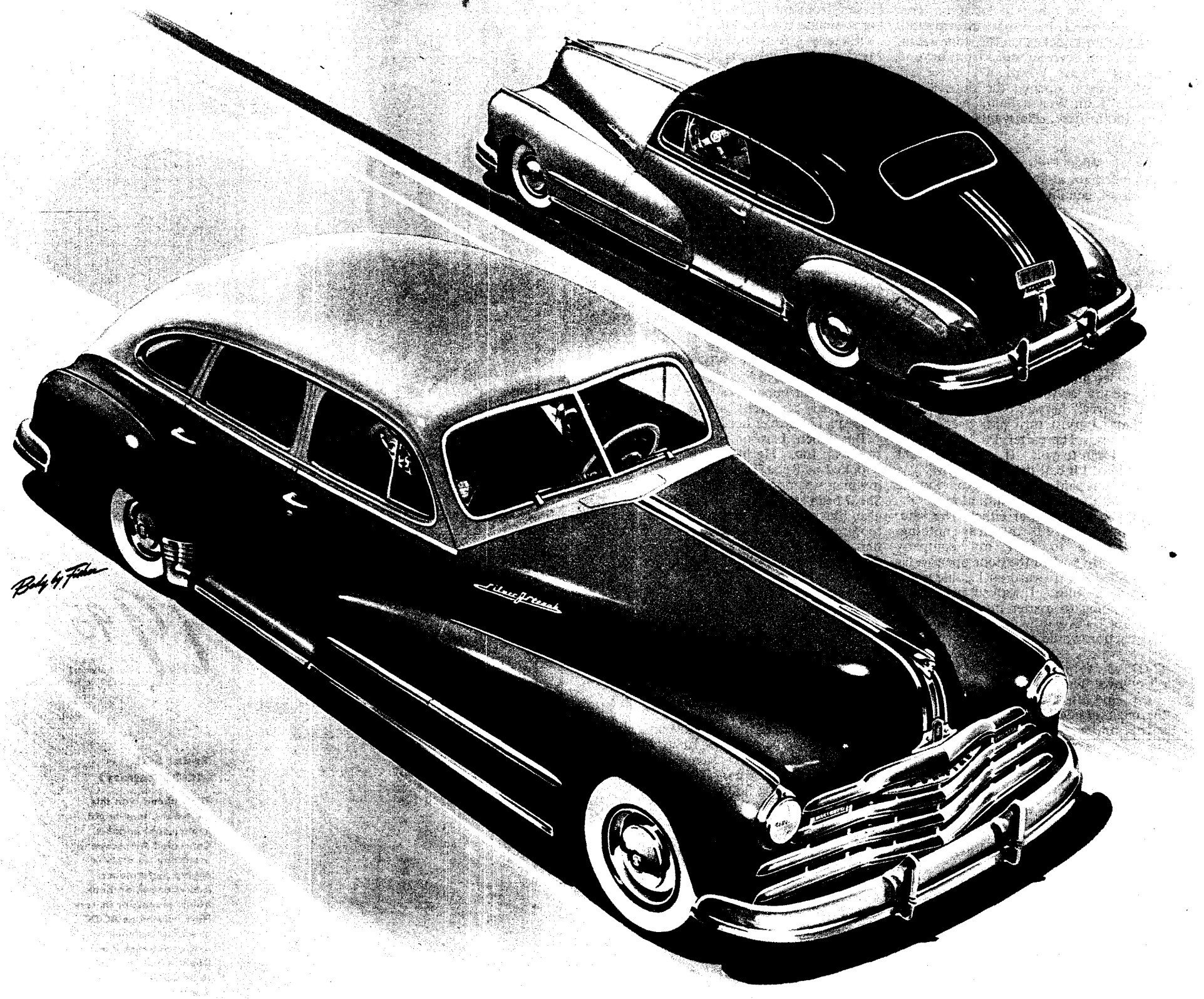

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sham took a key from his pocket and unlocked the door for the doctor, then locked it again and put the key away. He motioned to the bedroom.

"She's in there. If we can help any, say so."

The doctor grunted and passed out of sight into the bedroom.

We waited about fifteen minutes. During that time Wickersham's car sat out in the garage and the doctor's out front. The doctor may have left the key in his. But the house door was locked and the key to that was in Wickersham's pocket. He sat at the opposite end of the sofa. There was a vase on the coffee table, a narrow-necked thing with a brown glaze. Wickersham got to his feet, picked it up and examined it.

"Sung period," he said. "About the year one thousand. You wouldn't want to break it." He put it on another table across the room and returned to the sofa. There was nothing to do except wait. A futile effort was worse than none.

The doctor finally came out of the bedroom with his satchel. He set it down and pulled out his notebook.

"How is she?" asked Wickersham.

"She'll be all right. Looks like a case of shock coupled with physical fatigue. I've got her in bed. Best thing for her to do is rest. What caused it?"

"She's been under quite a strain lately," said Wickersham.

"Of course," said the doctor. "This terrible thing about her son. Someone should stay with her."

"There's her daughter Catherine."

"Then it might be best to have the daughter stay with her a few days. No great danger, but she needs someone to keep her in bed. The woman has been driving herself for years. A very determined woman."

"I was afraid it was her heart," said Wickersham.

"Her heart's always been sound. Did she get some sudden bad news?"

"You might call it that."

"Yes. Well, that could do it." He tore a page from his notebook and handed it to Wickersham. "Have her daughter get this filled. The dosage is written down. That's all, then. I'll drop around Monday for another check." He shoved his pencil into his pocket, picked up his case and left. During the whole time he was in the room I don't think he glanced at me once.

WICKERSHAM was right behind him at the door, closing it and turning the key. He looked at me a moment. "I'll call your sister," he said. "Then I'll call the police. In some ways it's too bad your mother is going to live to see the rest of this."

He went to the phone again, got a long-distance operator and put in a call to San Francisco. I waited. Was Catherine going to be home or was she still someplace with her brother? By now, surely, they must know their attempt had been a failure. That thought was more consoling. Catherine would run out of acts someday if I kept seeing her often enough, and then I'd find out what she was really like.

"Miss Tremaine there?" Wickersham asked. Then he frowned. "Why at the D.A.'s office?" After that he didn't say anything except yes and no a few times. When he hung up, his face was set. He gave the operator another San Francisco number, watching me curiously from the hallway. He knows, I thought. I was somehow disappointed that he should find out in such an offhand way. He got his second party with no trouble and started firing questions. They meant nothing to me.

"What time did it happen?" Pause. "What does she say?" Long pause. "What gun?" Another long pause. "Any ideas?" He listened for a long time after that one. Then very deliberately he said, "No, Philip Tremaine had nothing to do with it. I know that because he's been with me the last three hours. He was with me when this other thing happened. He's with me now. If you want him for questioning about it before you serve him his warrant, send the police out. I'll come along and see what I can do." He hung up and returned to the living room. After several seconds, he spoke.

"You say you didn't murder Earl Clark?"

"That's right," I said.

"Who did?"

I almost told him. Then I thought of all the years ahead when I wasn't going to have much fun and decided to wait for a bigger audience. He didn't seem to know yet after all. He looked at me some more and pulled out a cigarette.

"Queer thing has happened," he said. "As you know, the gun used on Clark was never found. It was assumed you'd taken it with you when you fled. The police recovered the bullet, but no gun. Now the gun has turned up."

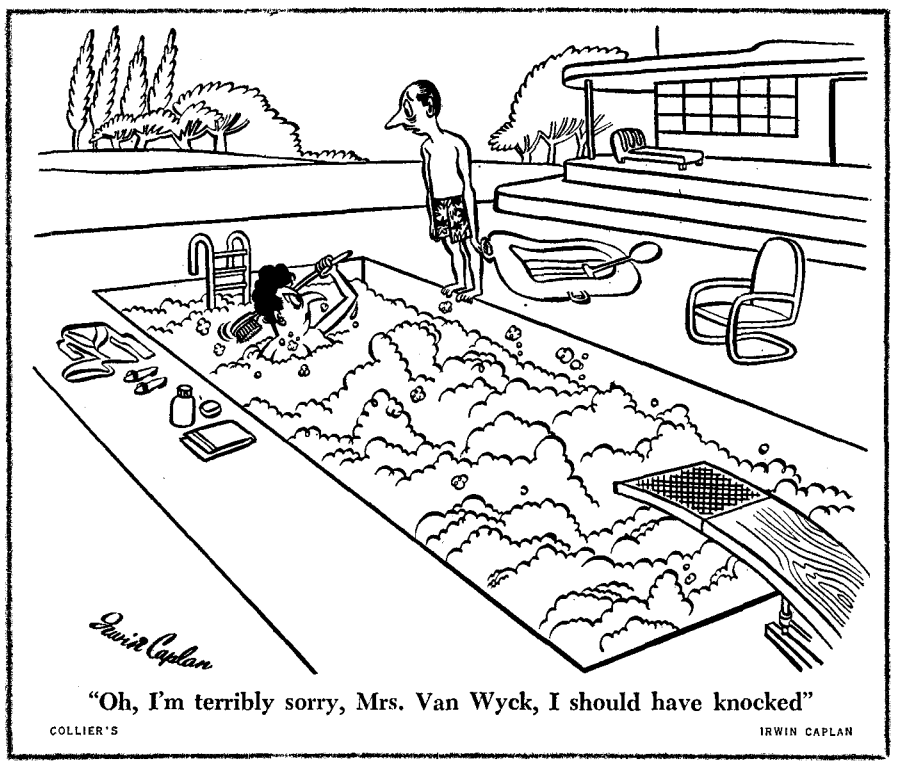
He shook his head. "No, but he has a record. He can't get far. I can't figure it out, though. No connection. I never heard of this man. You say you know something of Tuttle. Maybe you know something of the man who killed him."

I licked my lips. "Who was it?"

"Some fellow named Finney," he said. "Mike Finney. Except for your sister's, his are the only fingerprints on that gun. Ever hear of him?"

"Yes," I said. "Give me a cigarette, will you?"

OUTSIDE the house, the sun was still shining. A breeze was running through the maple trees tumbling the yellow leaves onto the lawns and sidewalks. I'd forgotten it was getting on toward autumn. In Mexico the seasons hadn't been so noticeable. Even in California most things stay green, but not the maple leaves. Wherever there are maples, the leaves turn yellow in the fall and make golden drifts, shifting and spinning with



"Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Van Wyck, I should have knocked"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

"It has?" I wasn't too interested. The guy who used it in the first place wasn't too far off.

"Yes," he drawled. "Not only that, but it's been used again."

"Who did I shoot with it this time?"

"No one," he said. "You couldn't have. It happened in San Francisco at 8:30 this morning while you were passed out on the bed in there. They've identified the gun all right. Your sister picked it up from the floor of the Tremaine garage right after it was fired. It's strange that someone else should have that gun. A man was killed with it. It was used to shoot a fellow I never heard of—a man named Rex Tuttle. Name mean anything to you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Uh-huh," he drawled. "Your sister picked the gun up. That would explain how her fingerprints got on it. There are others. The guy apparently tried to hold it in a handkerchief but his thumb slipped and made a beauty. It isn't yours. That's been checked."

"Should it have been mine?"

"I don't mean it that way," he said, and it was the first time his voice sounded as though he were addressing a human being. "All I mean is that they can't possibly hook this killing on you. I couldn't help overhear you say something to your mother about another man."

"Let's finish your story first."

"I don't get it," he said. "The police have worked pretty fast. This thumbprint has been identified. His name was in Tuttle's notebook."

"They've got the man?"

the wind. I watched them dance away down the sidewalk, glittering in the sunlight. They would be running like that in Montana, waiting for the first snow to bury them. They were laughing, spinning, running to their death, and they'd lured me on this far.

"You'd better tell me all you know," Wickersham was saying. "We can't talk much after the police get here."

This was something new and deadly. My fingerprints were on a gun which had killed someone. I remembered the gun all right. And my name was known. I'd been flushed like a hare, and the hounds were in full bay.

"I don't see why I should talk," I said. His muscles weren't stiff, I was thinking; and he was watching me all the time he talked.

"It may help your sister," he said. "The story I got over the phone was that she heard a shot from the garage of the house in San Francisco. She got there just in time to catch a glimpse of a running figure and saw the gun on the floor beside the body. The police were right there. They didn't see anyone running, but they heard the shot and got the gun. If your information helps capture this Finney, it might even help you too."

"It won't help me a bit," I said. "And anyhow, the police won't need my help. They'll capture him without it."

"You seem sure of that."

"I'm sure. Finney is going to be easy to find."

"What about Tuttle? Who was he? You said you knew him."

"A business relationship." I pulled Plumpy's card from my pocket and tossed it onto the coffee table. "That's him." Wickersham picked up the card and examined it.

"I see," he said. "A detective. The Blackstone Research Company. I know them. A fairly reliable outfit. They'll have a file on whatever case he was following."

"They probably will," I said.

"Tuttle had Finney's name down in his notebook. That's why the fingerprint identification was so quick."

"Listen," I said. "Who untied you from that chair I left you in last night?"

He looked at me in surprise. "Catherine. Didn't you know that? About six thirty this morning. I left her there and drove here."

"About six thirty." That made it about right. She'd gone directly home after the car wreck, dropping her brother somewhere along the way. She'd freed Wickersham and stayed behind in the house. Then Plumpy had come to blackmail her, and she'd shot him.

"She made no bones about it. She said she'd helped you escape. From a personal viewpoint, I can't blame her."

"She told you that?"

"Certainly," he said sharply. "And I believe it. Maybe you think you forced her to help you, Tremaine, but the plain fact is that she wants you out of here. So does your mother."

"How did she say she helped me?"

"About the only way she could. She got the car past the police, drove you a safe distance and left you with the car. She had to walk home."

"That's what she says, is it?"

"Well, isn't it the truth? I heard the car leave myself. I was conscious by that time. You wouldn't have gone far except for that damned gag."

"I haven't gone far anyway."

"What did you do with the car after you left Catherine?"

"I left it parked on Eleventh just off Mission."

"Then what?"

"Then someone tried to kill me."

"That's the truth?"

"Certainly."

"The man you mentioned to your mother?"

"That's the one."

"Could it be the man we're after?"

"It's the man you're after, all right."

"Then let's hear about him. What do you know about this Mike Finney?"

"You're not acting as my attorney."

"But I may act as Catherine's attorney if she gets into any trouble."

"You think she might?"

"Are you blind?" he said. "The police found her standing by the body with the gun in her hands. We have only her word that she saw someone running after she heard the shot."

"You've got Finney's fingerprints on the gun."

THAT part was wonderful. If Catherine still believed that the man who had made those fingerprints had been dead for hours before Plumpy was shot she must be really scared now.

"But we haven't got Finney. Suppose he could explain in some way that the gun had been in his possession in the recent past but was not in his possession at the time the shot was fired? That leaves your sister in a bad spot."

"It does, doesn't it?"

"You're damned callous about this, Tremaine. I should think where your own sister is concerned, you'd show some anxiety."

"Why doesn't she admit shooting him?" I said. "She can always claim self-defense."

"Because I believe her story."

"Okay. And the F.B.I. will tell you Finney's."

"So he's got a federal record, eh?"

"So I've heard."

"What else have you heard? Better let

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me have it before everything you say starts to become evidence."

"Very little. The authorities haven't been keeping me posted the last few years."

"Don't get sarcastic. You're hardly in a position to enjoy irony."

"On the contrary, I've never been in a better position to enjoy irony. There's nothing else to enjoy right now."

"You don't seem to understand what's going to happen to you. From here you're going to the district attorney's office. Niles is his name. He's the man who'll prosecute you when you go on trial for the murder of Earl Clark. But right now he's interested in this Tuttle affair. Let me make this clear to you. In this country every man has certain rights, even when he's a murderer. Before the law you're innocent until you're proved guilty. You've never been indicted. So when you face Niles today, it will be as a private citizen still in possession of his civil rights. It will be your last chance, because as soon as he's through hearing your testimony regarding Tuttle, you go to jail and face questioning for the murder of Earl Clark. Whatever help you give Niles on this Tuttle thing will be remembered by him afterward. You might get life instead of the gas chamber."

"Some choice!"

"YOU couldn't be in a worse spot than you're in now. Too many people saw you walk into Clark's office and heard you shoot him. So if you're connected with Finney, it won't hurt anything to tell about it. It will help Catherine and make things hot for Finney."

"It will make things hot for Finney," I agreed.

"So let's hear it. What does this Finney look like?"

"Many people think he looks a lot like me."

"Can't you describe him better than that?"

"I'd call that a damned good description. Would it help any if I said he had blondish hair, was about five ten and had the right number of arms and legs?"

"All right," he growled. "What are you grinning about?"

"My face hurts."

"So he looks something like you. Where'd you meet him?"

"I've known him so long I hardly remember."

"You knew him before you murdered Clark?"

"According to your recent lecture, a man's innocent until he's proved guilty. I haven't been convicted yet."

"You will be."

"Then wait until I am before you tell me I murdered Clark."

He took a quick turn about the room. "All right. I apologize. Did you know Finney before Clark was murdered?"

"A long time before then."

"In Europe then? Was Finney in Europe?"

"Finney was in Europe."

"And that's where you met him?"

"Finney was there."

"Uh-huh. Have any trouble with him in Europe?"

"Considerable."

"Finney the kind of man who would carry a grudge?"

"Under some circumstances, I think he would."

"Yes," he breathed softly. "Now I'm beginning to see this thing. You say someone tried to kill you last night?"

"That seemed to be the idea."

"Any witnesses?"

"Possibly."

"Who?"

"Tuttle."

"And now he's dead. Yes, Niles will certainly want to know about that. Now, let's hear about Tuttle. What's his connection?"

The irony was wearing thin. The last pleasure I would have would be to see Wickersham's face when he turned me in and an F.B.I. man stepped up and claimed me as Mike Finney. He'd probably blush like hell. He'd have to go ahead and clear me of any connection with the death of Tuttle, which would leave Catherine holding the gun. The prospect of that somehow wasn't as enjoyable as it should have been.

JUST then the bedroom door opened, and Mrs. Tremaine appeared in the entrance. She walked toward us, slowly, supporting herself on the backs of the dining-room chairs as she passed them. At the threshold of the living room Wickersham gave her his arm until he had her seated.

"You shouldn't be up," he said. "The doctor—"

"Damn the doctor," she said tersely. Her mouth was a straight line as she looked at him. "I want my son to go." He shook his head.

"I'm sorry. It's not within my power."

Her body grew taut. "Go ahead," she said grimly.

"A man was killed this morning, shot in the garage of your house in San Francisco. Catherine found the body."

Mrs. Tremaine held herself upright by a sheer effort of will.

"A man? What man?" The pupils were beginning to enlarge again. I had to stop it if I wanted her help.

"It wasn't your son," I said.

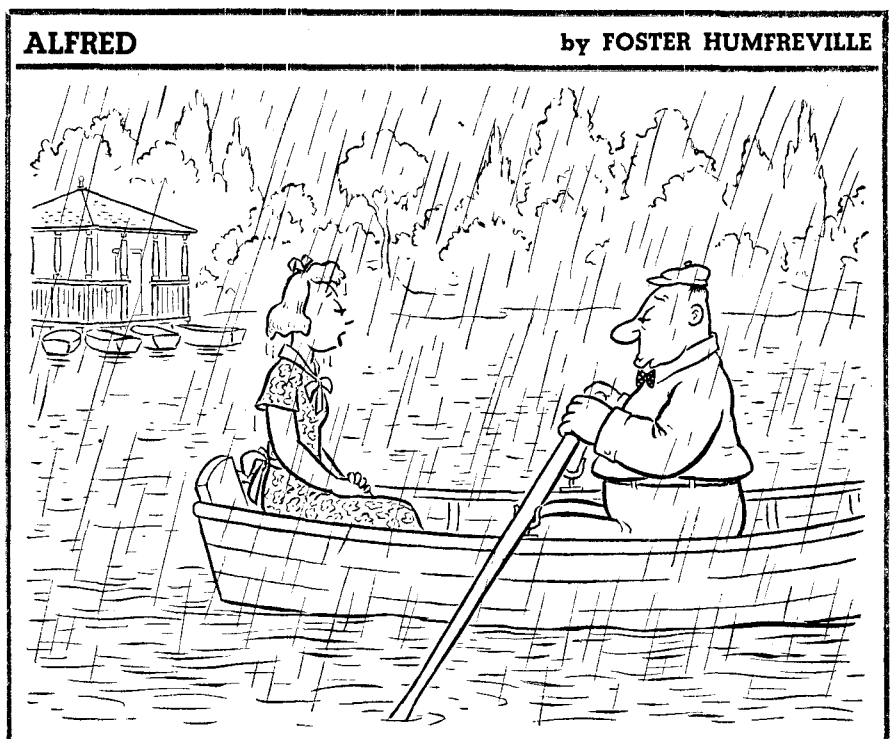
"No," said Wickersham, misunderstanding me. "Philip was right here at the time of the killing, so he had nothing to do with it."

"Then who was it? Doesn't anyone know the man?"

"The man who died was named Rex Tuttle."

A long sigh of relief escaped her and the eyes closed briefly. When she opened them she was firm again.

"Then it's no concern of mine. My son must still go." She rose to her feet and pulled the shawl about her. Her attitude was threatening. Wickersham saw it and



"I want to go in now, Alfred. I don't care if we have still got twenty minutes coming to us on the boat"

"You're my lawyer," she said. "You'll do as I ask you."

"In any matter where I'm legally your attorney—yes. I know this is extremely hard for you, but you simply must—"

"You don't need to make a speech about it," she cut in. "You can always make it appear that he escaped. You're not responsible for his capture." Her hands gripped the arms of her chair. "You can say you tried to hold him and failed. Who's to say differently?"

He simply shook his head for reply, but he moved closer to me, afraid I might choose this time to make a break. He was right. My earlier plan was beginning to work. Reba Tremaine wanted me to escape in order to save Philip.

"You can give him your car keys," she continued. "I'll be ready to swear he took them from you by force. I'll reimburse you for everything."

He still shook his head. "Your son would only be captured again and face a still heavier penalty. You must realize that in the long run it's best to face it. Now Philip is in a position to render valuable aid to the district attorney which may result in a request for clemency where he himself is concerned. It may cut his sentence down considerably."

"What aid can he give?" she asked contemptuously.

"You haven't heard yet," said Wickersham. "After your last shock I hesitate to expose you to another. There has been another death."

stepped back, keeping closer to me. It was the first time he'd looked worried. With me he could get rough, but he was the kind of man who is never anything but gentle with a woman. I shifted my feet. He shot a finger out at me.

"Don't move!"

I moved all the same but it wasn't the movement he expected. I fell flat on the sofa. Wickersham was looking at me and didn't see the thing at all. What he failed to see was that Mrs. Tremaine had brought her hand from beneath her shawl and that the hand held a revolver, a small one of the under-the-pillow variety. It exploded like a giant firecracker and a bullet ripped a hole in the back of the sofa right where my head had been a second before.

Wickersham whirled and was on her like a cat. Even so he was gentle—amazingly gentle. He simply seized her arm and took the gun away from her. She didn't even have time to fire twice. Or perhaps she didn't care to fire again with him looking at her. He kept the gun in his own hand, and I gave up all idea of escape.

"There, there," said Wickersham soothingly to Mrs. Tremaine. "You're completely overwrought. I understand exactly how you feel, but it would have done no good at all had you shot me."

Mrs. Tremaine didn't pass out this time. She simply dropped into her chair and started weeping bitter tears of rage and frustration. Wickersham patted her shoulder. To an outsider the scene would have been touching. To me it was little short of incredible. That woman had tried to murder me right in front of a witness, and had she succeeded, she'd have gotten away with it. It would have looked like a pure accident because Wickersham was completely convinced that he was the one she was aiming at. He was so convinced that he was forgiving her for trying.

"I'm going to forget it," he said. "We'll pretend it never happened at all. Perhaps in your place I'd have done the same thing." He continued to pat her shoulder while she wept on unconsoled. "I know how you feel," he said.

But it was I who knew exactly how she felt. It was the third try the Tremaines had made, and they'd missed again. Her tears and sobs raged on. Wickersham held the gun, and I stayed on the sofa. We were still that way a minute later when a siren sounded and a police car drew to a stop out front. The big ride was on. . . .

In the police car I closed my eyes and tried to think. There was plenty of time between Palo Alto and San Francisco. I sat in the back seat with Wickersham between me and Mrs. Tremaine. She'd insisted on coming despite Wickersham's advice that she stay home. She must still be hoping that something would happen during these last few moments before the revelation started. None of us said a word.

Actually there wasn't much to think about. In spite of the fingerprints I'd left on the gun which killed Tuttle, they couldn't possibly pin the killing on me because I'd been with Wickersham when it happened. That left Catherine as the person who must have fired the shot, but aside from that the future looked dark. I was still Mike Finney, still an impostor, still a kidnaper, still the guy who'd broken jail and slugged a surgeon. I'd end up with a stiff sentence. Even so, it was better than being a murderer. The big mess was closing in, and my mind was a tangle of cobwebs.

Every time I closed my eyes I saw one particular strand of cobweb. It was a thin silvery thread wavering in the darkness. I couldn't blink it away. Each time my eyes shut, it was there again, a final triviality to keep me from thinking straight. I kept trying to forget how sweet it would be to watch the Tremaines roast in their own fire. Revenge is a beautiful thing, but it's a harlot. I wouldn't die happy just because I knew the Tremaines were taken care of. They weren't that much to me. Freedom was what mattered. I had to present my case in the most favorable light in an endeavor to reduce the sentence. Freedom ten years from now was better than no freedom at all. Or was it? That's why I kept seeing the spider web, that silvery thread of hope. It dangled in front of my eyes with darkness all about it.

THE car stopped; we went into a building. All I knew about it was that it wasn't the jail. A cop was on either side of me. Wickersham and Reba Tremaine were behind. We all got in an elevator and shot up five floors, got out and marched down a hallway to an office. No one said a word. On the door of the office was printed *Office of the District Attorney—Grover Niles.* We went through a waiting room, down a short corridor and into something that must have been ordinarily used as a conference room.

When we entered the room, someone screamed. It was Catherine Tremaine. She was at the far end of the long table, rising to her feet as we entered, her face like a twist of putty. She leaned on the table for support, staring at me.

"I'm sorry, Catherine," I heard Wickersham say. "I found your brother and I had to keep him. I couldn't do anything else."

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She swayed but she didn't fall. Her eyes searched my face, then flickered briefly as she looked at Wickersham and her mother. Her mother was at my elbow glaring back at her. Catherine stayed silent. She sank back into her chair.

"I'm sorry if you didn't understand we were bringing him here," a gray-haired man said. That would be Grover Niles, I decided. At the same time I realized a lot of other things. Catherine had expected her real brother, not me. That's why she'd screamed. I was supposed to be dead. But she'd made her recovery, and now the game was going to played out to the grand crash. Neither she nor her mother dared say I wasn't Philip Tremaine. To admit that would be to admit everything. They had to carry on their act so that when my identity was finally revealed, they could be amazed and shocked and enraged by my deceit.

Others besides Catherine and Niles were at the table. There were two stenotype operators, a small dark man, and two men in plain clothes. Niles looked at us and waved to vacant chairs opposite him across the table.

"Sit down," he ordered. He looked from me to Wickersham. "Well, John, this is decent of you. Any requests?"

"Yes," said Wickersham. "I'm sitting in."

Niles nodded. "Whom are you representing?"

"This hearing is concerned strictly

Answers to Transposagram on page 34

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HER WEE BALLOONS RISE TRUE

TREASURE WILL SOON BE HERE

with Tuttle, I presume?" Wickersham was cooler than ever. His drawl had lengthened.

"Tuttle—yes."

"Just Tuttle. It may not be necessary for anyone to be represented." He looked at Catherine. She nodded, her eyes dark and pleading, her teeth biting into the scarlet lip. "If it is, I'm representing the Tremaines' interests. But just where Tuttle is concerned. Mr. Tremaine has certain information."

Niles glanced at me coldly. "You'll do well to tell what you know. Any assistance you give will be remembered." He returned his attention to Wickersham. "I may as well tell you I've already taken Miss Tremaine's deposition. We're quite certain of the man we want, so what I'm after is information which may lead to his capture and conviction."

"Any objection to reading that deposition?"

"I intend to." He spread a document out on the table in front of him. "Omitting the preliminary questions, here's what Miss Tremaine says. I quote: 'At about 8:30 this morning I was in the house alone when I heard a shot. It seemed to come from the garage. I had just come into the kitchen from the dining room. A door leads into the garage from the kitchen so I opened it and saw a man lying on the garage floor. Question: Was the garage empty? That is, was there a car? Answer: There was no car. I saw this man lying there, and at the same time thought I caught a glimpse of someone running across the back lawn. The driveway has a hedge along it and I saw him for just an instant. Question: Can you describe him? Answer: No. I saw him for just an instant. He was dark. That is, his clothing was dark. Question: And then what did you do? Answer: I saw a gun lying by the body. It was on a rumpled handkerchief as if the handkerchief had been wrapped around it. I picked the gun up. Question: Did you have any reason for picking the gun up? Answer: Yes, I was frightened. I thought I might have to protect myself. Then the police came because they were right outside the house when the shot was fired. Question: Did you recognize the man on the floor? Answer: No.' "

Niles stopped. "Those are the principal facts as we have them at present."

"One thing," said Wickersham, "did the police who were outside the house see anyone?"

"No," said Niles sourly. "They'd just reported for duty and were in front of the house when they heard the shot. They saw no one enter or leave."

"Not even Tuttle?"

"Not even Tuttle."

"I just want to make the point," said Wickersham, "that if Tuttle could enter the house unseen, so could his assailant."

"I see," said Niles. "You're afraid someone will doubt that Miss Tremaine saw another man. Well, you don't need to worry about that because we've pretty well proved the other man's presence. His name is Finney. We got the name from Tuttle's notebook. Here, I'll read you that, too." He found a black note pad among his papers and opened it. "Just a short entry made yesterday. It says, *'Some connection between Tremaine and Mike Finney. Finney wanted for questioning by F.B.I. Finney at large in San Francisco. Am checking.'* " He closed the notebook. "We got in touch with the F.B.I. immediately. That's what Mr. Ferratti is doing here." He nodded toward the little dark man.

The little dark man, ever since I'd entered the room, had been scowling first at me and then at a stack of documents in his hand. I was in the presence of the F.B.I. at last, and Mr. Ferratti would undoubtedly be the man who'd lead me away. He was already beginning to look as though he wanted to pounce on me. Niles was still talking.

"So to get back to the matter of whether or not Tuttle was alone, we know he wasn't. First there's Finney's thumbprint on the gun which killed him. Apparently the handkerchief slipped. Second, there's Tuttle's car. It was located about a block from the Tremaine house and gone over thoroughly. Finney's fingerprints are there too—on the right door handle. I'd say Finney was the last man to use that door. It looks as though Finney and Tuttle drove to the Tremaine house together, entered the garage together and then had an argument. The motive is entirely lacking. That's where we hoped Mr. Tremaine might help, since you say he knows Mike Finney." Niles looked right at me. "Do you?"

NOW was the time to say quite calmly that I was Mike Finney myself. Then the whole thing would be over as far as I was concerned. Mr. Ferratti would come around the table and take possession of me. I'd leave the room a captive, charged with my own errors and escapades but free of any suspicion of murder. It wasn't easy hearing Mike Finney called a murderer. I've killed men, yes, as thousands of others have done. I've looked along the barrel of a rifle at a man projected in space far beyond. I've pulled the trigger and watched him fall. The first time it happens, something drains out of you that nothing can ever replace, but that's a phase of war; it isn't murder. Murder is a deeper disgrace, one I'd never known. I glanced down the table toward Catherine.

Her appearance wasn't what you'd expect of a murderer who knew she was about to be discovered. She was something the same as the night we'd met at the bus station, pale with large frightened eyes. The eyes had tears in them now. She was looking at me as though I had betrayed her in some way and broken her heart in the process.

"Well," said Niles. "Do you know him or not?"

"Yes," I said. "I know Mike Finney."

At that moment a girl, Niles' secretary

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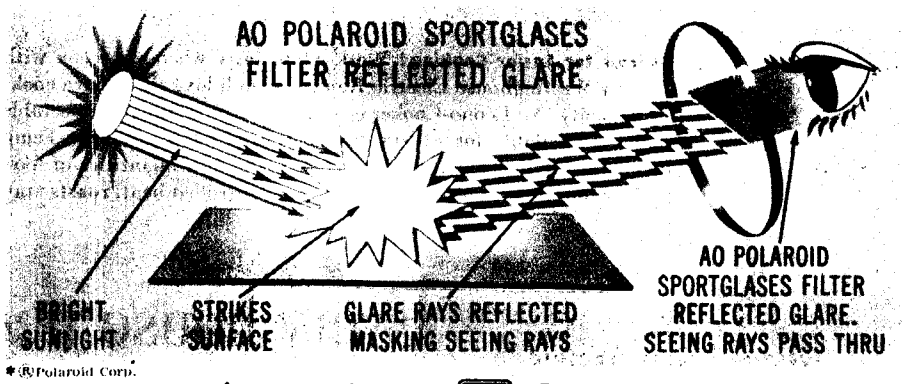
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I suppose, came in and laid a typed sheet of paper in front of him. He studied it thoroughly, his fingers setting up a drumbeat on the table top. He finally glanced up, looking at Wickersham warily, then at Catherine.

"Well," he said at last, "this is something new. Apparently we haven't been in possession of the full facts. I'm tempted to disband this group and talk to everyone singly."

"Go easy on that, Grover," said Wickersham. "From now on when you're talking to the Tremaines, you're talking to me, too."

"All right," said Niles. "Perhaps it would be better to continue as we are." He glanced at the sheet of paper again. "This is very interesting. In Miss Tremaine's deposition she noted that the car was not in the garage when she found Tuttle's body. Where was the car? We know that Miss Tremaine left the house at about three o'clock this morning. She told the police she was driving to her mother's house in Palo Alto. That's all been cleared. But she never got to Palo Alto. She came back to the house again but without the car. I haven't gone into this before because it didn't seem to have a bearing on the Tuttle case. But now it has a definite bearing, because it places Mike Finney again. The car was found early this morning between South San Francisco and Burlingame up in the hills, wrecked and partly burned. The highway patrol got there in time to put out the fire and save valuable evidence."

"All right," cut in Wickersham. "You are obviously trying to kill two birds, Grover, so just let me tell it. I know as much about it as Miss Tremaine does. I was at the Tremaine house myself when Miss Tremaine left it. I came at her request and arrived very late because of other business. I found Miss Tremaine there, and I also found Philip Tremaine." He gave me a cold glance. "Mr. Tremaine effectively prevented my leaving the house, and my recollection of his attitude at that time convinces me that he forced his sister to help him escape. After escaping from the house, Mr. Tremaine forced his sister to get out of the car. He has since told me that he left the car parked on Eleventh Street near Mission, but of that I have no proof."

NILES waved his hand in protest. "Hold on now, John. You're jumping to conclusions. I'm not trying to make Miss Tremaine out an accessory to her brother's escape. All I'm interested in is Tuttle and Finney. You don't know the facts. They're interesting. In fact, they bear out your story. As I say, the car has been found. But no driver has been found. Curious, eh? Still more curious is this: Miss Tremaine's fingerprints are on the steering wheel of the car; that's logical, she drove it. Mr. Tremaine's fingerprints are on the steering wheel of the car." He looked at Wickersham with amused contempt. "That's logical, too, in view of your testimony."

"My statements are not to be considered testimony," said Wickersham.

"All right," replied Niles easily. "But now we have this. The steering wheel also bore the fingerprints of Mike Finney. Not only that, but their superimposition over some of the other prints convinces us that he was the last man to drive the car before it was wrecked."

It dawned on me like a blast what had happened. At last the fingerprints of the real Philip Tremaine had appeared. Not only that, but they'd been identified as his fingerprints. *But everyone in the room with the exception of the two Tremaines still thought those fingerprints belonged to me.*

The strand of web was jumping madly before my eyes—elusive, tantalizing. Something was wrong. If they had identified Tremaine's fingerprints, it was because they had some old ones from long ago for comparison. They had to have them. Maybe Tremaine had escaped after murdering Clark without leaving any pictures behind, but somewhere he'd have left fingerprints. The police had them. But then why didn't they know already that I wasn't Tremaine?

I closed my eyes for an instant. I had been sick. Sicker than ever before in my life with a sudden blast of tropical fever. They'd carried me into the jail with my arms and legs jumping around in a delirious fit. I'd been babbling and shouting. I couldn't remember any of it, but that had to be the answer. They'd carried me straight through to the infirmary without ever stopping to take my fingerprints. And the next day I escaped before they had a chance to do it. The plain fact was that the police had never taken my prints.

The spider web was still there but now I was dangling at the end of it. They had a steering wheel with Tremaine's prints and mine on it. I'd grabbed the damned thing just before the car went over the cliff. But until someone reached over and plastered my hand on a glass slide, those prints of Tremaine's on the steering wheel would be assumed to be mine.

WICKERSHAM was talking. "I believe it's up to Mr. Tremaine to explain that," he said. "You're not going to connect Catherine Tremaine up with Mike Finney. Tremaine knows him, but she never heard of him in her life."

"I was questioning Mr. Tremaine when this report came in," said Niles. "I'll continue." His eyes roved back to my face. "Do you agree with Mr. Wickersham's version of how you left the car last night?"

"In general, yes."

"You had the car then. So where does Finney come in?" I wasn't alone on the end of the spider web. Catherine was there with me. At the far end of the table she sat like a porcelain figure watching me. Why should it occur to me at a time like this that she was beautiful?

"Where does Finney come in?" repeated Niles.

"He's been in all the time," I said.

"That's hardly an answer. Any service rendered now will be remembered later. Do you know how Finney got in that car after you left it?"

"No," I said. It was coming now. The car keys. I'd left those keys with Catherine in the hotel room. That's how Mike Finney got into the car—after being knocked unconscious. That's how Philip Tremaine got into the car, too—after Catherine furnished the keys. She had it coming to her. I would say the keys were in her possession.

"You had the keys with you?" asked Niles.

"I left them in the car," I said. I heard myself say it and couldn't believe it. I felt my lips move and heard myself say it. I could never retract it now, never say it over again differently. I'd told him I left the keys in the car, and that put Catherine out of it entirely. After she'd tried to kill me. On her face was a queer expression of alarm. Why now? Why, after I'd saved her? She was as pale and beautiful as winter. I'd made another of my idiotic idealistic gestures. I was still trying to believe the story she'd told me in the hotel room.

"I see," said Niles. He didn't like my answer any more than I did. "Finney could have stolen the car then?"

"Yes."

"You think he's been more or less shadowing you?"

"Very closely."

Wickersham leaned forward. "Tell him how you were attacked."

"I'm asking the questions," said Niles. "Were you attacked?"

"I was struck on the head," I said. I wanted to throw the whole story at her. "It was on Mission Street near where I'd left the car. I took Catherine to a small hotel there and left her because I didn't want the police to talk to her until I'd had time to get out of the locality. As I left the hotel, I stopped at the street entrance to make sure the way was clear. While I stood there I was knocked out."

"Ah," said Niles. "Did you see who did it?"

"No, but I've a good idea."

"You think Mike Finney was involved?"

"He was definitely involved."

"And what did you do?"

"As soon as I was able, I made my way to Palo Alto."

"To Mrs. Tremaine's house?"

"Yes."

"I'll corroborate that last statement," said Wickersham. "He has been in my presence since about eight o'clock this morning, and I can assure you he hasn't been out of my sight."

"Very well," said Niles sourly. "Now, that places Mike Finney then at about four o'clock this morning. Sometime between four and five he drove the car over a sharp cliff and somehow managed to escape. We'll learn those details when we find Finney." Down at the end of the table Catherine had buried her face in her hands. She was quite frankly weeping now.

"Do you know," asked Niles, "if Tuttle and Finney knew each other?"

"They had met," I said.

"You seem to know a great deal about this Finney. What sort of man is he?"

"An ordinary sort of man. I've never found him possessed of any remarkable qualities."

"Do you have any idea as to his present whereabouts?"

"All I dare say right now is that I'm certain he's in San Francisco."

"How can you be certain of that?"

"Because he won't leave until I do."

"H'm," said Niles. His gaze flickered around the table. "I'll have to reserve a few questions until later. Can you tell me what this Finney looks like?"

"I'm told he resembles me to a remarkable degree," I said.

He frowned. "You mean there's a real resemblance?"

"Yes," I said. "I've actually been taken for Finney on occasion."

The frown deepened. "Have you assisted him any in his escape."

"Obviously not."

"I see nothing so obvious about it. You're here on tolerance, Tremaine. Your answers aren't all clear and some of your statements are absurd. This matter of resemblance for example. Almost never are two men so much alike that it's confusing to people who know them well." His eyes made slits. "Would you go so far as to say that Finney resembles you enough that you could impersonate him?"

"Undoubtedly."

He banged his fist on the table. "That's ridiculous! You'll not make fools of us, Tremaine. I'd never believe in a million years that you looked that much like Finney!"

The little dark man—Ferratti—suddenly shot to his feet and trotted around to Niles' chair, his hands full of papers.

"I can believe it!" he said. "I never would before, but here it is right before your eyes." He slapped a couple of pictures in front of Niles. "Look at that!"

NILES bent over the pictures, looking from them to me with quick jerks of his head. Over his face spread an expression of amazed disbelief. Now it was going to snap, I thought. He kept staring at me—at the pictures.

"I'm damned," he breathed softly and spun the pictures across the table to Wickersham. I got a good look at them. One was the newspaper picture they'd taken of me standing in front of the Tremaine house. The other was the college graduation picture that I'd had taken many years before while thinking: I love you, Betty Witherspoon. But that wasn't what made the spider web start bouncing up and down like mad again. The newspaper photograph was labeled Philip Tremaine; the other one was labeled Mike Finney. Wickersham looked at them, then at me.

"My God," he whispered, almost awed. "You told me Finney looked like you, but I had no idea the resemblance was that close." He put a finger on my graduation picture. "Is that the Finney you know?"

"That's Finney," I said.

"Of course," said Ferratti, "there's a difference in age there. Finney is a lot older now than when that picture of him was taken. But if you imagine a little aging of the face, add a few lines here and there, the resemblance is almost perfect."

Niles licked his lips and reached across the table for the pictures. "You'll have to find Finney to prove that." He shoved the pictures over to Reba Tremaine. "You couldn't fool a mother though. How about it, Mrs. Tremaine? Would you take that smaller picture for a photograph of your son?"

Reba Tremaine looked at him helplessly, then at my picture. "Oh, no," she said. "I'd never take that for my son."

"You see," said Niles, scooping the pictures up again. He looked at the Mike Finney picture lovingly, then turned to Ferratti. "I'd like to ask you a few questions."

"Go ahead," said Ferratti.

"Is the record on Mike Finney confidential?"

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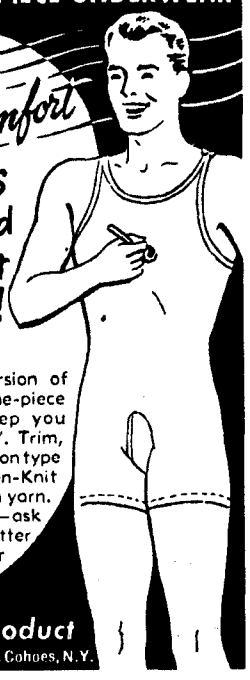

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"Only in the sense that all our records are confidential unless there's reason to open them. We've already furnished the police with the identification of Finney's fingerprints. What else do you want to know?"

"What's Finney's general history?"

"Fairly typical. He was born and went to school in Montana. He was here in San Francisco for a couple of years during the water-front troubles of the thirties. Did some union organization work. No jail record unless it was under another name. Later, however, he left San Francisco and went to Spain where he enlisted with the republican forces. Our government was refusing passports for such purposes, so Finney accomplished his end by falsifying his intended destination and later altering the passport. There's a gap of several years until he turned up in France toward the end of the war, associated with the Free French underground. The latest report came in just a few months ago from Mexico. He applied for re-entry into the country."

"Was the application granted?" asked Niles quickly.

"With the condition that he report to the F.B.I. for questioning."

"And did he accept that condition?"

Ferratti scratched his chin. "No, oddly enough, he didn't. He had a fine record for his work in France during the war. One purpose of our questioning was to get more details on that so that if the circumstances warranted it, we could drop the old charge of passport violation. By his failure to appear, he's aroused suspicion again, particularly since he must have re-entered the country under a false name. That can lead to a stiff sentence."

Niles smiled thinly. "And more particularly since he seems to have murdered a man named Rex Tuttle. That can lead to a stiffer sentence." He returned his attention to me.

I was feeling a little sick. According to Ferratti, I'd passed up a clean bill of health. I'd outsmarted myself.

"Certain papers taken from you at the jail indicated you crossed the border from Mexico. You don't have to answer this next question until you face us on the Clark thing, but if you co-operate, I'll remember it when you go on trial." Niles paused, blinking slowly around the table. "It's this. The gun that Finney used on Tuttle was the same gun that was used to kill Clark. We've got both bullets—good specimens—and there's no doubt. Now if you'll tell me just where and how Finney got that gun away from you, it will give us just about everything we'll need for a conviction once we capture him." He waited.

"I can't answer that," I said. "It was never my gun."

NILES stared at me with sudden hostility. "Oh," he said. "I suppose you think you're going to plead not guilty?"

"I'm not guilty," I said.

"Now just a minute," said Niles with forced patience. "Your conduct so far gives you a chance for clemency for the murder of Earl Clark. It won't be execution. It may be only twenty years. But I'm going to need your full co-operation to guarantee that. There's no use trying to save yourself entirely. We've got all the witnesses we need to guarantee conviction." He was almost snarling.

"Listen, Grover!" said Wickersham, his drawling manner forsaking him as he struck the table with both palms and sprang to his feet. "He's not guilty! Bring in your witnesses! Bring in all five stenographers who saw the man they call Tremaine enter Clark's office. Line them up and show them those pictures. Let's hear them swear it couldn't have been Finney!"

Niles was on his feet too. "This is no trial, John. You're not even representing Tremaine!"

"I'm representing his interests whether he likes it or not! And I'm damned if I'll see you use this opportunity to gather evidence against him." He whirled toward Ferratti. "You say you lost track of Finney after he went to Spain. Could he have returned to the United States?"

Ferratti looked up, startled. He was still puzzling over my pictures. Any minute now he was going to have a bright idea, walk around to my side of the table, press my palm against a sheet of glazed paper and dust off the results.

"I suppose it's possible," he said.

"Where did you get your information that Finney was a labor organizer in San Francisco during the thirties?"

"The bulk of that information came from the Merchants' League. Normally we don't investigate such things, but there was considerable trouble at the time. Several incidents of violence."

"Are you aware that Earl Clark was the league's attorney?"

"Yes, I know that."

"And that he was quite vigorous in his campaign against agitators?"

"I suppose that's true."

"So that Finney would have every reason to hate him?"

"Well, maybe." Ferratti blinked thoughtfully. "And Finney did have some reason for not wanting to face investigation. Must have had. Sounds incredible, but such things do happen." He lifted a finger to prevent Wickersham from interrupting. "Then there's also this. Haven't mentioned it before because I didn't see the bearing. The fact is that Rex Tuttle was once one of our employees here in San Francisco. He had access to Finney's file at that time."

Wickersham turned back to Niles triumphantly. "Don't you see it?" He pointed a finger down at me. "This man was attacked last night. By whom? By Finney! Why? Because Finney knew that if Tremaine ever came to trial, Finney would be exposed. Then Tuttle was killed! Why? Because Finney had found out that Tuttle knew the truth. Look at that entry in Tuttle's diary. A connection between Finney and Tremaine. What connection? It's as plain as day! Ten years ago a man named Mike Finney, knowing he looked so much like Philip Tremaine that close friends couldn't tell them apart, heard that Tremaine had been in a quarrel with Earl Clark. What an opportunity for Finney to get away with murder. All he had to do was put on decent clothing, walk into Clark's office—making sure there were plenty of witnesses—and shoot Clark! That's what he did. Everyone swore Tremaine was the guilty person. Finney went free, and Tremaine was hounded."

"But the evidence, John!" cried Niles.

Wickersham's long arms shot toward the ceiling in a gesture of majestic disgust with the stupidity of others.

"Evidence!" he thundered. "You've got Finney's motive for killing Clark! You know he killed Tuttle! You've got the means, and you can show opportunity. And you've got the weapon that killed Clark with Finney's fingerprints on it! That's ten times the evidence you've got against Tremaine." He leaned across the table, his voice sinking to a whisper. "You've got a great opportunity, Grover—the opportunity to clear this man here of a heinous charge, the opportunity to restore him to the respected place in our society that was occupied by his father." He straightened and spoke firmly. "But more than that: When you capture Mike Finney, you will have captured the man who murdered Earl Clark—the man who murdered Rex Tuttle. That's the truth!"

The truth.

DURING the sudden silence which followed Wickersham's words, I glanced around the table to see how the truth was affecting the other participants.

The two plain-clothes men were unaffected. They sat expressionless and indifferent as they had from the beginning.

Wickersham was glowing. His features showed the pride in his work. He was the master scientist who had taken all available data, arranged them in order and brought forth a theory which explained every known fact. There was nothing wrong with his theory at the moment. We were all suspended in a crystal, and as long as the crystal didn't dissolve—as long as Catherine or Reba Tremaine failed to speak, as long as Ferratti failed to take my fingerprints, as long as nothing changed—the theory was perfect. Mike Finney had murdered two men; Philip Tremaine had murdered none.

At the end of the table Catherine had managed to lift her head once more. She was watching me. She saw nothing in the room except my face. Her head shook slowly and her lips kept repeating silently, "No, no, no, no." She was lost. She dare not speak now.

On my left Reba Tremaine sounded like a hospital inhaler, the air going in and out with mechanical regularity. I knew exactly what she was thinking. She was thinking that if only the mistaken identity would last, her son would be cleared of a murder charge with me standing proxy for her son. I could al-

"I've been to these conventions before. Beware of delegates-at-large"

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"She must lead that nice Mr. Gevers a merry chase!"

"Stuffy old baboon—how did he ever get a slick chick like that!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

ways be killed later to prevent discovery of the mistake. She wasn't going to say anything to dissolve the crystal.

Across the table from me Ferratti frowned. He looked at me; he looked at the pictures. He was beginning to have the bright idea. I knew exactly what he was thinking. He was thinking that what he needed was a set of my fingerprints taken right now so that he could compare them with the two sets from the steering wheel and find out which one of the people I was. But to do that right now would be to insult the intelligence of Grover Niles and the whole San Francisco police force. He had to be diplomatic. He could always secure a set of Tremaine's fingerprints from the old records, and within a few minutes he'd be able to secure a set of mine from the polished surface of the table where I was sitting. He'd go about it quietly to avoid offense. He couldn't be sure of anything until he had those prints.

DIRECTLY across from me Grover Niles was standing. He looked at me, and while he looked, his face underwent a slow transformation. It softened; it mellowed with a philosophic placidity. At first I was puzzled. No one had ever looked at me that way before. Then I realized what it was. He was remembering the elder Tremaine, Philip's father. A Roman, Catherine had called him, a man who believed so firmly in justice that he'd laid his whole fortune on its altar in an effort to make Philip come home and face trial. A respected man. The stern weight of his character was still a force among the men who remembered him. Niles remembered. An honorable name lives a long time. And perhaps Niles was swayed unconsciously by the realization that the son too might emerge with a respected name. And wealth. Still, he had to be careful. There were a thousand questions to ask. The answer to any one of them might dissolve the crystal. He gnawed his lip nervously. "Now," he said, smiling, "if Mr. Tremaine has no objections, I'd like to proceed with just a few more questions. You see, Mr. Tremaine, there are a few unexplained facts. For example, you broke jail—rather violently I've been informed."

"All right," said Wickersham, "accuse him of breaking jail. Don't accuse him of murder."

"There is no accusation until formal questioning," said Niles smoothly. "I can see where an innocent man as well as a guilty one might want to escape from confinement. Still—h'm—Mr. Tremaine, let me be frank with you. After I heard that you'd been—that you'd given yourself up, I rounded up the witnesses who claimed to have seen you enter Clark's office on the morning of his death. Of the five witnesses, only three are available at the moment. In view of their previous testimony, this matter will have to be formally cleared one way or the other. It might be easier for everyone if we took care of that matter right now."

"Fine," said Wickersham. "Bring them in."

"We'll do this properly, of course," said Niles. "There are six men here at the table. I'll call in two of the clerks which will make eight. Then we'll bring the witnesses in one at a time." He buzzed for his secretary and gave her the orders. He was in a hurry about it. There was still a big doubt in his mind as to whether I was to be treated as the respected son of a respected father, or whether I was the black sheep of the family. He'd find out, of course, that I wasn't Tremaine at all.

Two men came in from another office and were directed to sit at the table. There were eight men, the two Tremaines, the stenotypists. A nice tableful. Niles signaled the secretary again and she brought in the first witness. The witness was a watery-eyed female, maybe thirty, with long nervous fingers that kept pinching at the material of her blouse. She was scared. Niles stood her at the end of the table right behind Catherine Tremaine. It made a startling comparison—the face of the stringy blond above with its pale eyes shifting uneasily, and underneath it Catherine's face, absolutely motionless, the eyes dark, round and filled with bottomless terror.

Niles started directing questions. "Name please?"

"Dora Bergeson."

"You're employed where?"

"Dobbs and Offord law firm. I'm a legal stenographer."

"Were you at one time employed in the same capacity by Mr. Earl Clark?"

"Yes, sir. I was."

"When was that?"

"For about three years just before he was—before he died. It was my first job."

"Please speak a little louder. Were you at work in his office on the day he was killed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Louder, please. Did you see the man who entered his office that morning just before he was shot?"

"Yes, sir. I did."

"You got a good view of this man?"

Her lower jaw twitched. "Yes, sir. I spoke to him."

"What was the subject of your conversation?"

"He asked me if Mr. Clark were in."

Niles paused and glanced at Wickersham. "Satisfied?"

"Go ahead," said Wickersham.

Niles turned back to the witness. "Now, Miss Bergeson. I ask you to look at the men seated around this table. Among them do you see the man who entered Clark's office on the day in question?" He stepped back to give her time to answer.

She flushed and ran a frightened glance slowly around the rectangle of faces. The glance stopped on me. It had no business stopping there but it did.

THE crystal was beginning to melt away. If she should identify me as the man who entered Clark's office, and then it was discovered that I was Mike Finney, I was finally a dead man.

"I see Mr. Tremaine," she said.

"That isn't what I asked," said Niles. "I asked if you saw the man who entered Clark's office on the day he was killed."

"I don't know what you mean," she whispered. "I see Mr. Tremaine. I can tell because of his picture in the newspaper yesterday. Wasn't he the one?"

"Miss Bergeson," said Niles impatiently. "That's just what we're asking you. Is he the man?"

She stared at me a few seconds. "I don't know," she mumbled. "When I saw the picture in the paper, it sort of puzzled me. It wasn't exactly like I remembered the man. It's been a long time and maybe the face has changed."

"Miss Bergeson," Niles repeated, "we aren't concerned with that. We know several years have elapsed, and we don't care what you saw in the newspaper. We aren't asking you to pick out any particular individual by name. We're asking you to pick out a face. Do you see at this table the face of the man who entered Clark's office?"

"You mean maybe it wasn't Mr. Tremaine?"

Niles ran a hand through his gray hair. "All you have to do, Miss Bergeson, is say yes or no. Do you see the face of the man who entered Clark's office?"

For a moment she hesitated, then turned to face Niles. "I've got to say something," she said.

"Can you answer the question?"

"I've got to tell you something first. I've got to tell someone. There's been a terrible mistake and I've got to tell you about it."

"If you wish to make a statement, we can take it at the proper time."

"Let her say it," said Wickersham. "Even if it injures my client, I want the truth of this."

"We were talking," said Miss Bergeson without waiting for Niles' permission to speak. "That is, I was talking with the other girls after Mr. Tremaine's picture came out in the paper; I called the other girls on the phone—"

"Yes, yes," said Niles.

"I just wanted to tell you how we came to be talking. And we decided it didn't look the same any more."

"What didn't look the same?"

"The picture of Mr. Tremaine in the paper. Somehow it didn't seem like the same man to me. And that's why I called the other girls, to see if they thought it was the same. And they didn't either. They thought there must have been a mistake."

"What mistake?"

"It's dreadful," she said, and the watery eyes became wetter. "We've all felt so terrible about it because we were the ones who identified Mr. Tremaine in the first place ten years ago. We were the ones who swore he was the man. And then his picture came out in the paper and it didn't look like the same man."

"You did know Mr. Tremaine by sight ten years ago?"

"I thought so. He'd been at the office once before that morning. All the girls were interested in him because of his fight with Mr. Clark. And now we've found out what an awful thing we did accusing him, because it must have been someone else." She sobbed quietly and

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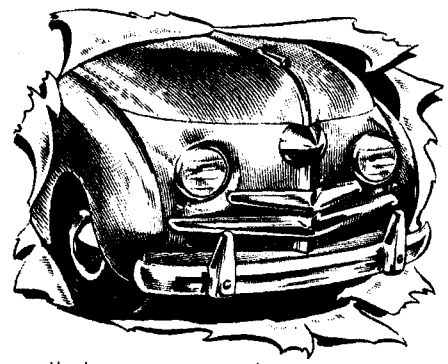

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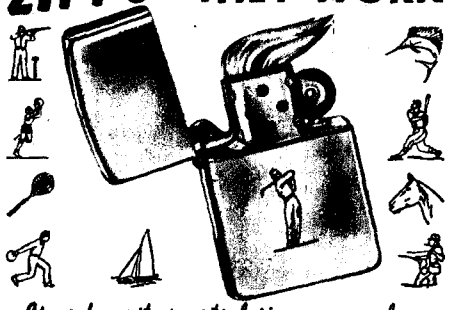

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with evident relief. Wickersham got to his feet, rounded the table and took the pictures from Ferratti's hands. He carried them to where Miss Bergeson was standing and laid them on the table in front of her, his hands covering the names beneath the pictures.

"Look at these, please," he said. "Was the man you saw one of these men?"

She looked at the pictures through her tears and shook her head uncertainly, then stretched a finger toward the picture from the F.B.I. files. "It's been too long. But the man I saw was young-looking. More like that one."

"You'd say this was the man?" asked Wickersham, holding up my graduation picture.

"No," she said. "I just said the man I saw was young-looking." Another spasm of sobs shook her. "I wouldn't swear anything now! I just couldn't! I'm too confused and feel so awful about what I did before. The other girls are the same way." Wickersham turned away in triumph.

"All right, Grover, do you want to call the others?"

"It's unnecessary," said Niles. He led Miss Bergeson to the door and dismissed her. "Thank you," he said. "You've been of great service." He closed the door behind her and came back to his place at the table. He smiled at me openly now. Part of his doubt had been removed. The witness had been honest; she'd said I wasn't the man who killed Clark. The name of Philip Tremaine was becoming cleaner every minute. Niles cleared his throat.

"I think it's only too evident to all of us," he said, "that a grievous wrong has been perpetuated over a period of ten years. Mr. Tremaine, since your return I've been prepared to prosecute you for murder. I cannot tell you—I cannot possibly express my profound relief at discovering that the prosecution will be unnecessary. We came together here to discover who murdered a man named Rex Tuttle. We've succeeded in learning the name of that man, but even more, we've succeeded in clearing you of all suspicion regarding the death of Earl Clark." He paused, looking thoughtfully into space. "Revenge is a base emotion,

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK . . .

MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Steve Blake was on trial for murder—and the trial was compounded of circumstantial evidence and perjured testimony. Conviction meant the gas chamber; acquittal meant freedom under a vicious cloud of gossip and suspicion. And the only clue he had to the secret of the murder was a beautiful woman's trumped-up alibi.

Don't miss this gripping romance of two people bound together by murder—and held apart by marriage.

but I'll not blame you, Mr. Tremaine, if you take a profound joy in contemplating the fate which awaits Mike Finney when he is captured. And captured he will be, Mr. Tremaine. Make no mistake about it." He talked on, smiling. He made a beautiful speech. The door was about fifteen feet behind me. Was he going to let me through it? I could feel the sweat running down my spine while I awaited the end of his oration. He forgave me for breaking jail. "You were obviously not in your right mind," he said. "You'd had certain drugs administered to you while you were in the infirmary and you were acting under their influence. Quite often violence is a natural result of some drugs." He paused suddenly, frowning again.

"But there is one thing, Mr. Tremaine. A very curious thing. You'll have to admit it looked like a confession of guilt on your part. Why, since you were innocent, did you attempt to commit suicide?"

It was a blow in the guts. The crystal shook. My spider web started vibrating.

"Suicide?" I said. "I made no such attempt."

Suspicion re-entered his eyes. "There's no way you can deny it, Mr. Tremaine. The doctors pumped a substantial dose of atropine out of your insides. Not a fatal dose, since you obviously recovered, but the size of the dose could have been an error on your part. The fact hasn't been publicized, because the police don't want it known that they permitted a prisoner to poison himself, but the fact is that you did. It was a strange thing for an innocent man to do."

The crystal dissolved and the web was swinging free again. The abyss yawned beneath. Everything was clear now—horribly clear. It hadn't been an attack of tropical fever at all; it was poison. That would have been evident to anyone except the victim. The victim had been unconscious. That's what the doctors had been talking about that morning in jail when my senses first returned. *You can pick up anything down there,* one of them had said, and they hadn't been discussing tropical diseases; they were talking about poison.

And I knew when I'd been poisoned. I'd eaten dinner at the Tremaine house just before the police came for me. The police were supposed to have found me dead. That's what Tremaine had meant in the car when he accused someone of muffing the first chance to kill me. But who had muffed it? I suddenly remembered that spilled cup of coffee, and a spark of new life flared up inside me. Something that I thought was dead stirred. The coffee had been spilled. I looked at Catherine. She sat as she had sat throughout, immobile and white, saying nothing, afraid to disturb my delicate balance. She had spilled the coffee. But she had also killed Tuttle and helped her brother try to run me over a cliff. It was a question. I might never know the answer because the poison was finally going to get me anyway. I couldn't explain it away without telling the whole story.

They'd find out I was Mike Finney and they'd execute me for the murder of a man I'd never seen in my life.

(To be concluded next week)

SCANDALS IN VETERANS' HOUSING

Continued from page 15

everywhere they came up against a mass of red tape. Only when they halted payments on their mortgages did any federal agency bestir itself. The hard-pressed OHE shipped investigator E. C. Magnusson out from Washington to look around. Magnusson disallowed the veterans' complaint that the houses had been sold over ceiling prices. But he confirmed their charges that numerous items had been left out of the houses, or replaced with cheaper and less serviceable equipment than the plans and specifications had called for.

In some cases—relatively few—swindled veterans, sometimes acting on their own and sometimes with the aid of state or federal officials, have achieved some measure of redress from builders who overcharged them and then multiplied the offense by delivering houses that began to fall apart almost as soon as they were occupied. As of this writing the Office of the Housing Expediter has settled some 325 cases with builders through which $250,000 was returned to veterans in the form of restitution for overcharge or as compensation for failure to comply with specifications. But the vast majority of gypped veteran home buyers have not been nearly so lucky.

In the nine months between July 1, 1947, and the end of March this year, the Office of the Housing Expediter *received* 31,233 complaints. Some covered as many as 500 houses on a single tract. I emphasize that word *"received"* because very few of these pleas for help ever get beyond the envelope-opening stage.

On April 1st of this year only 1,574—just about five per cent of all the complaints—had been investigated. More than 29,000 were "resting" somewhere in the files.

With as many as 4,000 new protests coming in every month the Housing Expediter's investigating staff, cut down to 15 men, was swamped. Each investigator was averaging ten days to a case. If schedules could be speeded up so that a mere three days were needed per case, the expediter's staff could hope to eliminate its backlog (if only additional veterans would stop sending in new complaints) by the middle of 1970.

Of course, other agencies might be expected to show an acute interest in these housing swindles. The Federal Housing Administration, for example, has insured the first mortgages on the vast majority of the 2,000,000 and more homes built since V-J Day. It is supposed to have inspected FHA-insured homes to be certain they were built just as intended when the loans were granted on the basis of builders' plans and specifications.

But the FHA doesn't seem to have been able to protect its own commitments let alone shield the veterans who relied upon its "guarantee." It once insisted upon three thorough inspections per house. Under the impact of Congressional economy it cut its official inspection schedule down to two.

The Veterans Administration has a finger in the pie, too. As the guarantor of G.I. loans, it also stands to be stuck for many hundreds of millions of dollars when disgusted veterans get sick of paying for shacks and toss in the sponge.

Every time the Veterans Administration has guaranteed a loan it has assumed an obligation based upon an actual house or the certainty that one will be built—a house, too, that represents a value at least as great as that of the loan.

To set that value the V.A., like any other prudent lender, depends upon appraisals it assumes are made by honest experts.

But the V.A. appraisal system has been so slipshod in its concept that it has virtually invited fraud. Appraisers had, until very recently, not been working directly for or paid by the V.A. Instead, panels of approved appraisers were furnished builders or private lending agencies who were free to shop around. Some were careful to pick estimators whose appraisals were high enough to please them.

The result in many cases was that conservative appraisers, given to figuring proposed houses at their real value, found themselves missing out on V.A.

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business, while their more liberal fellow experts were able to earn tens of thousands of dollars for filling out blanks with fat, juicy figures designed to serve as the basis for a government guarantee of loans.

The Veterans Administration has not been going out of its way to help the G.I.s who have been stuck with overvalued houses it has supposedly "guaranteed" and for which it has approved loans.

In fact, the V.A. even dropped all pretense of responsibility for its "guarantees" when, early in April, it circulated a memorandum to its branch offices instructing them that they had no responsibility for guaranteeing satisfaction on G.I. homes.

Many of the most glaring examples of poor veterans' housing have occurred in California, where 15 per cent of all residential building since the war has been concentrated. The city of Los Angeles and its environs provide many exhibits. Vast areas are covered by homes that look ten years old three months after completion.

Yet the hornswoggling of both veterans and government officials has by no means been limited to the Sunshine State. Twelve hundred of the cases resting so cozily in the files of the office of the Housing Expediter in Washington came from Massachusetts. New York has produced 1,430 complaints; New Jersey 1,298; Pennsylvania 1,211 and Maryland 1,279.

In the nine months preceding April 1st, 1,800 veterans and groups of veterans in Illinois patiently filed their beefs. Yet of all 1,800, covering many thousands of houses, only three were being carried on the OHE files as active cases under investigation.

In Indiana there had been 1,200 complaints; one of them was being investigated. In Ohio there had been 1,500 complaints; three of them had got out of the filing cabinets far enough to be considered "current."

Of 400 Alabama complaints, one was being looked into at this writing. Of 150 in South Carolina, not a single one was on the docket. The 442 complaints filed by Oklahoma veterans and veterans groups suffered the same fate; every last one of them was resting undisturbed in the files. Texas has been sprouting veterans' houses with true Texan vigor. With them it had sprouted 1,564 complaints. Only 18 were being investigated as of April 1st.

The Office of the Housing Expediter is hardly to be blamed. The Deputy Expediter for Compliance, Morris S. Verner, Jr., had 75 regional offices and 600 investigators in June of 1947. His agency asked Congress to continue this staff. But the Senate committee that looked into the matter thought there was no need for these people on the government pay roll. Its report, published as an official Congressional document, calmly stated, "There is no evidence presented that there is widespread abuse of veterans' preference provisions."

Slashes in Enforcement Funds

The Director of the Budget had approved $1,135,000 for compliance work. The Senate cut that down to $700,000. Then as if this weren't bad enough, a joint Senate-House conference committee cut a further half million out of the OHE appropriation. For compliance enforcement only $160,000 could be scraped up.

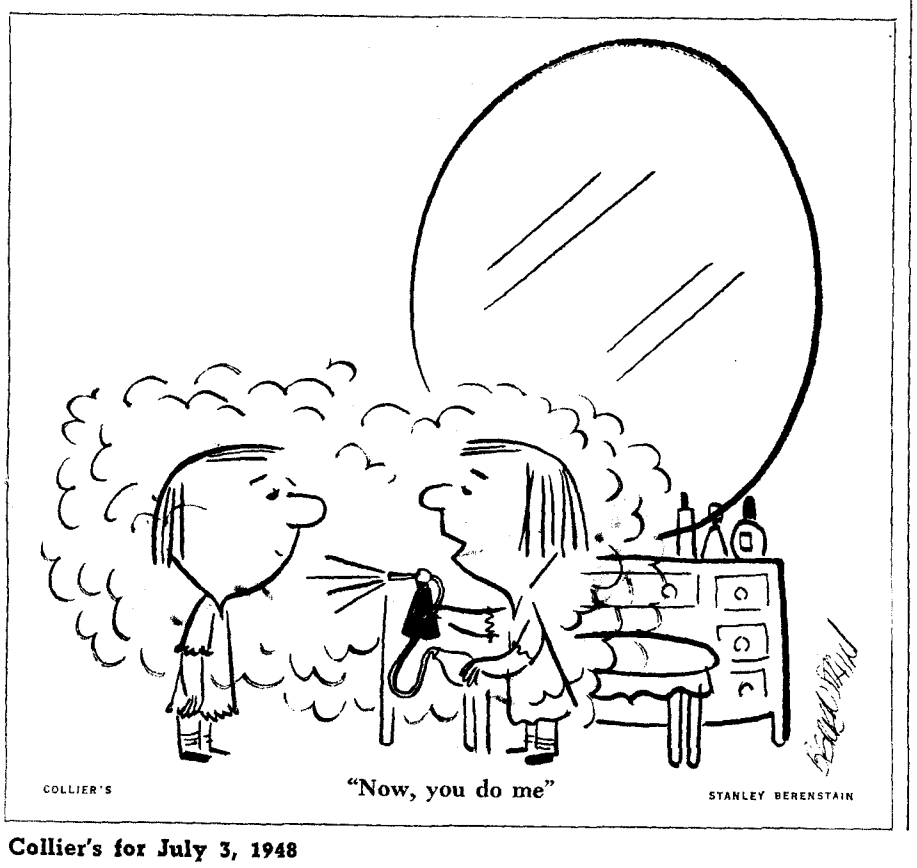
Hundreds of Verner's investigators promptly received dismissal notices. The 75 regional offices were cut down to four. Instead of 600 field investigators there were 15. The entire system for protecting the veterans'—and the government's—interest became little more than a pretense.

In San Francisco, for example, the Housing Expediter's regional office, under James J. Rudden, has a staff of five investigators, an analyst and two stenographers.

Rudden's nine-state territory covers a mere million square miles. Currently his two stenographers are acknowledging and filing over 450 complaints a month.

The tiny San Francisco staff has fewer than 70 cases docketed. At the time of this writing Rudden's men were working on about 15—the most glaring cases of course—and mostly in the San Francisco and Los Angeles areas. For most of the rest, he said, all he could do for them was to tell those who sent the complaints there was nothing he could do, at least for the present. Letters are opened and the complaints filed. But for all the difference it makes they might just as well be allowed to gather in a pile on the floor, to put the matter in Rudden's own words.

(This is the first of two articles on veterans' housing. The second will appear next week.)



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Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's Weekly—Dept. C-20
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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 19

are in a position to carry on the war until England collapses from lack of tonnage . . .

The convoy system, which, in the World War—but at the last minute—settled the U-boat war in favor of England, has in this war misfired. It could not prevent the big-scale sinking figures which must finally be fatal . . .

An occupation of the whole island [Britain] does not come into question—for Germany would be burdened with the feeding of the population. In the long run, only the most important airfields would be kept in occupation. All these would be hermetically sealed over a wide area from the population so that the troops of occupation would not be affected by the misery of their starvation . . . I am conscious that in the above I have partly given away military secrets. But I believe I can answer to my conscience and to my people, for I believe that frankness makes possible the ending of a senseless war.

Harriman expressed to Stalin the hope that he would feel free to cable President Roosevelt directly. Stalin said he was glad to hear this as he had previously felt he should not presume to address the President directly. Beaverbrook suggested to Stalin that it would be highly desirable for him to meet with Churchill face to face.

According to Harriman's notes, Stalin expressed to Beaverbrook his belief that the present military alliance and agreement of no separate peace should be extended to a treaty, an alliance not only for war but for postwar as well.

Beaverbrook answered that he personally favored it and believed that it was an opportune time to take it up.

Harriman made repeated attempts to break through the continued discussion of European matters in order to obtain Stalin's views on the Far East. Stalin expressed the belief that Japan might be split from its Axis alliance with Germany. He said it was his impression "that Japan was not Italy and is not willing to be a serf to Germany and therefore could be won away."

Beaverbrook noted of Stalin, "We had got to like him; a kindly man, with a habit, when agitated, of walking about the floor with his hands behind his back. He smoked a great deal and practically never showed any impatience at all."

Here is presented the sixth installment of one of the most remarkable stories of our era. When Franklin D. Roosevelt died, there remained only one man—Harry L. Hopkins—who could tell completely the inside story of the New Deal and of America's High Command in World War II. Preparation of The Hopkins Papers had started before Hopkins died. The task was then taken up by the dramatist and author, Robert E. Sherwood, a friend of both Hopkins and Roosevelt. Collier's presents the result with a conviction that this is the most important document of its kind that has been or will be produced . . .
The Editor

At the conclusion of this final meeting, Harriman wrote:

The meeting broke up in the most friendly fashion possible. Stalin made no effort to conceal his enthusiasm. It was my impression that he was completely satisfied that Great Britain and America meant business. In spite of my lack of knowledge of the language, he had indicated by his manner throughout the three nights of conferences (totaling about nine hours) very clearly his reactions to everything we said, either favorable or unfavorable or that he was not interested.

Harriman later wrote a memorandum on Religion in the U.S.S.R.:

Throughout the week in Russia I took every occasion (and I believe covered most of the members of the Soviet delegation, including, of course, Stalin and Molotov) of explaining the American political situation and public opinion regarding Russia, particularly in relation to the religious subject, and urged that both statements and action be taken to indicate to America that the Soviets were willing to allow freedom of worship not only in letter but in fact.

Everyone at least nodded, "Yes." In explaining the subject to Stalin, he nodded his head and indicated what I understood to mean a willingness to see that something was done.

In spite of all comments and assurances I leave with the impression that all the Soviets intend to do is to give lip service and to create certain instances which would give an impression of relaxation without really changing their present practices.

They do appear, however, to be much less afraid of religion than they were some years ago.

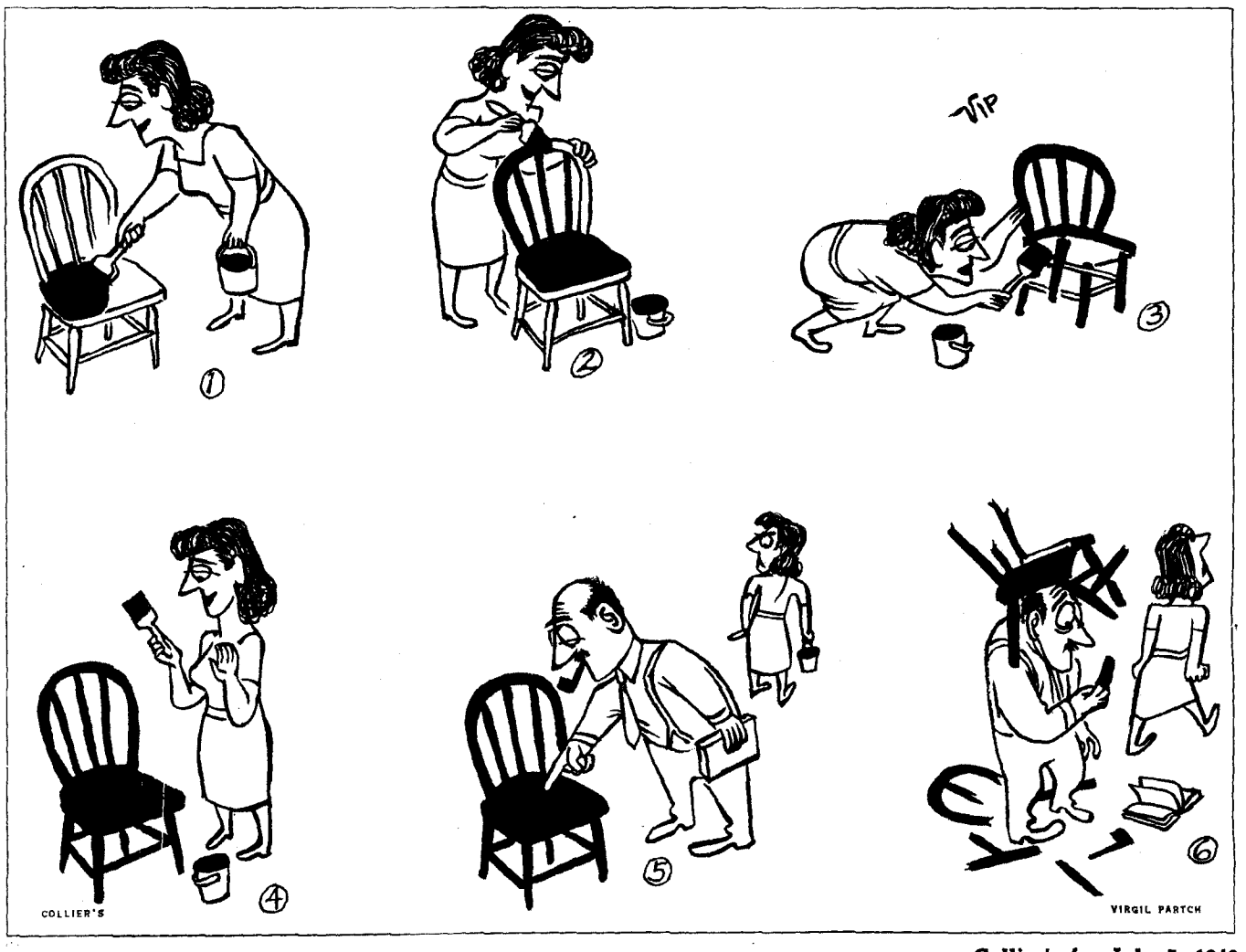
Harriman also made note of certain evidences of friction between Beaverbrook and the military members of the British Mission. Beaverbrook had by then become a vociferous advocate of the second front in the west. He was forever opposing any diversions from this fixed purpose.

Following is his own original statement of the matter, a copy of which he sent to Hopkins:

On my return from Russia in about the middle of October, 1941, I stated a case for a second front to help the Russians.

I claimed that our military leaders had shown themselves consistently averse to taking any offensive action. . . .

Our strategy is still based on a long-term view of the war which is blind to the urgencies and opportunities of the



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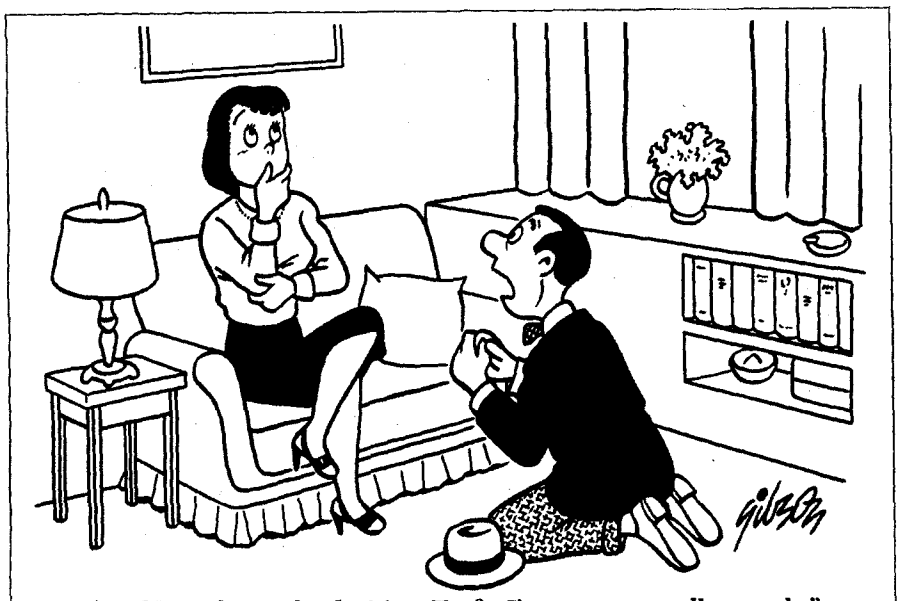

"Could you hurry the decision, Kay? I've two more calls to make"

COLLIER'S JAMES GIBSON

moment. There has been no attempt to take into account the new factor introduced by Russian resistance. . . .

It is nonsense to say that we can do nothing for Russia. . . . The Chiefs of Staff would have us wait until the last button has been sewn on the last gaiter before we launch an attack. They ignore the present opportunity.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 1st, the first "Confidential Protocol" between the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R. and the U.K. was signed and sealed by Harriman, Beaverbrook and Molotov. It contained over seventy main items and more than eighty items of medical supplies—from tanks, planes and destroyers down to Army boots (of which the Russians asked for 400,000 pairs monthly).

Hopkins, in Washington, wrote to Churchill:

At times I get terribly discouraged about getting the matériel fast enough but then I think of your own overwhelming problems and I am tempted to try again. . . . There is still an amazing number of people here who do not want to help Russia and who don't seem to be able to pound into their thick heads the strategic importance of that front.

On October 30th, Roosevelt sent a cable to Stalin:

All of the items of military equipment and munitions have been approved and I have directed that the utmost expedition be used to provide so far as possible the raw materials.

I have also directed that arrangements be effected immediately whereby shipments up to the value of one billion dollars may be made under the Lend-Lease Act. This should remove any financial obstacles.

Your government, I hope, can arrange to make special efforts to sell the United States such commodities and raw materials as may be available and of which the United States may be in urgent need, the proceeds of such sales to the government of the United States to be credited to the account of the Soviet government. Should the occasion require it, I trust you will not hesitate to get in touch with me directly.

Suggestions for Co-ordination

Hopkins wrote the following note on this cable:

It seemed to me after my conference in Russia with Stalin that the President should personally deal with Stalin. . . . Stimson is obviously unhappy because he is not consulted about the strategy of the war, and I think he feels that I could be more helpful in relating him and Marshall to the President.

Stimson wanted me to be sure that I knew the War Department's full strategic plans and he and Marshall delivered them at great length, including the techniques to keep Japan out of the war and the various theaters in which we might operate in the event of our getting into the war.

Both Stimson and Marshall feel that we can't win without getting into the war but they have no idea how that is going to be accomplished.

Following is a paraphrase of Stalin's reply, dated November 4th, to Roosevelt's cable:

First of all I would like to express my sincere thanks for your appreciative remarks regarding the expeditious manner in which the conference was handled.

Your decision, Mr. President, to grant to the Soviet Union a loan in the amount of one billion dollars subject to no interest charges and for the purpose of paying for armaments and raw materials for the Soviet Union is accepted with sincere gratitude.

I agree completely, on behalf of the government of the Soviet Union, with the conditions which you outlined for this loan to the Soviet Union, namely that payments on the loan shall begin five years after the end of the war and shall be completed during the following ten-year period. . . .

I am heartily in accord with your proposal, Mr. President, that we establish direct personal contact whenever circumstances warrant.

Shortly thereafter, with Moscow in a state of siege, Roosevelt and Hopkins discussed the possibility of expediting the delivery of fighter planes to Russia by sending an aircraft carrier to the Persian Gulf, thereby delivering the planes ready for immediate action. Roosevelt favored the idea but the Navy felt it would be unwise, and Hopkins sent a memorandum to the President proposing to send the planes by merchant ship.

Roosevelt returned this to Hopkins with the following penciled notation:

H.L.H.:

Okay but say to them for me: Hurry, hurry, hurry!

F.D.R.

In connection with the problem of aid for Russia, it must be remembered that there was always a faction, and it was strongly represented in the State Department (not including Hull or Welles), which was sure that the Russians would make a separate peace with Germany.

A year after the United States entered the war, Hopkins attended a meeting of the President's Soviet Protocol Committee. The point was raised that, before we extended further aid to the Russians, we should demand that they provide us with full information concerning their military situation as the British had consistently done. According to the minutes of this meeting:

On the whole Mr. Hopkins felt that there were certain unsatisfactory aspects to the program. This decision to act without full information was made with some misgiving but after due deliberation. Mr. Hopkins said that there was no reservation about the policy at the present time but that the policy was constantly being brought up by various persons for rediscussion. He proposed that no further consideration be given to these requests for rediscussion.

Although Hopkins attempted thus summarily to dismiss the question, it remained to plague the relations between the two countries.

With the setting in of the dread Russian winter, and the beginnings of hope that the German drive could be stopped short of Moscow, the Russians became insistent that agreements be made on postwar settlements.

It was decided that Anthony Eden should visit Stalin and Molotov, who told him their demands for recognition of the frontiers held by the Russians on June 20, 1941—before Hitler's attack—which included possession of the Baltic States and the eastern portion of Poland occupied in the first month of the second World War.

In refusing to agree to this recognition, Eden invoked the principles of the Atlantic Charter and the views of President Roosevelt, who had informed the British government that "in our considered opinion it would be unfortunate for any of the three governments . . . to enter into commitments regarding specific terms of the postwar settlement." (This message had been delivered to Eden by Winant on December 5, 1941, just two days before Pearl Harbor.)

F.D.R. From a British Viewpoint

Millions of words have been recorded on all the events and all the statements leading up to the moment of the Japanese attack. A glimpse of Roosevelt's attitude four weeks to the day before Pearl Harbor was given in a memorandum written by Harold Balfour, the British Undersecretary of State for Air, describing a conversation with the President in which Balfour was urging that more American heavy bombers be turned over to the Royal Air Force for use against Germany. This memorandum said of Mr. Roosevelt:

His present Japanese policy is one of stalling and holding off. If during the next few weeks this policy looks likely to succeed for some months ahead, or alternatively if the President can sign up for peace with Japan so as to ensure no sudden hostilities then he will feel able at once to direct a further diversion of heavy bombers to U.K.

On the other hand the Japanese situation may blow up in the very near future, in which case U.S.A. and U.K. Joint Staffs will have to get together and decide in the light of combined war strategy where such equipment as becomes available can best be used.

On November 26th, Secretary Hull handed to the Japanese ambassadors the Outline of Proposed Agreement Between the United States and Japan, which has been described as an "ultimatum" by a few Americans who have seemed anxious to absolve the Japanese of all guilt for the war in the Pacific.

In this connection it should be noted that the Japanese task force sailed for Pearl Harbor on November 25th, the day before the Hull Outline was delivered in Washington.

On December 6th, Averell Harriman cabled to Hopkins:

You may wish to tell the President that he (Churchill) believes that if there is Japanese aggression the British policy should be to postpone any action even at some military sacrifice of time until the President has acted as he considers best under the circumstances. The

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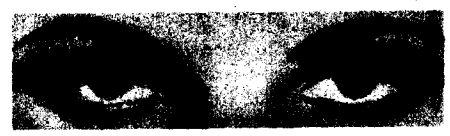

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Prime Minister will then act "not within the hour but within the minute."

The reference in this to postponing "any action even at some military sacrifice" referred primarily to possible British naval or air action from Singapore against the Japanese landings.

It is important that nowhere, in any of the official Intelligence reports, appraisals or estimates that came into the White House during the months preceding December 7th, have I found one mention of the possibility that the Hawaiian Islands might be the first object of attack.

On the other hand it is abundantly clear that Roosevelt up to the moment of Pearl Harbor faced the most grievous dilemma of his entire career. This is clarified by the following, which Hopkins wrote some six weeks after Pearl Harbor:

I dined with the President alone tonight. The President told me about several talks with Hull prior to Pearl Harbor relative to the loopholes in our foreign policy in the Far East in so far as that concerned the circumstances on which the United States would go to war with Japan in event of certain eventualities.

All of Hull's negotiations . . . would never envisage the tough answer to the problem that would have to be faced if Japan attacked, for instance, either Singapore or the Dutch East Indies. The President felt it was a weakness in our policy that we could not be specific on that point. The President told me that he felt that an attack on the Dutch East Indies should result in war with Japan and he told me that Hull always ducked that question. . . .

I recall talking to the President many times in the past year and it always disturbed him because he really thought that the tactics of the Japanese would be to avoid a conflict with us; that they would not attack either the Philippines or Hawaii but would move on Thailand, French Indo-China, make further inroads on China itself and possibly attack the Malay Straits. He also thought they would attack Russia at an opportune moment. This would have left the President with the very difficult problem of protecting our interests.

This then, was Roosevelt's dilemma:

The Japanese (he believed) were about to strike at British or Dutch possessions or both—and what could he do about it? Without formidable American intervention, the Japanese would be able to conquer and exploit an empire; and it was idle to assume, and Roosevelt knew it better than anyone else, that there could be any formidable intervention without the full, final, irrevocable plunging of the entire nation into war.

War Enthusiasm Was Lacking

Even if Roosevelt, through diligent use of the Democratic party whip, could compel the Congress to vote for war by a narrow margin after weeks or months of demoralizing debate (during which the Japanese would sweep ahead), what degree of unity or of fighting spirit could the American people achieve for the long and bloody effort that must be demanded of them? How much will to battle would be stimulated by the news that the Japanese were establishing a beachhead at Khota Baru on the Gulf of Siam?

And if the Congress and the people should refuse to go to war on this provocation, as it seemed inevitable that they would refuse, what would be the effect on the British, the Russians, the Chinese—as well as on the Germans, Italians and Japanese?

The plain fact was that the moment was imminent when the United States would be forced at gun point either to put up or forever shut up.

There was just one thing that the Japanese could do to get Roosevelt completely off the horns of the dilemma, and that is precisely what they did, at one stroke, in a manner so challenging, so insulting and enraging, that the divided and confused American people were instantly rendered unanimous and certain.

Thus Hopkins wrote later of the President's "great relief at the method the Japanese used" in starting the war at Pearl Harbor.

On the night of Pearl Harbor Day, Hopkins wrote:

I lunched with the President today at his desk in the Oval Room. We were talking about things far removed from war when at about 1:40, Secretary Knox called and said that they had picked up a radio from Honolulu from the commander in chief of our forces there advising all our stations that an air-raid attack was on and that it was "no drill."

I expressed the belief that there must be some mistake and that surely Japan would not attack in Honolulu.

The President discussed at some length his efforts to keep the country out of war and his earnest desire to complete his Administration without war, but that if this action of Japan's were true it would take the matter entirely out of his own hands, because the Japanese had made the decision for him.

The President thought the report was probably true and thought it was just the kind of unexpected thing the Japanese would do, and that at the very time they were discussing peace in the Pacific they were plotting to overthrow it.

At five minutes after two he called Hull and told Hull of the report and advised Hull to receive Nomura and Kurusu, who had an appointment with him, and not to mention that he, Hull, had the news but to receive their reply formally and coolly and bow them out. . . . The President called a conference of Secretary Stimson, Secretary Hull, Secretary Knox, Admiral Stark and General Marshall at three o'clock.

The conference met in not too tense an atmosphere because I think that all of us believed that in the last analysis the enemy was Hitler and that he could never be defeated without force of arms; that sooner or later we were bound to be in the war and that Japan had given us an opportunity. Everybody, however, agreed on the seriousness of the war and that it would be a long, hard struggle. During the conference the news kept coming in.

Churchill called from England. The President told him that we were all in the same boat now and that he was going to Congress tomorrow.

The President discussed at length with Marshall the disposition of the troops and particularly the Air Force, and with Hull the urgent necessity of keeping all of the South American republics not only informed but to keep them in line with us. Marshall was clearly impatient to get away.

The President also ordered Stimson and Knox to order that careful guards be placed not only on our own arsenals but on all private munitions factories and all bridges. Many of the moves required the President to sign an executive order. The President instructed the person to whom he talked to go ahead and execute the order and he would sign it later.

There was some discussion about the President's message to Congress. Hull urged very strongly that the President review the whole history of the Japanese relations in a strong document that might take half an hour to read. The President objected.

The conference adjourned about 4:30 and the President then dictated to Grace (Tully) the first draft of his message to Congress.

Again the phone was ringing constantly. Jimmy (Byrnes) called up. The Attorney General, Secretary of the Treasury also called. Stark continued to get further and always more dismal news about the attack on Hawaii.

A Grave Hour in U.S. History

The Cabinet met promptly at 8:30 All members were present. They formed a ring completely around the President, who sat at his desk. The President was in a very solemn mood and told the group this was the most serious Cabinet session since Lincoln met with the Cabinet at the outbreak of the Civil War.

The President reviewed the news. . . . At this time we did not know whether or not Japan had actually declared war on us.

Even at this time the President had decided not to tell the Congressional leaders, who were waiting outside, precisely what was going to be in the message. They came in at approximately 9:30.

The President outlined at some length the situation. . . . They asked him whether he wanted a declaration of war and what was going to be in the message and he said he had not as yet decided. As a matter of fact the President, of course, knew that he was going to ask for a declaration of war but he also knew that if he stated it to the conference, it would be all over town in five minutes, because it is perfectly footless ever to keep a secret. The legislative leaders left.

Welles had a draft of a war message which the President did not like, although Hull pressed very strongly that he use it. Hull's message was a long-winded dissertation on the history of Japanese relations leading up to the blow this morning. The President was very patient with them and I think in order to get them out of the room perhaps led them to believe he would give serious consideration to their draft.

Waiters brought in beer and sandwiches and at 12:30 the President cleared everybody out and said he was going to bed.

(Next Week: The Great Coalition.)

CARL ROSE

There's A Trick To It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

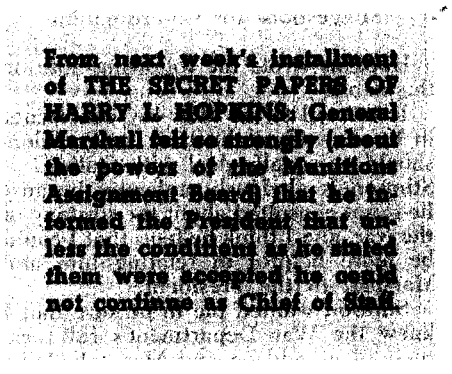
Two objects cannot be put in one space at the same time. For instance, everyone will agree that nothing more can be put into a level-full glass of water without spilling some of the water. A magician, however, can put four dollars in silver coins into a full glass without spilling a drop. It is immaterial whether he uses four silver dollars, eight half dollars, sixteen quarters, or forty dimes. The glass will hold both the water and the four dollars.

The magician drops the coins, one at a time, into the glass. Actually he dips the edge of each coin into the water and then releases it. The coins must be put edgewise into the water and not dropped flat. As the coins begin to take up space, the water is seen to bulge above the rim of the glass, and it will run over the edges if one extra coin is added.

A glass with a mouth of odd size will hold more, or fewer, coins, depending upon whether it is larger or smaller than the usual water glass. The actual capacity of the glass will be found to make very little difference to the trick.

The secret is that the magician uses an absolutely dry glass and rubs his fingers around the edge before pouring in the water. There is enough oil in the skin to coat the edge of the glass and keep the water from overflowing. If the performer's skin is very dry, he can get enough oil by patting his hair surreptitiously.

Though the dollars, half dollars, quarters and dimes make stacks of quite different sizes, it will be found that the ordinary glass will hold only four dollars, before overflowing, and it is quite as impossible to put one extra dime into the water as it is to put in a fifth silver dollar.


From next week's installment of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L HOPKINS: General Marshall tells strongly about the powers of the Munitions Assignment Board; that he informed the President that unless the conditions as he stated them were accepted he could not continue as Chief of Staff.

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VERY OBVIOUSLY...HONORED

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CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
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THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
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ALL HONOR TO THE JUDGMENT OF MEN WHO PLAN BEYOND TOMORROW

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Collier's believes...

...IN PARADES TO THE POLLS

THE Veterans of Foreign Wars organization is to be congratulated, we think, on having started what may become a widespread custom, namely, parades of patriots on May Day to counter the demonstrations of the Communists and their fellow travelers.

However, patriotic parades do not solve national problems, Communist or otherwise. Patriotism is an all-year affair, and it consists in freely admitting that your own country is not perfect, even though there is none better, and in trying to improve your own country.

We have good schools, by and large; but plenty of them are below par. Our cities and towns generally are the finest anywhere; but not one of them is as fine as it could be. Our people on the average are swell; but too many of them still are illiterate or half educated or dangerously bigoted or not healthy enough. So it goes.

The patriotic parades are fine, and we're for more and bigger ones as time goes on. But the parade that gets the concrete results is a quieter, less picturesque and dramatic one. We're speaking of the parade to the polls whenever an election rolls around. It is in this parade that the true patriot can most effectively register his or her aspirations toward a better country and a still healthier and stronger people. Are you marching in *that* parade; or is it just too much bother?

●

. . . ATOMS OUTWEIGH POLITICS: The atom is a very small particle of matter; but in at least one aspect we think it bulks rather large. It far outweighs, or should outweigh, politics and political considerations.

David Lilienthal's first term as chairman of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission is due to expire August 1st. So are the terms of Mr. Lilienthal's four colleagues on the commission—Sumner T. Pike, Robert F. Bacher, Lewis L. Strauss and William W. Waymack.

As soon as President Truman nominated these men for reappointment the old fight started up in the Senate, on the same old political and patronage grounds. Something new was added, too, in the form of the contention that important public jobs of this kind should not at this time be made long-term affairs because there may be a Republican President after next January 20th.

We hope there will be no more of such fights. It is obviously bad and dangerous business to inject a pork-barrel element into this agency which has in its keeping the manufacture of our finest weapon and the prosecution of nuclear research on all fronts.

When the present Atomic Energy Commission took over, we were in a bad way in that respect. The atomic projects were headed for demoralization. The Atomic Energy Commission has tightened up and reorganized the whole layout, according to competent observers.

What else matters, in a government enterprise of this magnitude and importance?

And what kind of "statesman" is it who will try to bedevil with politics the Atomic Energy Commission and its manifold and intricate activities?

●

. . . IT MATTERS A LOT RIGHT NOW: Historical works are having a big run at present, especially those of Dr. Arnold J. Toynbee—the expert Somervell abridgment of Toynbee's A Study of History, and the eminent historian's new collection of essays, Civilization on Trial; Oxford University Press, New York, 263 pages, $3.50.

This is all to the good, we think, and history is about as rewarding a kind of reading as there is. It gives you a perspective on man and his earthly career as nothing else can.

However, there's one danger in it. The study of history may produce a far too philosophic frame of mind—a habit of shrugging off the tensions and griefs of the present time with the old reflection that, "Oh, well, it'll all be the same a hundred years from now."

Progress and improvements are hammered out—a British Empire founded, for example, or an American Revolution won, or insulin discovered—by people who are furiously discontented with things as they are in those people's own day, and too bad about how things may shape up a century later!

If the bulk of the human race ever takes to trusting time, fate or some other long-range influence to solve human problems, the green light will be given to some other species to take over the earth—the insects, maybe, or the big cats, or conceivably the snakes.

The person who lives in the present and struggles with current problems, with only an occasional philosophic shrug when things go wrong, is the one who leads a really constructive and often satisfying existence.

The "nichevo," "kismet," "so be it" folks aren't as happy as they sometimes look; and certainly they aren't pulling their proper weight in society.

●

. . . BALDIES AREN'T NECESSARILY BRIGHT: We take due note of the recent and widely publicized statement by the distinguished Irish anthropologist, Dr. R. E. G. Armattoe, to the effect that baldheadedness goes with high brain power oftener than not. A bald friend of ours has this to say about it:

"Well, yeah, I'd like to believe the professor. Gives you a very snug, very smug feeling when you read his remarks. However, when I look back on the numberless dumb things I've done, and look forward to those I'll inevitably do in the future, I seriously doubt that a bald dome means the guy underneath it is extra smart. He may be more than average active mentally—yes. But an active brain can skitter off on wild-goose chases and reach wrong conclusions just as easily as a sluggish one. So I don't know—"

We don't either. Guess we'll just file the brilliant-baldy idea in the same pigeonhole with the older notions that a redhead is invariably a fighter and that only a person having blue or gray eyes can hope to be a great man or woman.

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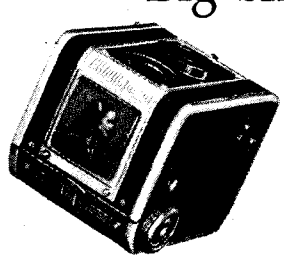
Everybody's "good" with the wonderful new

Kodak Duaflex Camera

Black-and-white prints are 2¼ x 2¼ in.



Big brilliant finder shows you your pictures... bright and clear in every detail before you snap... easy to get everything just right.

Makes snapshots as big as the most expensive reflex camera. Splendid black-and-white ones outdoors and—with accessory Kodak Flasholder—indoors as well... day or night. Full-color snaps, too.

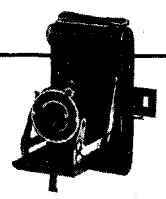
Your Kodacolor Prints come already enlarged to this size

The new **Kodak Duaflex Camera** with Kodet Lens combines extreme operating ease with twin-lens reflex viewing. The big, brilliant reflecting finder shows you exactly what you're getting *before* you press the button. Easy to center your subjects, to catch pose and expression when they're just right. Fixed focus; pictures are sharp from 6 feet to infinity. $11.75 plus tax, including protective lens shield, neck strap. Flash attachment, $2.50 plus tax . . . At your Kodak dealer's. (*Prices subject to change without notice.*)
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

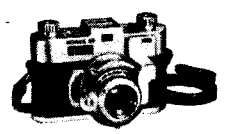
"Kodak" is a trade-mark

Color and "flash" shots with these models, too

Kodak is making more cameras than ever before, but the demand is greater, too. Consult your dealer.

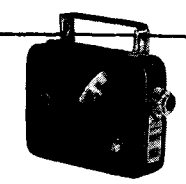


Kodak Vigilant Junior Six-20 Camera, Kodet Lens—Capability at moderate cost.



Kodak 35 Camera (f/3.5 with range finder)—an excellent, easy-to-use "miniature."

Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera—A favorite everywhere. Available with or without Flasholder.



Cine-Kodak Eight-25 Camera—For low-cost movies in black-and-white or color.

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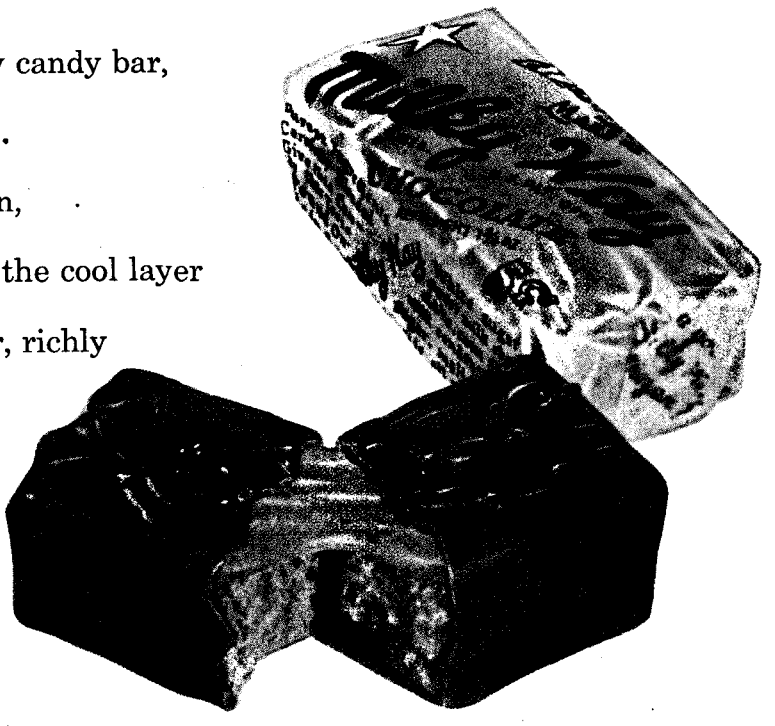
Hot? Just treat yourself to the cooling taste thrill of a Milky Way candy bar, right out of your own refrigerator. Here is real summer pleasure . . . from the moment the cool wrapper crackles as you open it. Then, with each bite, taste the crisp, icy milk chocolate coating . . . the cool layer of smooth, golden caramel . . . and the cold, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk . . . truly a summer treat you can find only in a chilled Milky Way. When you crave good candy, eat a

Milky Way



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